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GRIMALKIN OVERTHROWN.

Drawn by Doyle.



L O N D O N .

1864.

PETER
PARLEY'S ANNUAL

FOR

1864.

A Christmas and New Year's Present

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

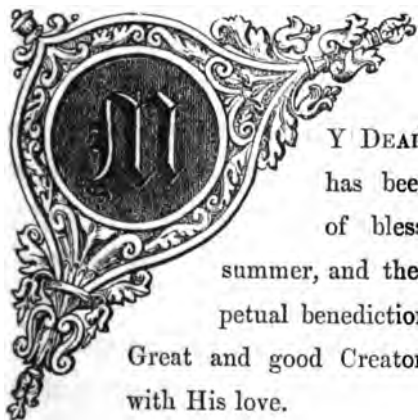
EDITED BY WILLIAM MARTIN, AUTHOR OF "THE HOLIDAY BOOK,"
"ILLUSTRATED NATURAL PHILOSOPHY," "INTELLECTUAL
CALCULATOR," ETC.

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Y DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—This has been a year of bounty and of blessing. The spring, the summer, and the autumn have been a perpetual benediction poured upon us by the Great and good Creator, who fills the universe with His love.

It is for us to be grateful. It is true that children are not so fully able to comprehend the vastness of God's Providence as children of a larger growth, for their

minds are but partly developed : but children are full of love, and they understand gratitude equally with grown-up men and women.

Dear Boys, be grateful first to our Heavenly Father, whose tender mercies are over all His works, for the continual favours he showers upon us ; next, be thankful to your earthly parents, for their kind care and protection of you from day to day, and for constant exertions for your welfare.

How shall you show your gratitude ? How otherwise can you show it, but by doing your duty both to God and them ? You are but as yet only little plants sprouting, as it were, from the earth, requiring the gentle dews of affection and the "small rains" that water the tender grass to rear them. But the time will come when both blossoms and fruit may be expected, and a general harvest of good. Let your Heavenly Father, your parents, your friends, neighbours, and school-fellows be glad in your affection and duty, ripe as the golden grain of the corn-fields, and delicious as the fragrance of the fruit-trees ; and then you will reflect, as it were, the love of God from your inmost being.

But I do not wish to preach a sermon—this is beyond my task. But a "word in season" is like "honey to the lips"

and "light to the eyes" of those who desire to be wise, and to show their wisdom in imitating humbly the gracious goodness of that Divine Providence who is continually showering His blessings upon us.

Your sincere, and old friend,

PETER PARLEY.

HOLLY LODGE,

October, 1863.





	PAGE		PAGE
The New Year	1	Morris-Dancing	48
Holiday Children	5	Something about Ghosts, and how to Manufacture them	51
A Word for the Waits	12	A Flesh-and-Blood Ghost Story ; or, the Ghost of the "Grampus"	54
TALES OF THE CRUSADES—		Bird Study of a Young Orni- thologist	68
Chap. I. Preaching of Peter the Hermit	16	Fairy Revels	73
Chap. II. The Fall of Jeru- salem	79	A Sea-side Quandary of the Mid- summer Holidays	87
Chap. III. Exploits of Rich- ard Cœur-de-Lion	157	Something about Antelopes	111
Beavers and Beaver-Meadows in North America	26	Something about the Poles	116
A BOY'S ADVENTURES IN THE GOLD FIELDS—		Little Gordie	126
No. I	34	Choosing Professions	136
No. II	94	The Faithful Negro	166
No. III	174	The Scapegrace	187
		Discovery of the Sources of the Nile	193

	PAGE		PAGE
A Word about William Shakspeare	207	Wild Sports of the Western Waters	249
Desperate Fight between a Boaconstrictor and a Crocodile	211	Animals in Armour	261
A Spirt among the Indians	219	Ministering Royalty; or, the Greenwood Shrift	267
A Story of Three Dogs	228	The Talisman of Oromanes	273
Bears and Bear-Hunting	232	Something about the Hippopotamus and other Gigantics	276
Pig-Sticking; a Lion and Tiger Fight, and other Eastern Sports	241	The Lost Child	282
		Covetousness Reproved	292
		Boy Hardihood and Endurance	294

List of Coloured Illustrations.

Grimalkin Overthrown	Frontispiece
Peter Parley's Annual	Title
The Pigmies' Revel	73
Sobieski's Departure	116
Joco Rejoicing	166
The Three Dogs	228
The Talisman of Oromanes	273
Covetousness Reproved	292

PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL

FOR

1864.



THE NEW YEAR.



HO can see a new year open before him without being better for the prospect, if he should have *Hope*? Ay! boys have hope. They are full of it—full as eggs are of meat, or a drum is of figs, or a filbert is of kernel. Therefore, happy be the prospect of the new year to them, and many of them; and may they turn a blooming boyhood into a ripe manhood glowing with fruits and blessings!

Every first of January that we arrive at is as an imaginary milestone on the turnpike road of human life—at once a resting-place for thought and meditation, and a starting-point for fresh exertion in the performance of our journey. The boy who does not, at the least, propose to himself to be *better this year than he was the last*, must be either a very good boy,

B

or a very bad boy indeed. And only to *propose* to be better is something: if nothing else, it is an acknowledgment of our need to do so, which is the first step towards amendment. But, in fact, to *propose* to do well, is in some sort to *do well* positively; for there is no such thing as a stationary point in human endeavours. He who is not worse to-day than he was yesterday, is better; and he who is not better is worse. Think of this, my youngsters.

It is written, "Improve your time," in the text-hand copies put before us when we were easier taught to write than to understand what we wrote. Well, let us improve our time; let us put away the error of the past year with the year—all the ugly blots and scratches, and ill-made, crooked letters of our little life; and let us look upon the new year as a brand-new writing-book, with leaves ample, fair and clean, and nicely ruled by parental advice.

How shall we begin? Well, we will be grateful to God; we will be cheerful and loving to those around us. It is a custom, and a happy custom it is, of beginning the new year with "gifts." The Romans so began it. The usual presents were figs and dates, covered with gold leaves, sent by clients to patrons. The ancient Britons were encouraged by the Druids so to commence the year, and our Saxon ancestors. One of our oldest poets writes—

"It is upon good New-Year's Day,
To parent and to friend,
Good children New-Year's gifts do bring,
And New-Year's gifts do send.
These gifts the husband brings the wife,
And parents get from child;
And master on his men bestowes
The like with favours mild."



A BOY PRESENTING A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT TO HIS MOTHER.—A SKETCH OF THE PAST. Google

I was much struck, when in Paris, on New-Year's Day 1862, with the filial piety of French children, which goes very far beyond that of English children; and I may say that brotherly and sisterly affection is equally delightful. From the highest to the lowest, New-Year's gifts are presented: in the highest circles, you will see boys presenting their parents and sisters with "golden caskets;" and among the lowest classes you will find the "nosegay" of "immortelles" offered up in token of love and good wishes from the giver. There is one street in Paris to which a New-Year's Day is a whole year's fortune; this is the Rue des Lombards, where the wholesale confectioners reside, and where New-Year's gifts are made and sold wholesale and retail in enormous quantities—a whole street full of the sweets and delights of love. Think of this, English children, and emulate our good brothers in love, the French. Let the year begin with "friendship offerings," with filial tokens of affection, and not without the offering of the heart to the great and good Parent of all.

Oh! hand of bounty largely spread,
By whom our every want is fed,
Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see,
We owe them all, O Lord! to thee.
The corn, the oil, the purple wine
Are all *thy gifts*, and only thine!

HOLIDAY CHILDREN.



DO not know which is the happiest time with them, at Christmas or Midsummer. But I think, all things considered, they seem the most frolicsome, the most jovial, the most happy at Christmas time, and the fullest of mirth when the snow is on the ground, and there is a probability of sliding and skating and snow-balling, and of making snow graves, and of building snow castles, and of doing other things—some of them unaccountable enough—with old Jack Frost, their favourite playfellow.

Well, it is a pleasure to see the youngsters coming home—Home! home! ay, that is a sweet word, home!—after the fag of the last half; some with prizes, some with commendations, all with cheerful faces, many full blown in the north wind like blushing peonies, and all, too, with loads of boxes. Then loud huzzas and fiercely-blown horns herald their approach; and extra smacks of the whip, more in sport than in earnest, tell that they are coming. The mother's heart beats high, and her eyes grow bright, and a smile of love is as

sunshine on her face, and welcome is written over her whole being. It is a good sight to see the kissing and clasping



AT HOME.—DRAWN BY GILBERT.

between mothers and children, and brothers and sisters ; I do not think a finer is to be found in creation.

Well, all is quiet at home in a day or so ; but presently you will see the youngsters again, after they have taken a little



HOLIDAY CHILDREN.

breath as it were, in their new winter clothes, the boys and the girls, the big ones and the little ones. Yes, there they go, in

their new caps, fur cuffs, per-befit gloves, and little sticks in their hands (of course the boys are meant); there they go with their mamma, swarming at the windows of every toy-shop, claiming the promised bat, top, hoop, or marbles. Mark her kind smile at their ecstasies, her prudential shake of the head at their multitudinous demands, the gradual yielding as they coaxingly drag her into that emporium of joys; her patience with their whims and clamour, while they turn and toss over the playthings, as now a sword, now a hoop, now a bat, is their choice. It is droll to see their eagerness and yet their hesitation, their fastidious choosing, their changing of mind, till a plunge of resolution is taken, and one after the other come out of the shop with an armful of delights of something; perhaps a horn, or a drum, or a whip, which they begin to blow, or to beat, or smack, the moment they are in the street, to the infinite amusement of passers-by.

Holiday children are the great glory of exhibitions, museums, polytechnics, and the like. How they stare, and are lost in amazement and wonder! the girls half afraid to go near the lions and tigers, although they are told that they are stuffed; the boys going boldly up, not seeming to care a dump whether they are stuffed or not. Then for scientific wonders, how they rattle up the stairs and hop over the seats in the dim light of the oxygen microscope theatre; and how they shout when they see the hydra eating the other water fraternity, and throwing away the skin as if it were no more than a sucked orange! There is something droll in that, and so the boys enjoy it, and the girls too. Then the shock of the galvanic battery: what fun it is to see them, as they join hands to form the fearful circle! how they squeeze each other's hands and hold hard together, thinking the faster

they grasp each other, the less they will feel the shock! Twang! down goes one-half of them—what an exhilarating sound is their laughter! it seems to make the old folks young again.

But, above all, to see "Holiday Children" at the pantomime—their eyes, hearts, lips, all on a quiver, and their bodies ready to leap out of the boxes before the fun commences! How astonished they look at the introductory scenes—the regions, perhaps, under-ground, amid the fumes of sulphur, smoke, and different-coloured fires—amid gnomes and imps of funny forms, with gorgon heads extremely comical, and with tails that are as comical as their heads! Yes, they tremble and pant, and begin to feel almost serious, when, all at once, the Prince turns into Harlequin, the Princess into Columbine, the Magician into the Clown, and his attendants into a pair of decrepit Pantaloons; and when the Clown tumbles head over heels towards the front of the stage, and calls out, "Here I am again!" the whole of the children are in raptures, and stamp, and clap their hands, and rise from their seats, and exhibit such a show of delight as is not to be seen in any scene among all the scenery of the other part of the world. Then all is real enjoyment. How they enjoy the mischief of the Clown—laugh at the whacks he gets for his meddling,—his taking hold of the wrong end of the poker—his wholesale appropriation of sausages, ducks, turkeys, sucking pigs, and the like, in his enormous breeches' pockets! Then the changes—the turning of cathedrals into barbers' shops, of waterfalls into railroad termini, and then again into galleries of some old inn; and the fun at the doors by the Clown and Harlequin, who jump through the panels. Then, perhaps, the

Clown is put into a cannon, rammed and crammed in with powder and shot, and fired! absolutely fired against a high brick wall, and his extended figure is seen stuck upon it like a dab of egg; then Pantaloon puts him together again limb by limb, and he walks off as if nothing had happened. Oh, this is indeed delight and wonder, approaching to positive enchantment! never to be forgotten, always to live in the memory, among the cares, sorrows, and troubles of after life—amid aspirations high, or deeds grovelling and low, and along with all the infirmities that flesh is heir to.

The Christmas festivities are rich in all kinds of remembrances; but—"plum pudding," and "mince pies," and "jams and tarts," and "trifles," and "oranges," and "roasted chesnuts," and "snap-dragon," and "kiss in the ring," and "hunt the slipper," and "blind man's buff"—happy as children are in them, are nothing to the *Pantomime*; and if anything can come near that, it is the "acting charade" well got up: and here we have scope for art, talent, and drollery of no mean kind, and many are the joys they reveal in the merry Christmas time.

In my young days, there was a character well known, and not belonging to a "charade," which used to delight me much: it was the charity boy, the Geoffrey Muffincap, of St. Botolph's Blue School. His looks, although they betokened anxiety, were replete with honest pride and cheerfulness; for proud was he of his Christmas-piece, which he unrolled before you with a kind of "flourish of trumpets and drums," as well as his frost-nipped hands would let him, displaying the blossomed scutcheon of his calligraphy. How the proffered penny made his eyes glisten and his cheeks to blush! and how

triumphantly he walked away, as if the penny was not a penny given in charity, but a medal bearing the impress of royalty for his heroic deeds with the goose-quill: for there were no steel pens in those days; nor were the hearts of men steeled either, as I sometimes think they are now-a-days.

Then, "Holiday Children," may joys be with you!—may your future lives be not without their holidays; may the clouds of existence have little breaks of sunshine with happy faces shining in them; may the pricks, thorns, and brambles of your worldly course give forth their flowers of all kinds; and may happy days recur again and again, as years roll *on* and you are rolling *off* this terrestrial ball! May the smile of a beneficent Creator be stamped upon the hearts of all, young or old, who read this, and be reflected from their faces to all around, to be a light and a warmth to our moral atmosphere, and create in it a beauty not attainable by any other means!



A WORD FOR THE WAITS.

I.



ITH footsteps slow, in furry pall y'clad,
His brows enwreathed with holly never sere,
Old Christmas comes to close the wained year.

And on the bright star-night,
When all is clear and bright,

The merry, merry Waits go round,
While midnight bells are chiming,
And all the trees are shining ;

And cats do growl and squall
On gutter, tile, and wall.
Hark to the sounds so sweet,
Which in our slumbers greet
The early Christmas morning.

II.

Hurray! hurray! Three cheers for the birth of the day!

'Tis a day that has its birth

In frolic, joy and mirth,
And noble English cheer.

So wake up, Chanticleer,

And crow with all your might

At the dawn and bright daylight ;

And, Robin-redbreast, sing a song

Of love the frosted trees among ;

Or at the cottage door
Of the expectant poor,
Sing song of heaven-born love,
And of affections dear,
To sanctify the year.

III.

Play up, ye fiddlers ! let the moon
Listen to your drowsy tune.
Wake up, ye dreamers ! wake from sleep,
And your Christmas vigils keep,
And think what ye shall do
Upon this joyous Christmas time.
Awake, bestir yourselves, and go
Where fireless rooms and empty cupboards are,
And shivering poverty looks grim
Through panes of frosted rime.
Come out, ye tenants of the lordly hall ;
Prepare yourselves for fête and festival :
Come out upon the terraces,
And lofty balconies,
To hear the grotesque music, one and all ;
And let your hearts beat high,
Like the skylark in the sky,
To sing the jocund song of Christian charity.

Yes, sing ! sing to the music of the " Waits ;" for I love the old minstrelsy, although it is a " vile compound of villanous sounds." I love the Waits ; and I would have children love them, too, because they bring us back to old times and old customs, honoured more in the *observance* than in the *breach*. Even in the City, when the snow lies hard upon the ground, and crumples under the broad wheels going to Covent Garden Market—when the noise of the street is almost hushed, save that of the crumpling crash aforesaid, and the

waggoner's whip is heard urging his slippery horse over the icy stones,—good aldermen, such as Mechi, may be in their first sleep, dreaming of doing good to the British farmer and the poor labourer. Let them wake up with the Waits, and, with a prayer to God, resolve the more strongly to do all the good they can, in spite of the opposition of all enemies, and so begin the day with duty.

Play up, musicians! Although you can muster only a fiddle, a clarionet, maybe a French horn and a tambourine, it's a sweet music for all that. We hear it in the next street; it comes round the corner—it comes into our street—it stops under our window; and although the dear old maiden next door may empty her water-jug on what, in her confusion between sleeping and waking, she deems to be a serenade of cats, we, who are more of Christians, and who would not on Christmas Eve "scald cats for squalling," know it to be a carol of cheerfulness, and a humble imitation of those who sang "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, and good-will toward man:" and so we welcome it, and listen to it, and throw out the silver and the copper, and afterwards go to bed and dream of the good things to come,—of family gatherings—of cheerful faces—of oceans of fun—of rivers of delight—of cascades of mirth sparkling and glittering, and of little brooks of bliss bubbling up perpetually; and then we feel the noblest of all happiness—very happy with ourselves in our warmheartedness, and with the happiness we diffuse to all around, from the cat in the kitchen to the canary in the parlour. And so let us honour the Waits as they honour us, and never send them "empty away," with a cold frown or an icy aspect, but support them with all the warmth of bosoms

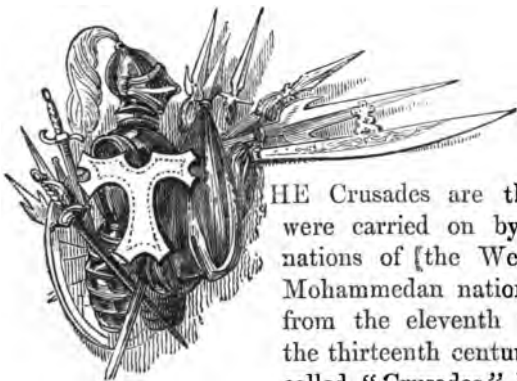
glowing with the fire of love—a love which should, like the sun himself, diffuse itself from the focus of the household hearth to friends, neighbours, relations, and our fellow-creatures all the world over; for Christmas is a season of love, and love is our glorious inheritance from Him who is love itself—He who not only made the beautiful world in which we live, but decorated it with glorious flowers, sparkling streams, lofty mountains, and peaceful valleys.



TALES OF THE CRUSADES.

CHAPTER I.

PREACHING OF PETER THE HERMIT.



THE Crusades are the wars which were carried on by the Christian nations of [the West against the Mohammedan nations of the East, from the eleventh to the end of the thirteenth century. They were called "Crusades" because all the warriors who followed the holy banner wore the sign of the Cross on their garments, and because their chief object was

to rescue the Cross, and the sacred places in Palestine in which our Lord's birth, death, crucifixion, and resurrection were enacted.

The Christian and Mohammedan nations had long been in a state of war, not only in Asia, but in Europe, where the Moors had taken possession of a great part of the Spanish peninsula. The nations of the West were grieved that the Holy Land, as it was called, where poor pilgrims resorted to pour out their sorrows at the tomb of the Saviour, should be in the power of unbelievers, and on their return related the dangers they had encountered, and the cruelties to which they had been subjected. The Caliph Hakim was particularly described as a second Nero, and others were stigmatized as the most iniquitous of monsters. These representations kindled the religious zeal of Christian Europe, now becoming fanatic, and a general ardour was awakened to deliver the Sepulchre of Christ from the hands of the Infidels.

Here, on what they considered the holiest ground, many of our most vigorous and warlike countrymen sought martyrdom or glory. Richard Cœur-de-Lion; Robert Curthose, eldest son of William the Conqueror; Richard Earl of Cornwall, the brother of Henry IV., and the all-powerful Edward I., were heroes of the Cross; and the most noble youths of England followed the "pattern of these kings," and were celebrated in the ranks of Christian knights. They rested their best hopes on never-dying honour.

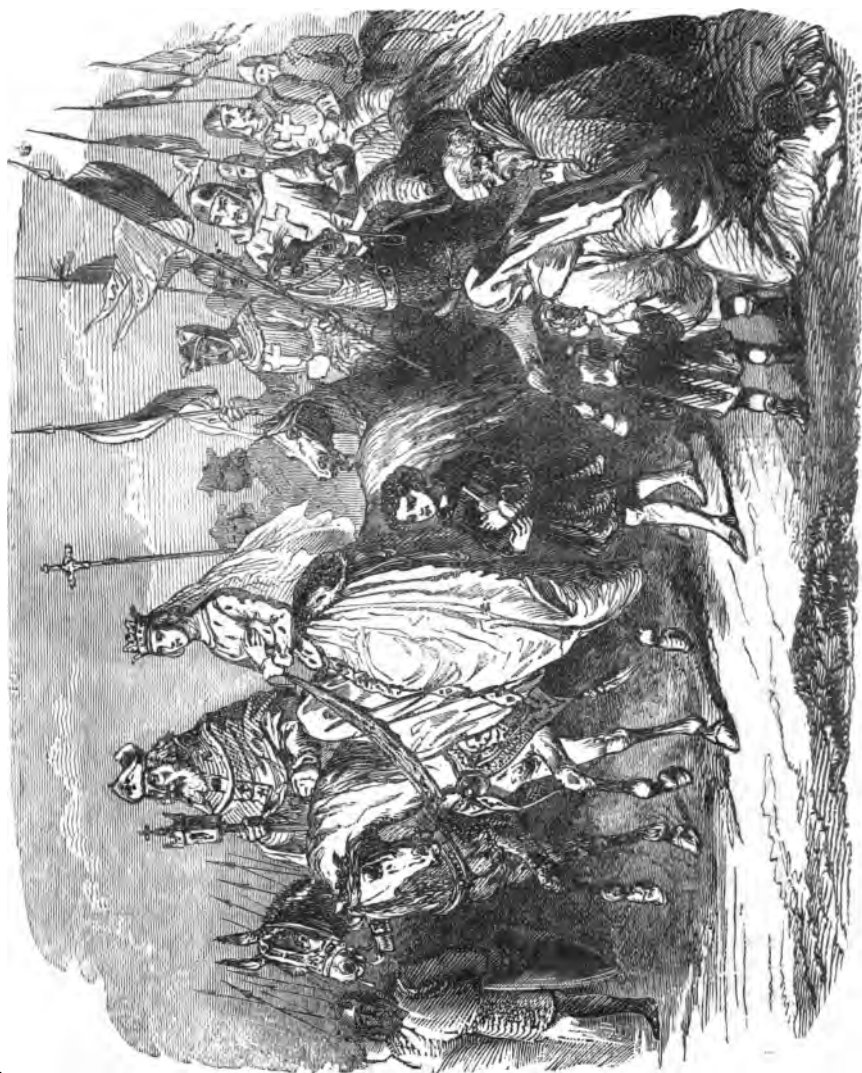
On contemplating the cross-legged figures in the aisles of our venerable cathedrals, the days of the Crusades and of chivalry rise before us in glorious recollections. We feel and own the genius of the place, and trace with imaginative



THE BATTLE OF MALLEVILLE.

thought the fortunes of the soldier of Christ, from the joyful moment of his investment with the sacred badge, to the hour of his triumph or death. It is true that sacrilegious hands have sometimes hurled the armour away from the tombs of knights and benefactors, broken down holy monuments, destroyed escutcheons, as Seckforde's sepulchre can testify,—but they were our benefactors, whether of the Cross or of the poor. Their alms have gone up as a memorial before God, and we shall never cease to venerate them, nor the times in which they lived.

Peter of Amiens, or Peter the Hermit, was the immediate cause of the FIRST CRUSADE. In his youth he had been a soldier, and in atonement for the irregularity of his early life he became a priest and an anchorite—a solitary liver in woods and covers; and, as the last means of expiating former sins, he resolved to undergo the pains and perils of a journey to the Holy Land. When he arrived at Jerusalem, he went through the usual course of penance and prayer; and while he hovered over the sacred scenes of our Lord's life and death, he beheld on all sides the inhuman barbarities of the Turks towards offending Christians. He saw them bastinadoed and strangled, their eyes put out, their limbs lopped off; while the sacred places, the spots celebrated by the Redeemer of mankind, were profaned and violated. Then the heart of the pious man burned with a desire to redress the distresses of the faithful. He believed that God had given him a "mission," and that was to make the sacred land of Palestine a part of Christendom, and to bring unbelievers to salvation by force of arms; forgetting our divine Lord's words, "Whoso taketh to the sword shall



PROCESSION OF THE BISHOP OF RUY.

fall by the sword," literally fulfilled in the fate of the Crusaders.

Peter addressed Pope Urban the Second, who recognized his mission. He called a great meeting of the Church, which was held at Placenza in the open air, on account of the number of people assembled to hear the message which, as he said, Christ had sent through *Peter the Hermit*. He ascended the pulpit, and in the most energetic language called upon his hearers to devote their lives for their suffering brethren—to arouse themselves against their enemies. "In God's name," said he, "I command this—to those present I command it—to those absent I enforce it:—Let such as are going to fight for the Cross bear it on their garments, that they may outwardly demonstrate the love arising from their inward faith. To them I give absolution for their sins, and they shall receive the gift of martyrdom. Advance, then, to the rescue of the saints of Christ—advance to the attack upon the enemies of our faith! Think of the sacred Cross, now in the hands of the Infidels; the sacred spot on which he suffered; the holy Sepulchre in which the divine body was laid! Think of the spots so holy, and advance to the rescue of your Lord—advance and conquer, in the name of God!"

Cries of "Deus vult! Deus vult!"—(It is the will of God!) followed the address of the Pontiff. The whole assembly knelt, and the Cardinal Gregory poured forth in their name a general confession of sins. Every one smote his breast in sorrow, and the Pope, stretching forth his hands, absolved and blessed them. Adhemar, Bishop of Puy, was the first person who solicited a cross from the Pope. One of red cloth was affixed to his right shoulder, and immediately great numbers

of the assembly were invested with the signs of the new character, and the whole inspired, as it were, with one great impulse for the deliverance of the Cross and the Sepulchre.

Peter now traversed Italy, France, and Germany. Although small and mean in personal appearance, and with a face thin and careworn, and a back bent with austerities, his dark eye spoke the fire that dwelt in his soul, and the illumination of a divine mission. His dress expressed abasement and mortification; it was only a coarse woollen shirt and a hermit's mantle. His own mode of living was abstemious; but he no longer prescribed penances and mortifications to others, but distributed among the poor those gifts which gratitude showered upon himself. He reclaimed the sinner, terminated disputes, and sowed the seeds of virtue. He was everywhere hailed and esteemed as the man of God, and even the hairs that fell from his mule were treasured by the people as relics worthy of preservation.

The preaching of Peter roused all Christendom; it turned some nations from their intestine discord to foreign war. The military of France thought they heard the voice of Charlemagne calling the French to glory. Every wonderful event in the natural world was regarded as an indication of the Divine will; meteors and stars pointed to or fell on the way in the direction of Jerusalem. The skies were involved in flames, fiery crosses were seen in the air, and marshalled hosts appeared triumphing over the enemies of the Christian faith. Monks threw aside their black habits for the soldier's mail, and issued from their cloisters in the spirit of holy warriors. Criminals were released, that they might expiate all their sins against the world by the service of the Cross.



THE PREACHING OF PETER THE HERMIT.

Murderers, robbers, and pirates quitted their iniquitous pursuits, and declared they would wash away their sins in the blood of the Infidels. In short, thousands and millions of armed saints and sinners roused themselves to fight the battles of their Lord, and redeem the Sepulchre of Christ at the preaching of Peter the Hermit.

The first body of the champions of the Cross consisted of only 20,000 foot and 8,000 horsemen; but these were attacked by the people whose countries they passed through, and were nearly all slain. After a while, however, Peter the Hermit, accompanied by 40,000 men, women, and children, followed the route of Walter in a peaceable manner; but, when they beheld the arms and crosses of Walter's party set upon the battlements of the town of Malleville as trophies of victory, the sight of them awoke their zeal and kindled it into revenge; a furious assault was made upon the place, and 7,000 Hungarians were slain, the town was abandoned to pillage, and the most savage excesses committed. But, upon Peter attempting to scale the walls of Urei, his nobles were slain in large numbers, and the remnant of his host proceeded onwards, wretched and half starved, almost without arms, and quite destitute of money, till at last they reached Philipopoli. Here they were supplied with necessaries; but, in return for the kindness afforded them, as soon as they had gathered strength they resumed their work of plunder; palaces and churches were pillaged, villages burnt, and Peter lost all authority over his followers. Among the Crusaders particularly distinguished for ferocity, were 10,000 Normans or French, who destroyed children at the breast and scattered their quivering limbs in the air. But here the Turks poured

on the disorderly multitude; they pressed towards the camp, and sacrificed the priests at the Christian altars: they then collected the bones of the multitudes that had fallen, of which they made a lofty hill that remained for many years a dreadful warning to succeeding bands of Crusaders. And this may be said to have finished the *First Crusade*.



SUPPOSED SITE OF THE CITY OF UREI.

BEAVERS AND BEAVER-MEADOWS IN NORTH AMERICA.



THE Beaver is one of the lesson-giving animals, like the bee, the ant, and the spider, all of whom give especial teachings, in the Franklin style, on industry, skill, labour, and economy. The Beaver is, too, a kind of upper-ground and under-ground, semi-atmospheric and semi-aquatic architect; and men contrive to

make him a hatter, and I know not what.

To boys the habits of this animal always were and always will be interesting, and there is always something fresh to be said about them; for as knowledge increases, science spreads; as the spirit of discovery walks abroad, something is sure to

turn up that we have not heard of before, or of some interesting adventure worthy of record.

It is worthy the character of man, says the wonderful Tomkins, to go a-hunting, or a-nunting; for Tomkins, although only sixteen years old, would go a-nunting. The Epping Hunt was his glory, and also his shame; for there was he thrown over a *quickset* into a ditch, to the utter annihilation of his Beaver.

But as to hunting. It is natural to man; and if you want to engage in it to perfection, you need not go to the Epping



THE BEAVER.

or into the Melton Mowbray country; if you want real sport, the true place to go to is among the Beavers in the Beaver-meadows of North America. They are found in the open swells of the American forests, and in every part where the surface is hilly, or broken and swampy. In many places I have seen them occupying every little hollow or valley between the screening headlands of branch brooks and streams.

From the hilly districts bordering upon the river and gulf of St. Lawrence, westward through New Brunswick and all the upland country—from thence through all the great sections of the United States, until we reach the great valley of the Mississippi, Beaver-meadows are more or less numerous; although through all this vast range of country, a great portion of which has been peopled by the human race, at the present day very few Beavers are to be found. Most of them have undoubtedly been destroyed, but in some cases they have sought for safety in the yet unreclaimed forest, constantly receding at the approach of man.

In those sections of country devoid of prairies, the Beaver-meadows are the only places destitute of timber when the forests are first explored; and some of them yield the first settlers a supply of coarse grain during the period they are subduing a portion of the woods. And here it is that there is a scene of great interest, and which calls for all our admiration at the instinct of these animals, which gives them ingenuity, forethought, and economy in so superior a degree.

Many accounts have been related of the “way Beavers have of doing things,” and many strange stories have been told concerning their habits. No doubt, a very great deal of exaggeration has been made use of, and many imaginative details put in the place of sober truth, as has been done in the histories of men as well as of animals; but the present age being detective of falsehood, a great deal of what has been related of Beavers must be received with due caution, at the same time that there is much which is undoubtedly true, in the highest degree worthy our knowledge. And what I now write concerning them may be, I think, relied upon.

In order to procure lodgings and provisions during the winter, the Beaver, or rather Beavers, live in a state of society which resembles the civil compacts of men—without his ecclesiastical establishments, law courts, banks (except mud banks), parliament houses, although they do parley with each other sometimes, and other of our social machinery. As they must live near water, and frequently in it, they contrive to build dams across running brooks, so as to make artificial lakes. In doing this, they are obliged to labour incessantly. The ingenuity with which they construct these dams and build apartments or lodgings is truly astonishing. If the water of a river or creek have little motion, they build their dams straight across; but if the current be rapid, they make them with a considerable and regular curve against the stream. All the parts are of equal strength, and constructed of drift-wood, green willows, birch, poplars, mud, and stones. These banks and dams, by constantly adding to or repairing, in time become so extended and solid, that trees and bushes overgrow them. The Beavers sometimes build their houses on lakes and other standing waters without dams; but the advantages of a current to carry down wood and other necessities to their habitation, seem to counterbalance the labour of building a dam.

They construct their houses at a convenient distance from the dam, of the same materials; and the principal objects they have in view appear to be the providing for themselves a dry bed to lie on, and security. The walls, and particularly the roof, are more than five feet thick; and they merely give them the least coat of mud-plaster, and the frost sets in, which freezes it so hard that the wolvereen, the greatest enemy of

the Beaver tribe, cannot easily break through. Some of the large houses have several apartments, but it appears that each is occupied by a whole family. Although they live so near to each other, the families seem to agree pretty well, even though they are all relations. It is true, there are no wills made, and no bills drawn on each other, and no scramble for the property of the dead ones, which is perhaps one reason why they live amicably.

The way they build their houses shows a good deal of skill and cleverness. With their chisel teeth they cut off branches of trees, which they drag by the same incisors to the proper place; the mud and small stones they carry in their paws, or rather between their fore-paws and their throat, walking on the hind-legs as well as they can, and keeping themselves steady by their broad, flat tails. In this way they proceed—always, however, during the night—to construct their habitations. They generally cut down their wood in the summer and autumn, at some distance above the place selected for their future home, floating it down when the early rains swell the streams. Then, before the winter sets in, they are well secured in all the comforts and conveniences, to say nothing of the luxuries, of Beaver life.

During the winter they keep close in their mansions, rarely venturing out except on especial occasions or “urgent private affairs;” and as they have secured for themselves lots of food in the shape of “roots,” “barks,” grasses (dried), and other condiments which they have “laid in,” they get on very well.

As soon as the ice breaks up in the spring, they come to look for the sun, as if they had some doubts of his being as “per usual” in the sky. It is a curious thing to observe

them peering through their half-opened eyelids at the red-faced luminary. When they have satisfied themselves that it is "all right aloft," and that the herbs are beginning to blow and give their perfume "downwards," they rub their noses with their fore-paws, and frisk, and jump, and play about as if "new born" for another "season,"—not a London one, such as we see it at "Almack's" or "Rotten Row," but equally full of enjoyment.

They would, poor harmless creatures, be very happy in the winter months, shut up in their warm domiciles, although they have no Christmas balls or Christmas parties, but for one little matter. It has been ordained that all the European nations should wear a very curious chimney-pot-looking covering for the head, called a *hat*; and this hat is supposed to have something to do with the fur of the Beaver—at least it had. The consequence is, that Mr. Beaver must give up his skin for the benefit of the "heads of the people."

The Beaver is cleanly in its habits, always having apartments set apart for necessary habits, and is possessed of far more wisdom as regards sanitary matters than most of us. Mr. Mechi would no doubt teach him, if he could get among his habitations, a method by which the refuse of his social system might be turned to the rearing of roots and grasses.

Beavers are easily tamed, which is more than can be said of their "American cousins;" they are ready at acquaintance when no spearing or skinning is attempted, and fond of human society. If they are a little perverse in being taken alone, or in the "raw-killed state," they make amends when cooked, by their delicious eating. But if you are too fond of Beaver *bonne-bouche*, take care—for they are more dangerous

when in a pasty than when at their most ferocious state of "bay."

Beavers are hunted in winter. It is a fine bracing exercise for a young man, far better than going to a quadrille in the evening, to get up some fine, cold, hard, sharp-toothed morning, with a "Nor'-Easter" full in your face, to start on a Beaver expedition, over a hundred of miles of snow and ice, and "hard rock," till you come upon the Beaver-meadows in the far North West, where you have to break your brandy-bottle to get at the hard contents, and where your blanket is frozen hard to your nose after your first nap. Then is the time for sport. Those who hunt the Beavers in the winter must be well acquainted with their habits of life. Their vaults or holes are discovered by striking the ice along the banks with an ice-chisel fastened to a pole. While the men are thus employed, the women and those less experienced beat open the houses (the wicked burglars!) of the Beavers, who immediately dive, but, being unable to remain long under water, they come up again, to be—caught.

There is often wonderful excitement in this kind of sport; for sometimes a shoal of Beavers will come up together, struggle and paddle, and dive again, and come up again, and so on, at a regular game of bo-peep. In these funny encounters, many a life on the side of the burglar is often lost; for it is no uncommon thing for a hunter to slip into one of his own holes and slide under the ice, and be drowned, not being able to find the hole again to get out at. Then the Beavers get a holiday; for there is such a consternation and fuss among the hunters to recover the body of their lost comrade, that they leave for a time their murderous raid, and devote themselves

to the rules and regulations of the Humane Society, if they should hook up the body ; if not, they are disconcerted for some time.

The Beaver, although now known as an American animal, was formerly abundant over all the northern parts of Europe, and not uncommon in Britain. At present it is sometimes met with in small communities in retired spots on the banks of the Rhine, where my friend Simpson lost his *Beaver*, as well as on the banks of the Danube and Weser. As a proof of its having been found in this island, the name of a valley in Caernavonshire is called Nant Francon—which really means, the valley of Beavers. It is an awfully grand spot. I rode through it once, and, so far as my idea goes, I should have thought it the Valley of Demons, but for a convoy of angels who rode with me over the rough road, in an open carriage, in “Beavers” of the “wide-awake” sort that would stand no trapping.



A BOY'S ADVENTURES IN THE GOLD FIELDS.

No. I.



CLASSICAL Boys—and who is not classical, now-a-days?—who does not know all about the Garden of the Hesperides, about Midas and Cræsus, and the Golden Fleece—and boys now belong to the golden age themselves. Commercial Boys know of the Bank and of Bullion ; and some sailor boys know of the Golden Horn at Constantinople, and of Guinea; and others know of the gold fields of Australia and California. Of the adventures of one of these latter “individual significant” I am about to write.

His name was Robert Pearce. He was the son of John and Mary Pearce. The former was the son of a shipbuilder in

the town of Southampton, who had been what they called "wild." He did not like the business he had been brought up to—but he did like "boozing," and "dancing," and "pleasuring;" and also he liked one Mary Johnstone, a dress-maker; and so he got married to her, and tried to live upon his father in an idle kind of manner, till, after many "breaks out" on his part, and many vain attempts at "breakings in" on the part of his father, it was at last determined that the son should be shipped off somewhere "foreign." So it was determined that John, his wife, and little "Bob" should go to the "gold fields," anticipating, as every one does, that they should come back as rich as that king of which every classical boy knows, and with purses as long as the ears of that celebrated animal immortalized in Midas.

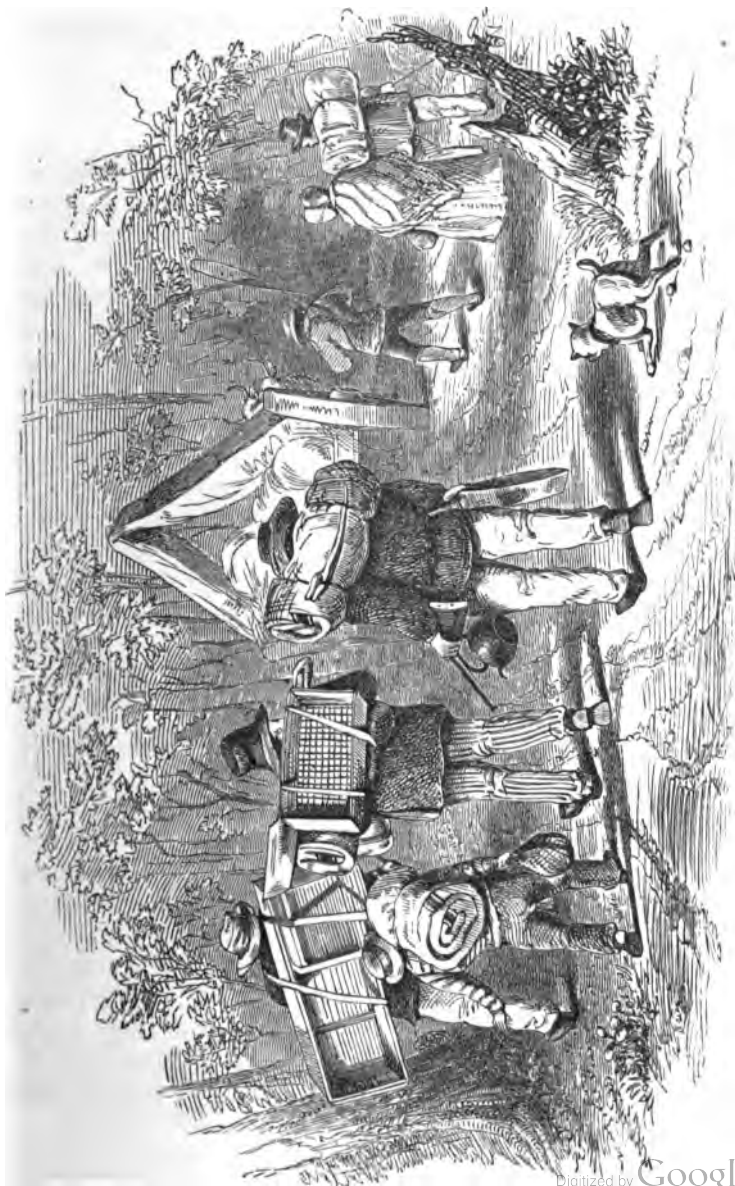
With a hundred pounds in his pocket, the last hard egg ever laid by his father, John, his wife, and son departed in a ship called the "Bullion" from Southampton. They dropped a few tears into the ocean as they lost sight of England. They were terribly sea-sick in the Bay of Biscay, and had a row with the steward about their "berth;" and then, after weeks and weeks of dreary monotony on the salt sea, they at last arrived at Melbourne. Here they stayed only a few days; for such stories did they hear of the prodigious findings at Mount Alexander, as to make them nearly mad. One man was said to have got two hundred pounds' worth of gold in a single day; another found a nugget as big as his head: in short, all was excitement at Melbourne, and every one rushed to the diggings. The sailors belonging to the ships left their vessels, clerks ran away from their warehouses, lawyers left their desks, shopkeepers their counters, and even parsons ran

from their pulpits, for their congregations had all gone off before them.

So away went Bob, his father and mother, and a few movables. They agreed to "chum" with a party of three others to the place of rendezvous, and then do the best they could for themselves and one another. All they had, they carried in bags or bundles strapped behind them. They—that is, the men—suffered their beards to grow; and so would Bob have done, but it was of no use, for he was not old enough. Beside their clothes and other matters, each had beside him a pickaxe, a spade, and a kettle. The air was light, their hearts full of hope, and so they trudged on merrily; and here is a picture of the party.

But their route was not without its dangers. Gangs of mounted bushrangers, masked and with pistols, were infesting the road, stopping the travellers, and even the gold transports. They had not got more than ten miles on their journey, when, coming to a large clump of trees a short distance to their right, they were suddenly alarmed by the report of firearms. Presently one of their party tumbled over, then a second and a third were hit, and it was discovered that two fellows were posted behind the trees and deliberately firing at the travellers. Jack Pearce immediately ran towards them, followed by two of his companions, little Bob staying behind to take care of his mother; and in a few minutes one of the bushrangers was shot through the heart and fell dead, while the other made his escape. The dead man was left on the ground without further notice, and the party proceeded onwards.

We were now, said Jack, in what is termed the "Bush."



"SO AWAY WENT BOB, HIS FATHER, AND MOTHER AND A FEW MOVABLES."

Here we saw cattle ranging at large, without an owner, in parks of enormous extent, also without an owner, and a beautiful sky overhead, and soft verdure under foot; but there were some drawbacks, as there are everywhere. One of these consisted of multitudinous clouds of mosquitoes and sand-flies, which gave us ophthalmia by sucking our blood like leeches. Our faces were blistered and bleeding, and we were obliged to tie up our heads with our handkerchiefs as if we had the mumps, for our faces looked like those of the coarse mandarins on the Chinese teapots. But we soon found other things to amuse us. Hundreds of drags and carts were toiling through the deeply-rutted track; horses and bullocks smoking and weltering beneath a broiling sun; drivers shouting and cracking their whips to the loudest of pistol reports; tradesmen of every kind and degree, women of every size and age, and boys of all sorts, some not bigger than marmozet monkeys, and others like ourang-outangs, quite as wild, and almost as savage. Yet every face was full of smiles and pluck, for all were confident of making their fortunes in "no time."

It was a delightful sight to take notice of the animals of the country: the parrots—and how beautiful they are, and how noisy!—the Emu, too, as big as an ostrich, bounding over the plain. Then black swans were flying around us, and turkeys were everywhere. We saw also the wombat; but the most remarkable was the kangaroo, which was discovered by Captain Cook in 1770; and it was a very pretty sight to see it sitting on its haunches, with the young kangaroos showing their little heads through its pouch, and looking around them so pertly. It is curious that



KANGAROO AND KANGAROO RAT.

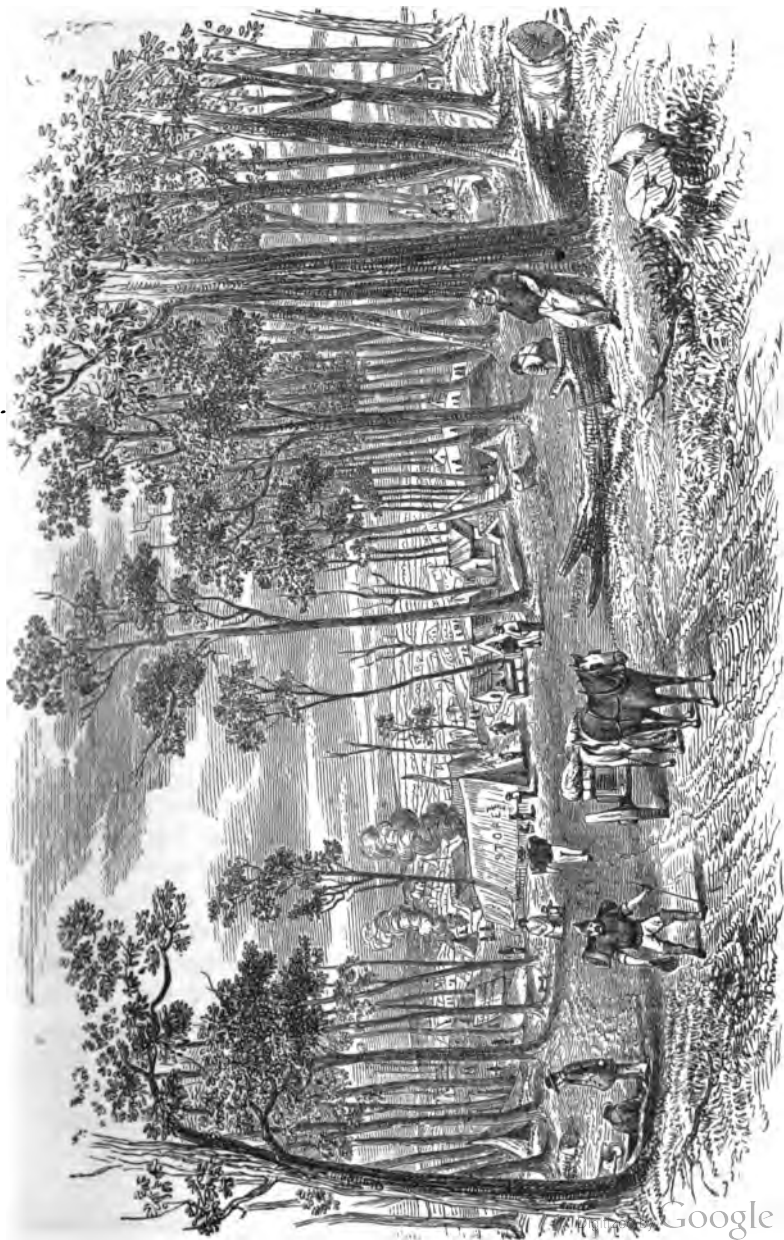
there is such a wonderful variety of the animal, from the forester, standing six feet high, and weighing from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds, down to the size of a common English mouse.

But of all the singular animals of this region of the earth, there is none equal to the ornithorhynchus, or duck-billed platypus. It has the beak of a duck grafted on the body of a quadruped. Its fore feet are webbed, and look like fins; and its hind ones are clawed. It lives on the banks of streams, feeds like a duck, and burrows like a rat.

As for the trees, they are nearly all evergreen—gum trees, acacias, iron trees, cedars, pines, cypress,—and truly beautiful and luxuriant they are, while the flowers are lovely in the extreme. Flax and tobacco grow wild, as do convolvuli, geraniums, hyacinths, daffodils; orchises are abundant: and here grow also the orange and the vine in richest abundance.

Through gradations and varieties of scenes such as these productions beautify, the travellers at last reached Forest Creek. Here was a scene of laborious life. All is work,—washing, cradling, digging, wheeling. A few women and one or two children stand at the entrance of some tents, and others are assisting at the general toil. Some have laboured unceasingly from day to day, and from month to month. Some present features of “hope deferred,” some of disappointment. Others, again, have been cheered by little bits of fortune, and are laying plans for the future, never, perhaps, to be realized.

After a few hours, Pearce, his son, and wife stretched some of their cloth over the branch of a gum tree for an



"THE TRAVELLERS AT LAST REACHED FOREST CREEK."

awning, and prepared to take the repose they so much needed. They were too tired to "cook the kettle," and were sitting round a small hole, in which they had placed a box for a table, and were about to enjoy some dried sausage, when, all at once, bang went a gun close to them, and a shot passed through the hat of Pearce, who immediately rushed out. He soon caught sight of a man, and ran after him with his loaded gun ready cocked. He had hardly got out of sight, however, when two other fellows pounced upon the little store where Bob and his mother stood wondering. With threats and menaces, the fellows told the helpless creatures they would blow their brains out if they stirred or made the least outcry, and were proceeding to break open the boxes, so as to steal every thing valuable, when, luckily, Pearce returned. His gun was still on the cock; and when he saw the state of affairs, he, without hesitating, fired at one of the robbers, whom he wounded in the arm, when both immediately took to their heels and were seen no more.

We soon learned that this was the stratagem by which these plunderers effected their purpose: they fired at the tent to alarm the inmates, who generally ran after the flying intruder, and, while in pursuit of him, his pals used to rush into the empty tent, and plunder it of everything portable and valuable. But a few days after this occurrence, a party of the diggers who had been robbed on their way laid a trap for the robbers, three of whom they took, gave them a thorough flogging, and immediately hung, without any further trial or ceremony, opposite the tent they had invaded.

A few of the incidents such as have been described



THE DIGGERS PUNISHING THE BOMBERS.

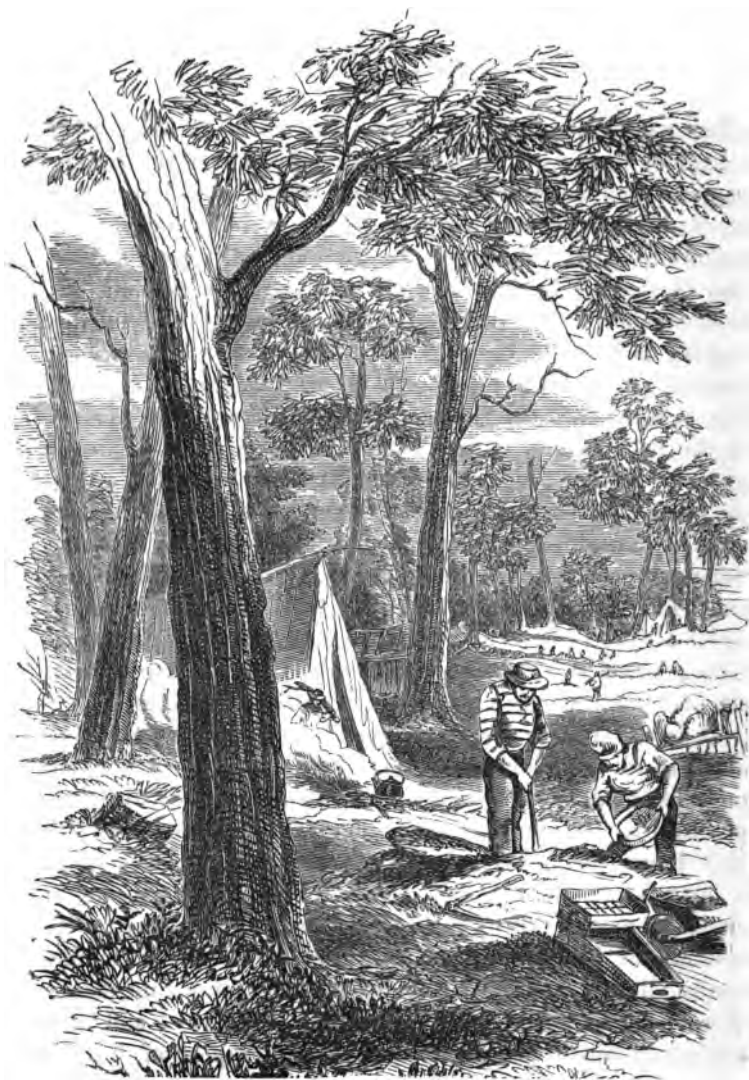
sharpened up the wits of little Bob, who soon became very dexterous with his gun, not only on the small birds and animals that fell in his way, but on some of the larger bipeds or quadrupeds of the country.

After this affair, continued Jack, while we were getting our damper, we had thrown ourselves on the ground in front of our tent, when we observed a portion of the sky to be tinged with a glowing patch of red. It became deeper and deeper, and glowed more and more fiercely. We climbed a hill a few minutes' run from us. The forest seemed on fire; as far as the eye could reach, one mighty blaze was seen stretching for miles. The sight was, as they say in the playbills, "awfully grand." The sky was red, the rivers were red, the tents, the faces of the people, all were red,—red, red. One of the fellows who was looking on said that the conflagration was nothing to the burning of the Houses of Parliament, when, as he said, the clock-hands melted away, and all the figures ran into each other; when the buttons of the policemen melted with extreme heat—when the gold head of his breast-pin melted off, and ran into his shoes, which made him dance like a bear on a hot plate. He thought nothing of the fire, not he—but we did, and its smouldering embers kept us in remembrance of it for many days after.

While "Bob" was at Forest Creek he had his wit still further sharpened by going about among the buyers and sellers of the precious metal, and saw what roguery was in many a form. On one long board among the huts of the dealers was written, "Gold bought at a fair price." When any one talks much about being *fair*, it is almost a sure sign he will turn out *foul*. Lots of gold-buyers cheat the diggers and

sellers most shamefully. A digger goes in to his office with a load of nuggets, a bag of dust, or both, which the broker requires him to empty on a large sheet of whitey-brown paper; he then begins a vigorous routing with his fingers and a magnet to extract the ironstone from among it; and a good deal of shaking having been got through in a careless, off-hand manner, he empties the lot into the scale. Now all this shaking is to make the gold pass through two nicks in each sheet of paper, which falls down unsuspected on to a third: this is what they call salvage, and it is a downright robbery on the poor digger. Then, again, the buyer cheats with the scales by making the beam a sixteenth larger on one side than the other. Here the poor digger gets cheated also from his want of a knowledge of figures, much after the way in which "clerks" get cheated at dining-rooms, as follows:—"Fish, sir, yes. Fish—that's one shilling and two; meat at six-pence, which is three and two; vegetables, two, which is three and eight; bread, two; cheese, four, which is five and four; stout, sir, yes—eight-pence, which is seven and six," &c., &c.

It is rare fun to see the company on a Sunday, lounging about in all directions, with their long hairy beards, looking more like goats and monkeys than men—such horse-tail sweeps of beard as no one ever saw before. To make themselves look more fearful, each carries a brace of pistols, or perhaps a long knife, in his belt. Then you go to a grog-tent: clouds of smoke—filthy reekings of grog and tobacco; with volumes of blasphemy, vile language of all kinds, fuddleism in all its various stages up to the most desperate degree of wickedness. Alas, alas! what sights for a boy! and what a contrast did it present to the peaceful aspect of "Bob's



THE GOLD DIGGERS.

Sunday at home !” Ah, how he did wish for that—and how his mother wished for it !—and how his father said, in reply to her aspirations, “Never mind ; let us fill our bags with gold, and we will go back to Old England and spend our Sundays like Christians.” “What a comfort !” thought the wife and little Bob.

Nothing has a greater power upon the mind in those regions than the thoughts of a quiet day at home : and the Sunday is for the most part in England a quiet day ; and it is no wonder that there is a deep sigh for the quiet village church, the jingling bells, and even the drowsy sermon—alas ! too common in many of our churches. Bob especially wished to get back home ; but, alas ! poor fellow, he had many severe trials to pass through ere that time should arrive, of which I must present a few particulars.



MORRIS-DANCING.



HIS was one of the oldest of English pastimes, and we do not see why it might not be imitated by boys and girls of the present day. In former times it made a considerable figure at parish festivals; and the Manbys and the Caustons of that day, full of acrobatic agility as they now are, used to dance this

English fandango with becoming spirit, led by the dulcet sounds of minima organs.

Those who in ancient times composed this May game dance—for it was a dance for May, still kept up by the honourable fraternity of chimney-sweepers—were Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, the Queen of the May, the Fool, the Piper, and several morris-dancers,

habited, as it appears, in various modes; and to these a hobby-horse, with St. George on horseback and a dragon, between whom, to finish the spectacle, was a regular fight.

The 1st of May, which corresponded to our 12th of May, was the principal time for this dance to take place. That was a day—a day of days for the merrie people of England, then; and the ecclesiastical authorities, so far from trying to stop innocent recreations, did their best to promote it. Then had we dances, and merry-makings, and picnicing, and all sorts of fun. Yes, real *fun*,—broadcast and thick sown, too. King Henry VIII. rose on May-day very early; he went abroad with his courtiers to fetch may or green boughs; they with their bows and arrows shooting in the wood. “Every parish had its maying, and did fetch in maypoles with divers warlike shows, with good archers, plenty of ladies (good master chronicler!), morris-dancers, posturers, tumblers, Jacks-in-the-green, and Lady Maries to match without number.”

The characters to be sustained:—1st, the Fool, and very properly, for the fools are by far the most numerous of mankind—hence their representative was put in the first place. 2nd, was the Morisco or Moor, from whence the dance is derived. 3rd, was Tom the Piper. 4th, a private gentleman—a country squire, perhaps; then Maid Marian, Friar Tuck, the Queen of the May, &c.

The Fool played the principal character, and was dressed in a cap and bells. He was the fellow put forward especially to amuse and delight the assembly. He was full of the fun of assumed gabyism or ignorance, doing all sorts of absurdities, and always getting into a mess, just as boys do when they play the fool. He had gibes and jests, and funny tales, at

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command—and sharp retorts, too, that, although they smacked of half-wittedness, were very fitting.

The hobby-horse was represented by a man equipped with as much pasteboard as was sufficient to form the head and hinder parts of a horse, the defects of that *quadruped* being concealed by a long mantle that nearly touched the ground. The performer on this occasion exerted all his skill in burlesque horsemanship. The hobby-horse also at times performed the part of a juggler. Sometimes the horse was trained to carry in his mouth the ladle for collecting the money that was given.

In Queen Elizabeth's time, the noblemen and courtiers of the palace thought it no mean thing to be allowed to play morris, when Lord High Treasurers, and Secretaries of State, and Lord High Admirals played the leading characters, and the Virgin Queen was Queen of the May. Let us follow in the wake of this pattern of English customs, and bring from the grave again some of those ancient sports, to cheer these hard days of labour and endurance, in which, from the school to the grave, we pass away the precious stuff of our life, with little of comfort, and less of hope.



SOMETHING ABOUT GHOSTS,

AND HOW TO MANUFACTURE THEM.

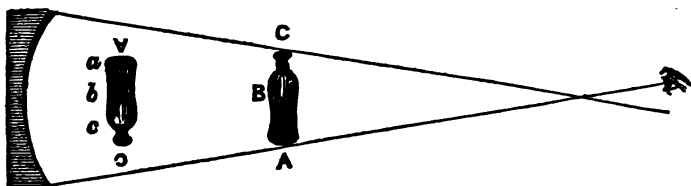


HOSTS are of very ancient date. The regions of antiquity are full of them, and both sacred and profane history afford evidence of their being believed in by all the early nations of the earth. There is the Witch of Endor, who called up the spirit of Samuel. There are also the ghosts of the Egyptian and Greek mysteries, and the poetic ones of Homer and Virgil, and the ghosts of the Middle Ages, generally of saints and virgins; and so we proceed downwards to the celebrated "Cock-lane Ghost" and the cock-and-bull-story ghosts of the spiritualists.

The days are, I suppose, gone by for boys and girls to be frightened by old bogie, or by the black man in the coal-cellar, or by the ghost of the grim scrag of mutton, which

appeared to the student when making onion-porridge, and which coming down the chimney portentously, he stuck his fork into and made a substantial dish of mutton-broth. Our modern boys and girls have been taught better, and instead of being frightened by ghosts and hobgoblins, now are all *mustered* together to see Mr. *Pepper* at the Polytechnic.

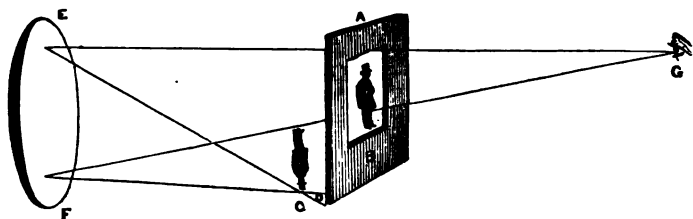
And that gentleman tells them how easy it is to make ghosts by means of the oxyhydrogen gas and concave mirrors, with angles of incidence and angles of reflection; but he is very careful not to tell you the *modus operandi*, which is very simple, as I will show you, and which I detailed in my book of Natural Philosophy, published more than twenty years ago. By following my instructions, everybody may, if they like, make ghosts for themselves, and, with other optical amusements, make a most inviting batch of Christmas entertainment. The appearance of the image in the air has been productive of many agreeable deceptions. If an object, as A B C, a bottle half filled with water, be held before a



concave mirror D, the image of the bottle will be seen inverted, but the mind will conceive the water to be in that part of the bottle which appears to be lower. If the cork be now taken out, and the mouth of the bottle be held downwards, as the

water runs out the illusion of the mind will be such that the bottle will seem to fill till all the water be gone.

It is upon this principle that the ghost of the Polytechnic is effected, and it is easy to show how this seemingly miraculous picture is produced. If a partition be made between two rooms, as A, having a small square hole in the centre,



as at B, and in the back room, or underneath a stage or platform, a concave mirror, E F, be placed, with an inverted figure, C; this figure will be seen by the eye, G, as standing immediately before the square. The course of the line D shows the reaction of the rays. Sometimes a spectral appearance has been exhibited by these means, which vanishes at the approach of the spectator. Sometimes, the mirror being properly focussed, the spectator may put his hand through the spectral appearance, which is nothing but a reflection in the air. This is done in the ghost scenes at the Polytechnic.

A FLESH AND BLOOD GHOST STORY;

OR,

THE GHOST OF THE GRAMPUS.



THE Grampus was not a ship of war. There was a Grampus in the navy, an old gun-brig, one of those wretched craft to which has been given the name of sea-coffins. She was an unlucky ship, and went down with all hands on board in the Bay of Fundy, about sixty years ago. Our old Grampus was a brig too, and a very slow old coach, heavy and tench-nosed, and cod-bellied, and black, and smelt of bilgewater, and the heterogeneous scent which a miscellaneous series of cargoes, and a succession of hot climates and cold climates never fail to engender. She was a brig of about four hundred tons, and was manned by one Captain—so they called him by courtesy—Captain Jockablock; Jem Gaskel, a mate;

five men, and a couple of boys. I had been out in a vastly better ship, called the Syren, but had fallen from the topmast head and got invalided. I was only sixteen years of age when this accident happened, when we were at Ceylon. The doctor said I had better go home as soon as possible; and so the Grampus heaving out of the harbour about a week after my "concussion," I was put on board of her, and she set sail for England with a miscellaneous cargo.

On our voyage home we had to pass round the Cape of Good Hope, and when at Cape Town we shipped a black cook, who turned up rather obstreperous, because the captain would not let his wife join him on the voyage, after having stipulated to do so. However, they quieted him by a good clobbering, and the ship proceeded on her voyage; but when they got into the broad swell of the Atlantic, somehow or other the coffee didn't agree with the sailors, and the black cook was suspected of an attempt to poison the whole crew; so the captain, or skipper, put the poor fellow in chains, flogged him, and then hooped him up in a cask on deck, leaving only a few holes at the top of the cask for the poor fellow to breathe by. But the weather came on very hot, the wounds festered, his chains eat into them, and what with the misery of the confined space, the want of air, and the agony endured, the cook at the end of three days breathed his last.

The captain was dreadfully alarmed when he found the cook had died from the effects of his cruelty; and the man who administered the cat to him was also in a pucker; and so also was the man who hooped the cask, and the chap that helped him. The mate also felt some compunction, for it

was he who had charged the poor black with an attempt at poisoning, and who had in the moment of suspicion thrust a red-hot toasting fork into his back. And even the two boys who had declared to what they never saw, to make the case against the cook look as black as his own body—they too were frightened. So frightened, indeed, were all on board, except myself, who had nothing to do with the matter, that none could be found to give the black man Christian burial, although it was well known he was a Methodist; so instead of taking him out of the cask, the cask, with him in it, was rolled overboard into the sea, where it floated and twisted till it became a speck to the spectators, and finally vanished from their sight.

Perhaps, if this had been the end of the affair, it might in due course of time, have been forgotten; but it was not: for soon after the "cook" was out of sight, a tempest came on, with lots of lightning and a prodigious cargo of thunder; the sea rose, and the wind roared; and such a fearful tumult of the air, sea, and sky took place, as to make every one tremble, and all of us to think that it was the old black cook who was cooking the elements into this prodigious ebullition. And when, in the midst of the tempest, a broad flash of lightning revealed the cask with the cook in it bearing down on the weather-bow furiously upon us, it was enough to make us all tremble. And so our skipper let the old brig down the wind, which flew off from the approaching "cask" with the wings of an eagle.

We saw no more of the poor cook. He was probably bolted by a shark, cask and all, for these fish have a prodigious swallow, but his spirit walked abroad on the old Grampus.

The captain was very uneasy at his night-watch, and although the storm was over, night after night did he cast a fearful eye over the deep, expecting a further vision of the "cook and cask." The mate did the same; and so did the men, and so did the cabin-boys. I had no hand in the deed of death, and therefore I had no fear.

We had put in at a little port on the western coast of Africa to take in water and vegetables; but it so happened that we went into the little bay at the height of the spring-tides, and were detained for several days before our vessel could be got out of the harbour. While lying there, we had many black men on board, and we all were afraid of the sight of a black man: even I, who had nothing to fear, began to catch the infection, and was glad when we got safely under weigh again, which we did as speedily as possible, and in the course of ten or eleven days reached the Cape.

As soon as we got there, we found the mate had made up his mind to leave the ship, which he did by taking French leave and bolting without beat of drum; the foremast man followed his example, and after him the headmast man, and then the two boys, and nobody was left in the ship but me and the captain. The mate had for several days declared the ship was haunted, and that some gigantic arm had tried to strangle him as he lay in his berth; the men also said that the ghost of the black man had tried to pull them out of bed more than once, and the boys said that they had been squeezed almost to death in their hammocks by some unknown arm. The captain could not attest to so much as this, but he had heard mysterious rustlings and rattlings in his state cabin, and a curtain which used to hang over a little port-hole or

window on one side had been torn from its fastenings and whisked up into a kind of ball in a most miraculous manner, round which had collected some tufts of black woolly hair just like that on the head of the cook.

What to do the captain knew not. He went on shore and made vain attempts to get the deserters to return ; but it was of no use, and he feared to stir too much in the matter, for fear he should be taken up for the black man's murder. He tried to ship other hands ; but the scandal had got wind that the ship was haunted, and the most whimsical and ridiculous stories were afloat concerning the things heard, felt, known, and experienced in the fatal ship.

In this dilemma the captain knew not what plan to pursue so as to get his cargo out and ship cleared, but learned that a vessel had just reached a port close by, in which was his brother, and he asked me if I would mind taking charge of the ship while he went overland to the port ; and he hoped, by bringing his brother round when his ship should be discharged, that the difficulties of his situation might be amended.

As I had no fear about me of the supernatural, and as my strength had now fully returned, I believed I should be a match for any natural occurrence, and willingly agreed to his request. He took me at my word, started the same afternoon, and left me "alone in my glory" on board the Grampus, with her cargo just as it was upon her entrance into port. I was not exactly cognizant of what the cargo might be, but I knew it was what is called a general cargo, and might contain something of everything, from a mouse-trap to a mangle, and from a drum of figs to a box of Dutch cheeses,

for what I knew and for what I cared, except so far as there was nothing very offensive as regards smell, and nothing likely to engender spontaneous combustion and blow up the vessel with me in it.

But I did not trouble myself much about the cargo. I did think a little of the ghost, but not to any foolish extent, and so I took up my residence in the old ship, with two "comforters" in the shape of a couple of bottles of rum, and two "protectors" in the shape of a couple of pistols, and one "hanger-on" in the shape of a cutlass, and tried to make myself as cosy as possible. I had the captain's cabin all to myself, a good bed to lie on, a look-out at one of the port windows, and as much buscuit and dried fish as I liked to amuse myself with. But more than this, as the captain was a man of a serious turn of mind, he left in the cabin some good books, as he called them, for me to read, one of which was the Arian's and Socinian's Certainty of Condemnation; another was the strange and awful Confessions of an old Witch who was swum at Sudbury, and a third was a new and illustrated edition of the Newgate Calendar. I looked for a Bible, Testament, or Prayer Book, but could find neither.

For the first week of my sleeping on board the old ship things went on smoothly enough. I used to smoke my pipe on deck till the stars told me it was time to go to my berth, to which I went night after night as regularly as clock-work. Once, however, I fancied I heard footsteps or something like them traversing between decks; but then I was satisfied that if any feet caused those sounds, they could not be the feet of a ghost—for I recollected that the ghost in Hamlet wore padded stockings, and always glided along the stage without

noise, as did the Corsican Brothers, and the ghosts in the tent scene in King Richard the Third, and those in the banquet scene in Macbeth, and so on of all other ghosts that I could think of; and I took great pains to rake them all up to amuse myself with on the midnight watches, and to fortify myself against any unearthly noises. I also took the precaution to shut and bolt the companion door which led to my cabin, and to put my pistols under my pillow or over my head, and my cutlass by the side of my bed, so that if anything did come I should be prepared.

I had gone on "quite serene" for above a week, and the middle of the second week had arrived finding me laughing at the fears of others, and free from any of my own, when one night I was awakened by a strange sensation as if a cold hand lay upon my face, and as my consciousness increased I was almost certain I felt it suddenly withdrawn. I fancied too that I heard a faint gliding sound rustle across the state room and die away beyond the bulkhead that formed the end of it, and I strained my eyes in that direction through the intense darkness to try if I could distinguish any object. My belief was that somebody had entered the ship and laid his hand on my face in search of plunder, not knowing that any one slept on board: but on turning out and examining the door, I found it fastened on the inside just as I had left it; and on going out into the cabin, everything was in its place, for I struck a light on purpose to be certain.

During the interval of a week I was disturbed from my sleep three times in a similar manner, and always without further elucidation of the cause. Once I thought I heard a kind of twittering whistle uttered as the cold hand was passed

across my throat, but I could distinguish no words, and I vainly attempted to grasp hold of anything that might be near by extending my arms round about the bed. I tried to account for the annoyance by supposing a mouse or rat paid me a visit, for there were several holes by which they could enter, although there was nothing whatever in the state room to tempt their appetites. Still there was something in the touch not like the patting of a rat's paws, as the feet of these vermin though very cold are but small, and could not have conveyed the sensation of a broad, heavy hand or arm laid sometimes over the face or on the throat, which was the feeling I experienced. Besides, I more than once perceived the withdrawing of the strange limb, and from several little circumstances I deduced that the whole arm was placed on my pillow and suddenly snatched away. I felt bothered.

Without being superstitious, I naturally began to grow nervous. The old cook would rise before my mind, especially the hooping of him in the cask, and his imploring look at *me*. But still I did not believe in ghosts, and knew that, sick as I was on board ship, I could not have helped the poor man. Yet I thought I might have done something for him by expostulation with the captain; and again, that as I had had no hand in the cruel deed, it was now my duty to report the proceedings to the authorities, that both captain and crew might be brought to justice; and I must own that when these thoughts came across my mind, I was unnerved. But then, again, I said to myself, "The hand or arm of a ghost can't press with the force of some pounds weight upon a fellow's face: this is too heavy a work for a spirit, which is an immaterial body, without form, weight, or consistence."

While I continued awake, I burned a light, which I extinguished when about to resign myself to forgetfulness, for fear of accidents ; and I was never disturbed while I kept watch, although I maintained it long past the hour of the visit. But as soon as I was asleep, which was immediately after I had put out my candle, the cold, chilly touch weighed for a moment on my eyelids, and glanced off when I awoke, followed by the same dead, rustling, unearthly sound, and the half-whispered titter.

At length, being resolved, neither to give way to the insidious suggestions of superstition which occasionally crept into my mind, nor to endure the repeated breakings of my rest, the only comfort I at the time enjoyed, I conceived several plans for the detection of the intruder, and the first I put in practice was this :—

In order to render myself wakeful and watchful, I spent the whole of one afternoon in trying to sleep ; and by means of darkening the cabin, I did sleep for several hours. At bedtime I placed a candle in a dark lanthorn, which I concealed by my bedside, so that not one ray of light emanated from it, and I turned in, determined to lie awake all the night. However, in spite of my resolution, I dropped into a doze a little before midnight,—so strong is the force of habit, as well of the body as of the mind. I did not, however, sleep as soundly as if I had not reposed in the evening, and I was aroused by an indistinct sound, which came from some part of the ship close to the cabin.

Those who have sat up late, and slept in their chair, and awoke suddenly in the dead of the night, may have occasionally experienced a confused, depressed, half-superstitious state

of things or ideas upon first breaking from their slumbers and finding themselves left in the dark by their expended lamp,—cold, cheerless, and scarcely conscious of their exact situation. Such were my feelings upon being disturbed from my sleep, heightened by various attendant circumstances, such as the expected visit of a ghost, and the beating of the rising tide at the sides of the ship, which racked and pitched slightly under the influence of a high wind. It was a cold November's night, and I had not yet got warm in bed. I had refrained from taking my evening's glass of grog, that I might be awake, and a thousand nameless uncomfortable feelings harassed me, without any specific distress or pain or assignable cause. In fact, to use a sailor's phrase, I awoke in the "horrors," and the certainty of having heard an unaccountable sound near me did not dispel them. I resolved, however, neither to move nor draw breath audibly, that I might run the better chance of entrapping the troublesome sprite; and, indeed, I felt a disposition to breathe short and lie still, which was very favourable to my purpose. I felt chilled throughout, and timid, though determined not to be so, and I was holding my teeth close, that they might not chatter, when suddenly the cold, heavy, damp touch of something like a naked arm was placed across my open eyes, which, upon my shrinking involuntarily, was as suddenly withdrawn. Summoning my courage, I shook off a tremor that had seized my frame, and, bolting upright in bed, laid hold of my dark lanthorn, and turned it so as to throw a blaze of light over the state room; and judge of my terror when I beheld—not a ghost, not a thief—but a tall, dark-coloured serpent, standing nearly erect by my bedside, with its eyes brightly gleaming

from a head frightful and appalling beyond description. Never in my life had I seen such a fearful object; for to the usual hideous and disgusting aspect of a snake, were added, as they say, "features peculiarly its own," and which had to me a truly frightful appearance. The light of my lanthorn, increased in brightness by a polished steel reflector, fell in a glare upon the horrible spectre, and I saw distinctly that its mouth was wide open, armed with large crooked fangs, and furnished with a long tongue that vibrated menacingly beyond its jaws. Its head was rather small, but on either side its neck was swollen out to an immense size—inflated, as I imagined, with poison, to the amount of about a quart in each reservoir. To think of this being squirted over a fellow—and I really thought it was coming, the reptile looked so savage—was appalling; and I felt almost paralyzed as I supposed it was just going to spring, and seize hold of me, and smother me with its poison. But what seemed to me equally dreadful, was, that in the bloated mass which bolstered round the collar were things that appeared like two wide eyes, in addition to the small ones in its head; and this sight almost convinced me that the monster could only be some diabolical spirit, for I knew that no animals but insects have more than a pair of visual organs. In a state of mingled awe, doubt, and dismay, I remained holding my lanthorn, and staring at the dire countenance of the serpent, which all the while stood erect, waving its body in the manner of a rope shaken at one end, while its tongue played round its lips, its eyes flashed and its scales glittered. I felt, or fancied I felt, fascinated by its glance, and began to give myself up for lost; for I had heard of the power of fascination possessed by snakes, which

deprives the victim of energy to escape or defend itself. Besides, this creature, serpent, or demon was not a small enemy of the kind, for it stood nearly four feet from the floor, which, as my bed was fixed down low, brought its head nearly level with my face; and my fear of moving, lest I should provoke it to dart upon me, held me in a state of stillness as complete as if I had been riveted by the baneful influence of which I was so much afraid. Had it not been from an innate disbelief in the existence of hobgoblins, I should probably have spoken to this dragon who thus kept me at bay; for it had all the appearance of a demon, as far as the imagination could array an evil spirit in a visible form. But terror, notwithstanding, kept my tongue quiet; and while either of us seemed disposed to do nothing but stare at each other, suddenly my candle, which was nearly burnt out, sank in the socket, and the flame expired. All my horrors at this moment were nothing to what seized me when I found myself exposed in darkness to the venomous fury of an unknown though undoubtedly a dangerous serpent. A long hiss which it uttered, and which I deemed preferable to its springing at me, wound up my feelings to a pitch of desperation; and, having nothing else at hand, I dashed my dark lanthorn to the place where it had stood when my light was extinguished. Whether my missile struck the reptile or fiend I know not, but a horrible hissing filled the state room, and a rattling and groping noise succeeded; and in a short time I heard the enemy behind the bulkhead retreating swiftly, indicated by its repeated sibilations growing less audible.

Bathed in a cold sweat, and stiffened with fear as I was, I leaped out of bed as soon as I was assured that the demon

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was at some distance, and I ran stumbling upon deck as fast as I could, where I remained till daylight. I then called a boat, and went on shore to relate my adventures to the captain.

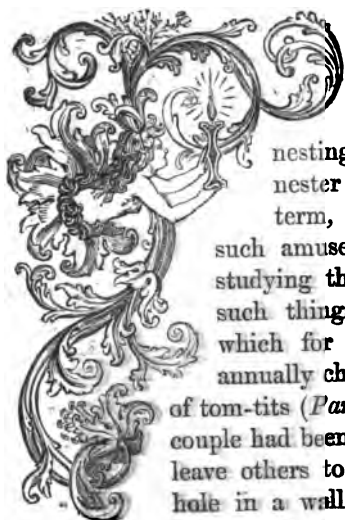
The skipper heard my relation with a little indication of disbelief, till I came near to the end of it; but when I came to describe the visage of the apparition, he fell into such a violent laughter that I fancied he would have given up the ghost in the convulsions of his mirth. At length he became calm; and while he wiped tears of merriment from his eyes, he told me he believed my vision of Lucifer, which I called it, was nothing else than a large cobra de capella, or hooded snake, which had belonged to the cook who had been so inhumanly cooped up in the cask. This serpent he had bought of some jugglers in India, it seemed, as I afterwards learned by inquiry. "And so," said the captain, "it is no wonder that we were to have been poisoned. The cook had bought him abroad for this purpose, no doubt. And thus," he continued, putting on a triumphant look, "my conscience is set at ease."

This was not by any means so clear to me; but I thought it no business of mine to upset the skipper's faith and consolation. But my own private opinion was, that the poor cook had been barbarously used, and that those who cooped him up in the cask ought to have been brought to justice. This, however, was impossible. The captain soon got fresh hands on board; the circumstances of my sleeping in the ship and the story of the snake allayed the superstition, and soon we left the Cape with a fair wind. On the passage to England, the cobra was caught by one of the sailors who had seen the

same sort of animals playing all sorts of tricks, such as dancing, tumbling, and the like, before the Indian jugglers. He caused it to do the same by giving it a few tunes now and then from an old hautboy, and the monster of evil became a pet and was a great favourite on board the ship. His eyes, and his wings, and his great ears and bags of poison, his forked tongue, fanged mouth, glittering scales, and quivering tail, so far from being a terror, were the subjects of many a joke. He was carefully fed and tenderly nursed, and, when we got to England, fetched no less a sum than fifteen pounds, being bought by the proprietor of a celebrated itinerant wild-beast caravan. His picture was drawn ten times his original size for the diorama outside the show, and all his furious, ferocious, hideous, and terrible features magnified to captivate the vulgar, who had the pleasure of seeing the original for *only a penny*.



BIRD-STUDY OF A YOUNG ORNITHOLOGIST.



HAD one of the best and tenderest of mothers, who at a very early age impressed upon me the wickedness of "bird's-nesting." So I never was a bird's-nester in the usual acceptance of the term, and my father allowed of no such amusement; but I was very fond of studying the habits of birds, insects, and such things. One time, I knew a place which for many years had been almost annually chosen as the habitation of a pair of tom-tits (*Parus caeruleus*): whether the same couple had been the constant occupants, I must leave others to guess. The spot chosen was a hole in a wall opening into a dark chamber, and into this opening I could peep without being observed by the ~~little architects~~.

These favouring circumstances not being of every-day

occurrence, I resolved to avail myself of them should this place again be selected as a habitation. As a preliminary step, I placed a small square box in the hole, with a view not only to my own accommodation, but that of the birds also; for [the hole came through the wall, and against it, but not quite close, was placed a shutter; and before I gave them the box, many a bit of green moss did Tom and Peggy bring for their nest, which fell down one after the other between the shutter and the wall. Indeed, I have seen more than a hat cram-full of moss disposed of in this way before the birds had been able to commence the formation of the nest.

A pair of birds soon took possession of the box; and, pleased that my scheme was likely to succeed, delight took possession of me, and many, and with short times between, were the visits that I paid to my little *protégés*. Very soon the nest was almost finished, and I waited impatiently for the appearance of the first egg.

Day after day I inspected the box, but no egg did I find. I began to think that either a bat or a mouse must be the manufacturer; for there was very little appearance of "architecture,"—the brown moss seemed to be just laid on the box. I therefore examined the nest, and I found, *carefully* hidden, with apparent *carelessness*, three beautiful eggs. The nest was thus covered after the deposit of each egg. I believe one was laid every morning, till the number was completed, when the birds began to sit; and, of course, the eggs were not afterwards covered. Fourteen days (I believe fourteen) brought to light a fine family of little ones. We three—that is, the father, mother, and myself—were all very happy with our fine prospect; but in a few days, one of the old ones,

I suppose, was brought lifeless to the ground by a stone from the hand of a wicked, mischievous lad. The young ones died in a few hours. Indeed, I am not aware that the widowed bird ever visited the nest after he lost his mate. Thus ended the first trial.

In the following spring, another nest was built, eggs were laid, and the birds began to sit. In order to ascertain whether birds sit "so hard" as is represented, I repeatedly disturbed the hen whilst on the nest, and several times with a start which actually turned her topsy-turvy, but never frightened her from her nest. In due time I had a brood of tom-tits. When they were first hatched, she then sat upon the young ones several hours during the day. This time was gradually shortened, till they were sufficiently fledged not to require such a protection from the air. So far as I ascertained, they were fed entirely with small grubs and caterpillars. Many of these were brought from some apple trees growing near, but I never observed a single bud of any kind; and I was induced to believe, they are at this time of the year very useful in freeing the blossoms of fruit-trees from vermin of the kind aforesaid.

Next, as to the method by which the nest was kept clean and wholesome. Some time after the young ones were hatched, I noticed that the old bird, having fed the young ones, did not immediately fly away or leave the nest, but waited a few seconds; and if the young one which had just received the food had any inclination to move, it immediately changed its position by locating the tail where the head had previously been. The excrement, when voided, was immediately taken up by the beak of the old bird, and thrown out

of the nest. I observed this process so frequently, that I am satisfied the old birds always stayed a few seconds; and if the young one retained its position, which was often the case, the old birds flew away.

The young birds grew very fast; but, when nearly fledged, the nest was discovered by some idle lads, who took them from their clean, warm, soft nest, and from their parent birds, and one by one deliberately pelted them to death. Such was the untoward result of my second attempt to rear a brood of tom-tits.

My next attempt was to hang up a small box, with a hole just loose enough to admit a small bird, against the wall of an out-building, in hopes that some confiding tom-tit would adopt it as a habitation. The first summer, Tom did not come; at least, he did not build. The second summer, I was one day walking past, when I heard a noise as if some bird was confined in the box, and beating the side with its wings. I found it was "Tommy" building its nest: the noise, which I often heard afterwards, was made by the bird, as I suppose, adjusting the moss. The nest was completed, the eggs were laid; and so hard did the old bird sit, that I several times carried the box into the house, a distance of forty or fifty yards, yet she never attempted to escape. It is true, I closed the opening; but she made no efforts to stir from the nest. The result of this last trial was just what I wished: the young birds "flew," to the great discomfiture of the old gardener, who thought I must be out of my senses to turn out a brood of such mischievous little "warmint," as he called them. For my part, I am satisfied of their utility; for the benefit derived from their labour in freeing the blossoms of fruit-

trees from noxious insects outbalances the little liberties which they undoubtedly do take with the buds of trees, more especially of gooseberry trees.

I must say, that notwithstanding my want of success in my first attempt, I experienced a vast deal of pleasure in studying the instincts and habits of these little birds. The more I became acquainted with them and saw their ways, the more I loved and admired them ; and often were my heart and mind raised towards the great and good Creator, whose wisdom is so wonderfully displayed among the smallest as well as among the greatest of his works. Depend upon it, Nature is ever ready to give and to teach us lessons of love and goodness, if we are ready to receive them ; and whether we travel amid the snows of Nova Zembla, or the deserts of the torrid zone, or among the mazes of the forests of the mighty Amazon, we shall always find a marvellous fund of objects to excite our admiration ; for the providence of God is universal, and His tender mercies are over all His works, to lead us to worship and to praise.





THE PIGMIES' REVEL.

Drawn by Doyle.

For the
first time

FAIRY REVELS.

THE SPIRITS' CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.



ERMANY is the land for spirits, hobgoblins, elves, and other curiosities of a like character. The German himself is little more than a bundle of spirits; a German boy is full of the wonderful, and mixes up with his reading, writing, and arithmetic, stories of demons and captive maidens, and tricks of wizard necromancy, which throw him quite off his balance at about sixteen, so that he is rarely able to get on the high stool in the merchant's office until at an age when English boys have made their fortune. I will tell you one of these German stories.

You may have heard of the Spectre of the Brocken. On the Hartz mountains, in certain seasons of the year, travellers are



THE HALL OF JUDGMENT.

surprised to behold at sunrise, or soon after, an enormous giant imitating their actions as in a looking-glass. The spectre form is nothing more than the reflection of their figures in the mists of the mountain, and is a natural hob-goblin. But in the same mountains there has been, according to report, at Christmas time, an enormous Jack Frost—a giant that appears on the tops of the hills near the forests. He is gaunt, grim, and ugly, with an enormous mouth, open wide enough to swallow half the little boys in Germany; and woe be to those who get a sight of this terrible monster! for whoever should do so is sure to meet with mishaps and disasters of no common character.

Well, it was on Christmas Eve, in the year 1800, that two brothers, Gaspar and Jerrold Hoshbrochspacken, with their sister, had to pass through the Forest of Holstein on their way home, after spending their Christmas Eve in the lordly mansion of Baron Heinstaffekine, where they had been merry-making till the small hours began their chime. It was a night of extreme coldness. The frosty winds whistled a melancholy dirge through the fir trees; the mists were wafted above their tops and down among their stems in fitful clouds; and the three young travellers had no sooner entered the forest than muttering thunder was heard, accompanied by blue flashes of lightning, which seemed to render the darkness visible. The moon was indeed up, but she held her head askance, only now and then showing herself with a hollow and ghastly aspect; so, what with one thing and the other, Gaspar, Jerrold, and their sister Geraldine were a little bit frightened, especially when they found that they had lost their way in the forest, and everything became of one colour



THE SPECTRE OF THE HARTZ.

and was as black as pitch. While in the terror of this darkness, a sudden and miraculous brightness appeared all around them, and, looking upwards, what was their dismay to see the grim spectre of the Hartz leering at them from the midst of a cloud high above the tops of the forest pines! Gaspar immediately drew his sword and made essay to strike a blow at the monster, who thereupon gave a loud and hollow laugh, which made all the trees rustle and shake in a tremor of fear. At the same moment Jerrold and Geraldine were swept off by an unknown hand, and lost all sense or sight of the natural objects of creation, being suddenly transported into spirit-land.

There appeared to the astonished view of the brother and sister, a vast hall, in the centre of which stood the giant of the Hartz. Around him, swarming in every possible variety of form, were thousands of disembodied spirits, while that of a beautiful female was sailing on with gossamer wings over all the rest. She was a fresh comer from the gardens of Hades, and, with all the others, was come to receive her sentence prior to being sent back again to the regions of mortality to undergo the penalties incurred during their lifetime of sin and misery.

Geraldine was placed in a seat by the side of the judge Minos, and listened attentively to the sentences pronounced upon the unfortunate spirits as they presented themselves. Alas! they were too numerous to be listened to individually; but some of the sins of the younger people—the little folk, as they are called—were remarkable, and related to little faults, which beginning in very small seeds, grew into gigantic vices. Little fibs, little arts, little prevarications, little cruelties, even

little thoughtlessness, had done their work in bringing little people to this place of retribution.

Presently there was a great hubbub, and all at once the figures were changed into figures of another kind, and were seen engaged in every sort of employment; for the judge considered that the constant employment of the mind and body, or real labour, prevented to a great extent the intrusion of little sins. And so all were set to work for a brief space, with a view to the "perfect cure" of their various evil propensities; and it was a very happy sight to see every one labouring to overcome his or her vices in their new and exceedingly grotesque characters.

Gaspar found himself in the middle of this assembly, and beheld all with wonder; while the fair Geraldine, having strayed farther into the woods, came upon the genius of Evil, an old hag drawn by two grey grimalkins in a hideous car. Abashed at the sight of her innocence and beauty, the old creature fell to the earth; and Geraldine, from the cup of a convolvulus, saw her sink down to the regions of eternal night, cats and all.

The object of this story is to show the evil arising from the commission of little faults, and the advantage there is from doing what is right at all times, and walking in the path of duty and the regions of light.



TALES OF THE CRUSADES.

CHAPTER II.

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

SECOND AND THIRD CRUSADES.



A GREAT battle had been fought at Antioch, and the Crusaders had conquered the city. The whole army then advanced towards Jerusalem. A fierce battle ensued on the march ; but the Crusaders at last gave way, and were slaughtered by thousands. The loss of the Infidels is stated to have been 60,000, that of the Crusaders ten thousand. The Crusaders' next step was the Sacred City ; but, although victorious, they were not enabled to march to Jerusalem at once, and had to

contend in a petty warfare with all the cities along the coast, which were eventually conquered, and the inhabitants put unrelentingly to the sword.

The soldiers now marched to the Holy City, passing through Tripoli and through the country of Sidon. The Saracens fled before them; and they took the direct road to Jerusalem, and soon reached the little city of Emmaus. The Holy City was then in view: every heart flowed with rapture, and every eye was bathed in tears; the word "Jerusalem!" was repeated in tumultuous wonder from rank to rank; zeal, love, and piety prevailed; and all their sorrows, troubles, and hardships were forgotten.

It was a beautiful morning, we are told, in the month of June; and just as the army had reached the summit of one of the "hills that surroundeth Jerusalem," the day broke in all the majesty of Eastern light; and the sun arose, and they beheld his rays glittering on a rocky steep in the distance crowned with turrets and minarets. One loud shout echoed from hill to hill; and a joy so ecstatic and intense came at once over the multitude, that they laughed and wept by turns, grew delirious, fainted, and some are declared to have died on the spot from the intensity of their feelings. The soldiers became on the instant mere devout pilgrims; they pulled off their shoes, the lance and the sword were thrown aside, and tears like rain fell upon the ground the Saviour had wept over.

Jerusalem at the time of the Crusade comprised the hills of Golgotha, Bezetha, Acra, and Moriah, Mount Zion being at this time without the walls. The garrison consisted of more than 40,000 disciplined troops, commanded by Istakar, who had filled up all the wells in the vicinity of the city; and

as the streams had been dried up by the sun, such was the drought in the Christian camp, now surrounding the walls, that a drop of liquid was not to be procured for a piece of gold. But, notwithstanding the want of water, and some quarrels among the Christian chieftains, the enthusiasm of the people continued, and a day was appointed for a solemn procession round the walls. The whole army went forth, headed by bishops and priests bearing sacred relics and the holy banner, attended by martial music, and singing psalms and hymns. In the midst, another division of the priests bore "the sacred elements of salvation," barefooted; and the warriors followed, chanting and singing. On Mount Olivet and Mount Zion they fell down on their knees in prayer, the Saracens at the same time mocking them, and throwing dirt and filth upon the sacred elements and relics.

The next night, Godfrey removed all his engines, towers, and implements of warfare from the spot on which he had taken up his position to one less defended by the Saracens. He then filled up a part of the valley which lay between him and the walls of the city with stone and rubbish, so as to make a kind of dry bridge; and on the 14th of July, 1099, the attack commenced. The soldiers of the Crusaders took their places in the high wooden towers which had been raised on the opposite walls to such a height as to overtop them. The catapults were pushed forwards to batter the defences, and the sow was dragged along to sap the foundations, while the mangonels and ballista were brought as near as possible to cast masses of stone and huge iron darts with the greatest possible effect.

As soon as the Saracens beheld the Christian army in

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motion, showers of arrows and javelins were poured forth from the battlements; and when the towers and the instruments for the sap came nearer, immense pieces of rock, beams of wood, balls of flame, and torrents of Greek fire were cast down upon the heads of the Crusaders. Still, however, they rushed on undaunted and unchecked; the knights of the highest reputation occupying the upper stories of the towers, while Godfrey himself was seen with a bow, exposed to all the shafts of the enemy, sending death around him with an unerring hand. The conflict raged throughout the day; and strong as were the courage and religious zeal of the Christians, yet the triumph lay with the besieged. The great tower of the Count of Toulouse was much injured, hundreds of men were slain, and on the approach of darkness the Crusaders drew off. The city was not yet taken.

The night was spent both by the besiegers and the besieged in alarms; both parties were intent on restoring their injured defences or military engines. The walls of the city had many breaches in them, and the camp was open to attack on many points; but the spirit of action was not relaxed, and when the morning came all was industry and bustle. Every Christian seemed fresh and fierce; the towers were again manned with courageous knights. Some mounted the summit and second stories, others were at the bottom impelling the immense masses, and the battering-rams were again in motion.

The besieged had repaired their mural breaches, and got ready their molten lead, boiling oil, and all the dreadful stores of barbaric war. Their defence was conducted with all the madness of despair and the bravery of men fighting

for their lives. The Crusaders were beaten back ; some of the towers overthrown ; and the soldiers below, writhing and groaning in torture from the missiles of fire and oil poured upon them, and the huge masses of stone thrown from the walls, relaxed their efforts ; the cause of the Crusader seemed lost, and the most courageous thought that Heaven had deserted its people.

But at the moment when victory seemed to be denied to the soldiers of Christ, and a panic had possessed the people of the camp, a knight was seen on Mount Olivet, in radiant armour, wearing his glittering shield glowing with the sign of the cross, and pointing with his sword towards the Holy City. A cry immediately spread through the army that St. George had come from heaven to their assistance, and all eyes beheld the figure on which this designation was bestowed. The Crusaders now returned to the charge with renewed ardour. The whole of the columns advanced, nor could women be restrained from mingling in the fight. The walls were scaled, the gates beaten down. The Duke of Lorraine fought with his bow ; near him were Eustace and Baldwin, like two lions, on his right and left ; and at the hour when the Saviour of the world had been crucified, a soldier named Leotold, of Tournay, leaped upon the ramparts. Godfrey of Bouillon immediately followed, and stood as a conqueror on the walls of Jerusalem. The standard of the Cross was now erected on one of the principal towers, and with loud shouts the whole Crusading army pressed forward to assail the city on all points. Breach after breach was made, and a torrent of soldiers flowing upwards upon the highest bastions, broke like the waves of the sea upon the devoted city.

The Mussulmans fought with savage fury, and met the besiegers hand to hand at every point. They retreated slowly to the temples, and here fought to the very last. The Christian soldiers thought of nothing but revenge against the enemies of Christ. They drove them through the streets, they followed them into their houses, they slaughtered them in their temples; and such was the carnage in the mosque of Omar, that the soldiers are said, by a writer who was present, to have been red from the greaves to the helm. Ten thousand people were murdered in this sanctuary. No place of refuge remained to the vanquished; all were slain that could be found, some with the sword, and some were hurled from the tops of the churches, or cast headlong from the walls of the citadel.

Godfrey of Bouillon, upon entering the city after the first fury of assault had passed by, could not refrain from further vengeance, but even where slaughter had done its mission he drew his sword and murdered the helpless Saracens that surrounded him. But after having, as he supposed, revenged the cause of Him who forbade vengeance in any form, he threw aside his armour, clothed himself in a white mantle, and with bare head and naked feet went to the church of the Sepulchre, and there prostrated himself in meek humility.

Jerusalem was now the scene of wonders. According to the traditions of the times, the ghosts of those who had been slain in the sacred cause from the beginning of the Crusades came and rejoiced. The bodies of the saints arose, and the spirits of holy men walked abroad and were seen of thousands. Jerusalem was in the hands of the Christians; the Lord had avenged his people, and the Infidels were overthrown.



GODFREY OF BOUILLON AT THE TOMB OF OUR LORD.

On the eighth day after the capture of Jerusalem, the chieftains and princes of the Crusaders assembled for the election of a king, and, by the common decree of all, Godfrey Bouillon was elected to this high honour. The princes conducted him in religious and stately order to the church which covered the tomb of our Lord; but he refused to wear a diadem in the city where his Saviour's sorrows were crowned with thorns.

The reign of Godfrey continued not quite a year. He was seized with a fever; but he died full of faith and peace. The church of the Holy Sepulchre received his ashes, and it was decreed that this place should be the repository of the kings his successors.



A SEA-SIDE QUANDARY OF THE MID-SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

“What shall I do with my tail?”



HAT a fine place Yarmouth is, everybody knows, and how deliciously the herrings smell, and the shrimps, and the fish - skins frying on the shore. Everybody knows the Gardens, too — Gardens only rivalled by those of the Hesperides, and surpassing them by reason of your being able to go in for a

penny. Everybody knows also that Yarmouth has roads made of salt water—while the principal *rows* are in the

streets. And everybody ought to know that Yarmouth is the best possible place for youngsters: such a beautiful shore, such lots of sand; nobody there can remain long in a state of hunger, for they can eat the sand which is (sandwiches) there, and get fat on it.

Well, it was down to Yarmouth that Mrs. Scrougley and her family went in the burning weather of last July, four sons and five daughters, who when they got there did not know what to do with themselves. Master Joseph, son and heir, was a bit of a philosopher; and when he got to Yarmouth, and saw the sands and felt the heat, he remembered something about the deserts of Arabia, and how ostriches hatched their eggs in the sand: so Joe and Sam bought a lot of eggs, and covered them up with sand, with the object of having a fine brood of chickens.

When Joe had placed the eggs in the sand, which he did about one o'clock in the morning, and when he and Sam found there wasn't much signs of their hatching, Sam said that Joe must sit on them. Joe declared that the ostriches never sat on their eggs, that the sun performed the incubation process alone. Then Sam and Joe had an argument about it, and then a contention, and then almost a fight; and then, in his rage, Sam sat down plump on the nest of eggs, and got up in a state of disagreeableness much better imagined than described.

This was all very funny—but the children had lots of fun while they were there. Sam and Joe got hold of an old "junk" who used to mind the Nelson's Monument, and they almost plagued his life out by asking him to tell them sea-stories. He was one of four old naval man-of-war's-men,

who was with Nelson at the Nile, and Trafalgar, and lots of other places ; and he had seen a good deal of the sea service, and could spin very long and very tough yarns upon any subject whatever connected therewith. The boys bought Gibraltar rock of him, and bull's-eyes, and Bonaparte's ribs, and other sweetmeats. One of the tales he told was of a wonderful dream he once had in Long. $5^{\circ} 10'$ E., Lat. $17^{\circ} 40'$ S. It was all about mermen and mermaids.

"Well," said the old 'junk,' "we had been splicing the main-brace, you see, and I fell asleep abaft the binnacle, and all at once I felt myself at the bottom of the sea.—What sort of a bottom has it? Oh, beautiful!—beautiful grottoes of sparkling spar, and fancy shells, and rocks of crystal, and diamonds lying about in shoals, and green moss up to your middle, and salt-water trees bearing oysters, and crabs and lobsters dancing about in the highest delight. But that was nothing to the finny-tailed fair ones of the delicious place. My attention was called to one of the most beautiful creatures I ever saw,—a lovely form,—streaming and curly golden hair, silver scales, and a comb and a looking-glass to match, with one of which she combed her hair, and with the other she reviewed her beautiful face, which was that of an under-water angel.

"Of course I could do nothing but fall desperately in love with her, so made up to her at once ; but she darted away from me, and put up her glass before her face in a shy kind of modesty. I followed her through all the nooks and crannies of the sea-bed, among the rocks and stones and sea-weeds, and wrecks of ships, and great bones of whales, and the like ; but she would not hear of my suit but upon one condition.

"What was that? Why, that I should divest myself of my lower extremities and turn into a merman, and then she



THE MERMAID.

would marry me. So 'I read a book called the 'Vestiges of

Creation,' and consulted Whyncoff; and I soon learned how to shoot my legs as the lobster does his claws, and then to push out a beautiful tail, which I could swim with, and stand on and play with. My fair mermaid was delighted, and said she would have me, and inquired about all my relations, whether I went to church or chapel, and all that it was proper for her to know.

"But I had worse than this to go through, for there was a rival merman in the wind, and this fellow determined that I should not run off with his fair Salsosa. He therefore sent me a challenge, written by a pen made out of a spine of a porcupine fish, and with ink from the sepia or cuttle-fish, to the effect that he would meet me in Davy Jones's Locker on the following day at 5 P.M., and have satisfaction for the dissatisfaction he felt at my pretensions to the young lady to whom I pretended.

"Well, we met. We were fierce—we were savage; we were deeply impressed with a sense of the prize for which we contended; we were not insensible to honour—and he was bent on revenge. The divine Salsosa sympathized deeply with me; we had a most tender meeting after I had received the challenge, and when I departed her last words were, while the loving tears distilled from her fishy eyes, 'Do not—dearest, do not—oh, do not—lose your tail!'

"Well, we fought at the bottom of the slimy deep. He came on like Hector—I received him like Achilles. We fought like the Kilkenny cats; we struggled—we kicked—we scratched—we tore (old English fighting won't do in Davy Jones's Locker)—but after occasional tousing, he, having both his eyes bunged up and his nose flattened, at last give in, and I

knocked him down, where he laid like a flat-fish till his 'tail stopped wagging.'



THE DEFEAT.

"I was then going to hasten to my darling ; but all at once I felt something that entangled me all over : it was an enormous dredge-net, with a great bucket attached ; it scooped me up in a minute, and I was forcibly dragged up the sides of our ship, the Goliath, and hoisted on board. There stood the captain and some of the crew. He looked at my finny extremities or tail with wonder and amazement. He questioned me on my adventures, and I told him all my story just as I have told it to you. I threw down at his feet the tip

of my enemy's tail to prove that I had fought like a Briton and



THE REPORT TO THE CAPTAIN.

did not disgrace her Majesty's Navy. This was in my favour.

"But what was I to do with my tail? I could not stand with it; I could not walk with it; I could not dance or kick with it: all I could do was to flap it about, and make it very dirty and dusty, which was against my cleanly habits.

"Everybody wanted to look at my tail. The great iron-clad fleet came to Yarmouth to see it, and ——"

A BOY'S ADVENTURES IN THE GOLD FIELDS.

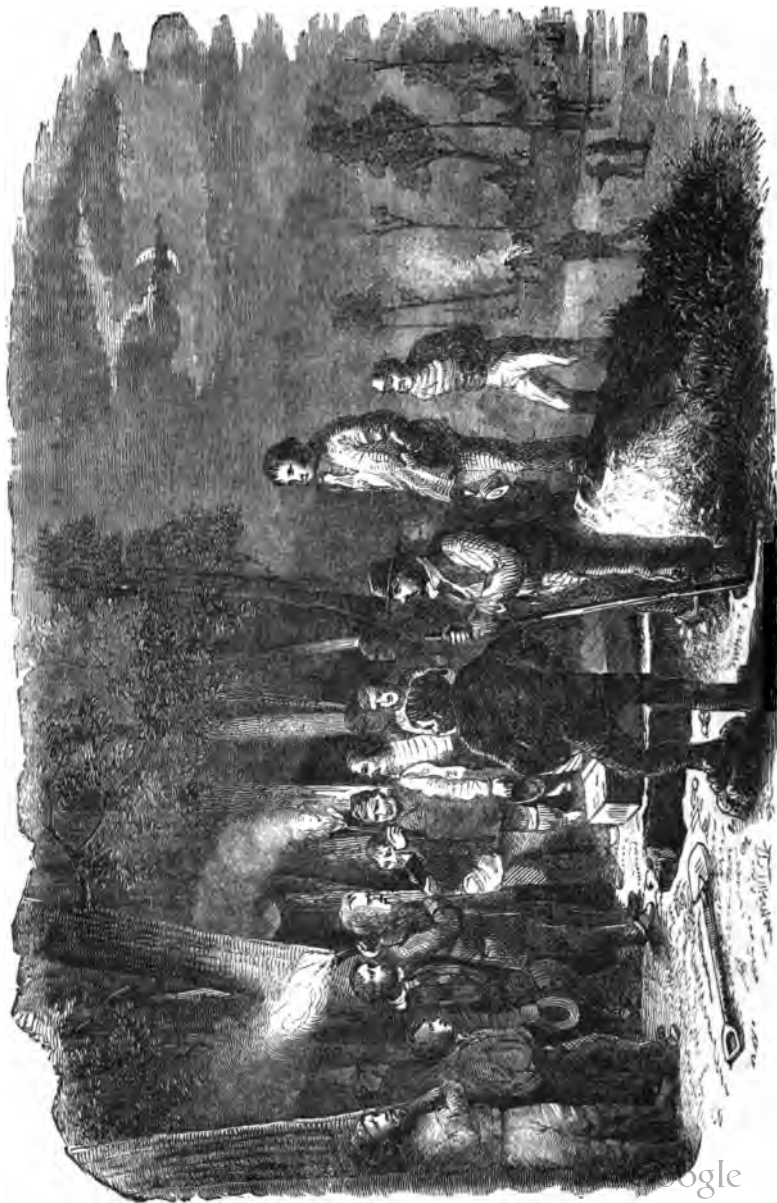
CHAPTER II.



HE father and mother of Bob had resolved to go to a place called Kye Diggings, some thirty miles from Forest Creek, owing to some reports about "lucky findings," and wishing, at the same time, to be at a place where there would be more quiet and less wickedness; so they started off one bright sunny morning, taking with them all their little store of money, eatables and drinkables, and cookables, packed and strapped about their persons. They had joined a small party who were going in the same direction. Two men were walking before them at a little distance; they saw two or three other men with guns at their sides, apparently looking up at the trees for birds. On a sudden, however, they were surrounded; guns were placed at each of

their heads, and they were ordered to stand. They were then addressed in the most abusive language, and threatened with having their brains blown out if they made the least resistance. They were then ordered to fall on their knees, their hands were bound behind their backs, and they were rifled of their money, knives, valuables, powder, shot, and everything on their persons. They were next ordered to lie down on their faces, and told, if they moved, looked up, or made the least sign, they would be shot. And so the poor wretches all lay down with their faces to the earth; but poor little Bob managed to rest his head so that he got a side look from one of his eyes—and a sad look it was, for he soon beheld a party of five or six other diggers coming. These were all treated in the same manner. Another party came up after this, and then another, all of whom were stripped, and several cruelly beaten, and one shot. But this was not the worst sight for the poor boy to witness; for all at once was seen, in the distance, a body of the horse police riding up. This induced several of the prostrate people to rise and make an attempt to liberate themselves. The bushrangers no sooner saw this than they began to fire right and left with their revolvers, and several fell to rise no more, among whom were the poor lad's father and mother, the shot passing through the father's body into that of his wife, when both fell dead. The police came up quickly, but too late to prevent this catastrophe. They, however, made a grand onslaught upon the bush-rangers, four of whom they killed, and took the others prisoners.

The bodies of John and Mary Pearce were taken up and conveyed to Forest Creek—poor Bob being left an orphan in



TIE DIGGERS' FUNERAL

a strange land, among the strangest of people. The same evening a grave was dug for his father and mother, and by the light of torches their poor bodies were laid into it, one of the Missionaries acting as minister, offering up prayers and making an exhortation. He did more: he took little Bob under his care, raised a subscription for him, and determined to set him "a-going" in some way or other.

The Missionary was a young man who had left England for the sole purpose of doing good to the diggers, by preaching the Word of Truth among them. He had got a little money together, and expended it all in moving about. He had been hooted, pelted, sneered at, ridiculed, beaten, waylaid, and nearly murdered. He had laboured apostolically in the heat of the day, in the chills of the night; had reproved, exhorted, alarmed, and comforted: but, in spite of all his exertions to do good, he was almost without bread. He had faith, and this sustained him; he had love, and this induced him to take care of poor little Bob.

The Missionary's name was Flamm—a good creature, but rather "flighty." Despairing of his success as an apostle among the diggers, his heart yearned to preach the Gospel to the aborigines, and he determined to go among them with the "glad tidings." So, early one morning, before the diggers were awake, he started, for "beyond the bush." "I will go," said he, "unto the land of Moab, on the other side of the Jordan, and there I will convert the heathen." So away he went, without food—without shoes, or scrip, or staff, in a manner quite primitive and apostolical, and Bob went with him.

They followed the course of a small rivulet towards its source, and for the first few miles of their journey felt



PREACHING AT THE DIGGINGS.

themselves relieved by getting away from the noise, outrage, sin, and wickedness of the diggings. The tall trees began to rise around them in calm and silent grandeur; yet the country was blank and arid: they, however, crept under a scrub for shelter, as the elements were evidently getting up a tempest. Vivid flashes of lightning, with occasional peals of thunder, continued to illuminate the space around. In the pause between the flashes of lightning no bird, beast, insect, or reptile was to be seen or heard: all animal life seemed to be extinguished, and the desolation appeared complete and fearful. And in this solemn quiet, with the lightning flashing around him, and the thunder roaring, did the Missionary call upon Bob to kneel down, and the twain offered up prayer to the Almighty Father for support and protection. They seemed to be the only living creatures spared to breathe amid that awful scene, which was well calculated to fill the soul with some idea of the sublimity of that mighty Power who rules over the universe.

After the lightning came the thunder; and after the thunder came the rain, and in such torrents as in a few minutes to produce a kind of deluge. This continued for more than an hour; and while it went on, the scrub and the turf, and the trees in the ravines, were uprooted, and borne down in fearful tumult. But, horrible as was the roar of the waters, the snapping of the trees, the bursting of the thunder, or the flashes of the lightning, they were not half so fearful as the mad, drunken, and sinful levity of Forest Creek: and so the poor travellers thought, and blessed themselves. They feared not so much the awful terrors of the Almighty as the dreadful wickedness of men.

After the storm came a calm; and in that calm they lay, soaked with the rain, till daybreak. With the first peep of dawn they were aroused by the laugh of the jackass bird—an extraordinary creature, which passes by the name of the bushman's clock. The morning opened beautifully,



THE JACKASS BIRD.

giving promise of a warm day, and animating them with a hope of being soon able to escape from the solitude in which they were involved. To get out of the tangled track of the hurricane was their first endeavour; so, crossing the prostrate trees, and rounding the matted scrub for a considerable time, they at length entered upon an upright forest which the destroying element had not touched. Being quite at a loss which way to proceed, they wandered on, leaving Providence

to guide them—still on and on, till the intensity of the sun drove them to accept the shade of a clump of trees, beneath which they threw themselves, sweltering with heat and panting with thirst. And here it was that, while almost famishing, they heard the cry of the “more pork bird;” so called from his note resembling those delicious words, “more pork—more pork.” But, alas! this cry only presaged a dish far less



THE MORE PORK BIRD.

delicate than pork; for, on entering a small thicket, their noses were assailed by a most unsavoury odour, and on looking round, at the foot of one of the larger trees they found the



skeleton of a poor digger, who had lost his way in the woods, and had evidently perished from weariness and want. His fleshless skull reclined upon the bleached bone of his arm, as if it had just lain down to repose. He lay upon his blanket, his gun beside him, and an empty pannikin stood close to him. His clothes had been nearly all torn off by the eagerness of the birds of prey to devour his flesh; and his boots, which still encased the bony shafts of his legs, were the only articles of dress in a tolerable state of preservation. "Poor Christian sufferer!" cried Flamm; "sorry am I that I have no spade to dig thy grave, and give thee a Christian burial; but I will pray over thee:" which he immediately did; and so loudly did he pray, that the birds of prey left the picking of the bones of the skeleton, and soared high away above. And then they covered the bones up as well as they could with tufts of grass, leaves, stones, and whatever they could scrape together; and then they cut a large slice of bark from one of the trees, and wrote upon it, "A white man lies buried here." The Missionary then put up another prayer, and he and Bob left the spot.

They had not proceeded far before they observed several natives standing on the summit of the hills which overlooked the valley. The Missionary hailed them, and pulled off his white neckerchief, which he used as a flag of truce. They ran away, however, but soon returned. Flamm then approached them in a dignified kind of manner, and endeavoured to convey to them his peaceable intentions. Two of the tribe then came forward on the part of the others. Neither of these seemed to comprehend what the Missionary said to them, who told them he came to preach "glad

tidings." They then pointed up the stream, and beckoned the wanderers to follow, who did so without apprehension, till at last they reached their encampment, which lay a considerable way up the bed of the stream, and consisted of several tents or qungas, composed of strips of bark and the boughs of trees. A number of females and children sat about and stared at the Missionary, whom, being dressed all in clerical black cloth, they took to be a black man. They came and stroked him all over; but finding he had a white face and whity-brown whiskers, they burst into loud laughter, and whispered something very droll to each other, which made them laugh again and again. They offered him some roots to eat.

These Australians appear a filthy and disgusting race, but little removed from the brute creation in their habits of life. They eat the roots they get raw; they have no knowledge of cooking, except broiling or roasting—boiling they have not yet attained to. They eat grubs and maggots alive. The women seem only born to be wretched. Their weapons consisted of spears, boomerangs, clubs, and tomahawks. The first were nine to ten feet long, and about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, with barbed or jagged points. These they throw, by means of an instrument called a wommora, or throwing-stick, to the distance of fifty or sixty yards with remarkable precision; but the boomerang is one of their effective instruments. They are of various shapes. They are thrown by the natives with wonderful dexterity, and will wind round a tree and kill game standing behind it. The boomerang is of wood, made something like the blade of a Turkish scimitar. The native holds it in his hand, and throws

or flies it, and he can make it go in any direction he pleases. Thus he will make it go forty or fifty yards horizontally at a few feet from the ground, when it will suddenly dart into the air to a height of fifty or sixty yards, describing a considerable curve, and finally falling at his feet, or behind a tree at his rear, or almost wherever he may choose.

The native mode of tracking the kangaroo shows these aborigines to the best advantage; for it is here that their greatest amount of skill, endurance, exertion, and perseverance is called into action. The feat is performed by a single native, who starts on the track of a kangaroo, which he follows until he descries the animal. It flies; he pursues till he comes on its track again. Once more it is off, bounding away before him; and once more he follows it, until nightfall, when he lights his fire and sleeps upon the track. With the first break of dawn the hunt is resumed, until the close of the second day, and so on to the third, when the animal, wearied out, usually becomes the victim of the pursuer. When the animal is taken, he is cooked, which is done by a hole being dug in the sand, in which a fire is kindled. When this natural oven is well heated, and supplied with a large heap of ashes collected from the burnt embers, it is scraped out, and the kangaroo, skin and all, is shoved into it. It is then covered with other ashes, and is thoroughly baked; then taken out, laid upon its back, cut down between the shoulders; the intestines are then removed, and the dish is what young English gentlemen would call "magnificent."

Opossum-hunting is a sport also much indulged in by the natives. This animal is followed either by day or on a moonlight night, when the sport is wonderfully enjoyed. The marks by

which a native discerns the ascent of an opossum up a tree are too faint for the optics of a white man. When the former has made sure of his game being close by, out comes the tomahawk, and with this he notches the bark about four feet from the ground, in order that he may insert his great toe and take the first step in the ascent; and then throwing his dexter arm round the tree, he with his left hand fixes the point handle of his hatchet into the bark as high as he can reach, and thus gets a stay by which he helps himself up. Having made this step good, he cuts another for his left toe, and thus proceeds alternately, right and left foot, until he gains the hole where the opossum is hid; which being speared out or smoked out, the native catches by the tail, and dashes against the tree or ground with such force as to finish his existence.

The natives, with whom the travellers were now somewhat at ease, were far from being a savage race. There was something that struck their fancy in Flamm, who was really a very comical-looking little man; and when he stuck himself on the stump of a tree, and poured forth a mighty cascade of oratory, which would have done no discredit to the renowned Spurgeon himself, the natives did nothing but laugh. They could not, of course, understand anything that he said; but the poor creatures had the good sense to see that something was meant for their good; and little Bob having exercised himself for their diversion by some feats of tumbling, and of turning the wheel on his feet and hands, and dressing up his hand so as to resemble an old woman's face, and set it a-talking, Flamm got a hearing; but when he gave out a hymn, and Bob and he began to sing, which

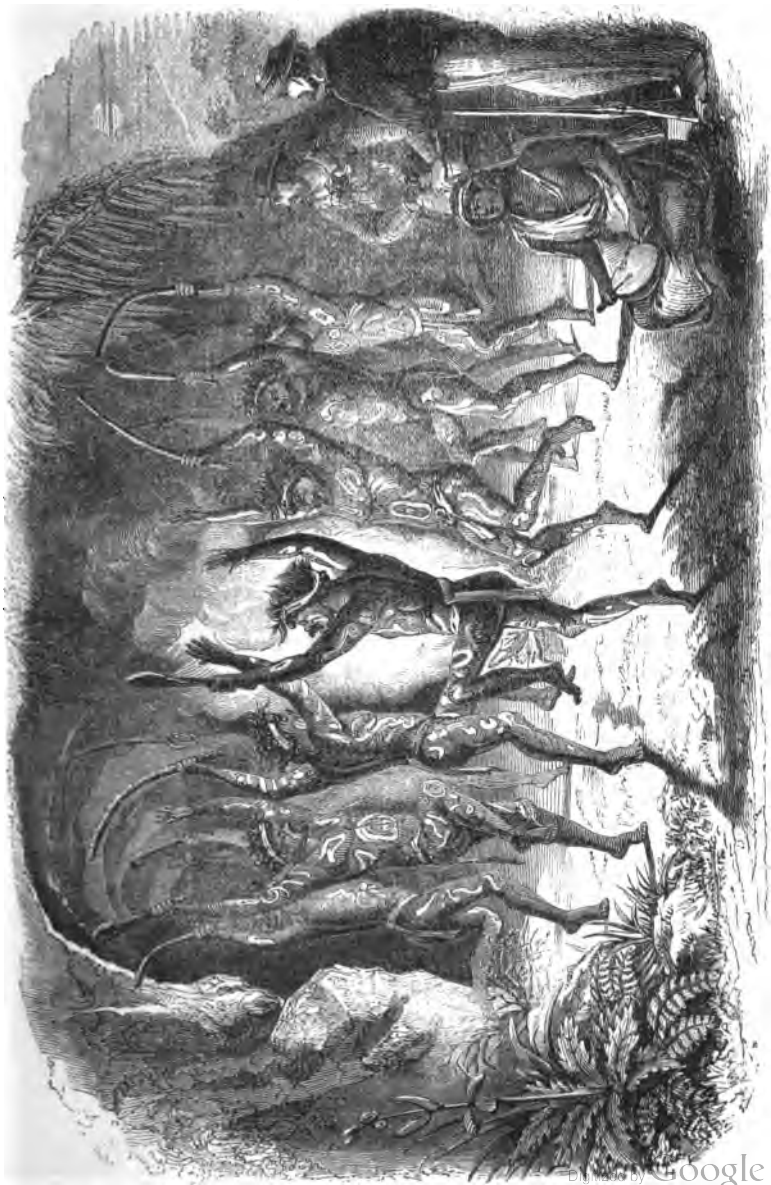
they did very well,—the song P. P. wrote many years ago, “Here we suffer grief and pain,”—the effect was irresistible; and as this song has some eighteen or nineteen stanzas, with “Oh, that will be joyful!” as a chorus at the end, the native children soon picked it up, and “Oh, that will be joyful!” resounded through the woods and along the hills and the bush for miles.

So it was that the natives began to be converted, and to show the proofs of their being impressed, by putting Flamm and Bobby into their circle, and feeding them as if they wished to fatten them fully with tit-bits of kangaroo, often calling on Bob to sing the old ditty once again and again. Flamm, too, taking advantage of his position, got several times on the preaching-block, and made up for not knowing the language by his strength of voice, energy, and grimace, which amused the natives wonderfully, who thought he was a kind of travelling acrobat, and that this was a part of his performance; so, for the sake of the amusement, he and his fellow-companion were loaded with favours and caresses. Bob especially came in for his share of good things, for he made the boys a hoop out of the bark of a gum tree, and set it trundling. He also cut out the model of a ship or boat; manufactured a top, and set it spinning: but what delighted them most was a kite which he made, and set flying. They thought the poor boy a wonderful magician; and when he taught the boys how to play leap-frog and baste the bear, there was no end of their admiration, or rather of their adoration of him.

This was a capital thing for Flamm, and did a great deal towards the introduction of Christianity; for the natives, of

course, thought it was a part and parcel of it, or of something they were to know; and as soon as they could pick up a few words so as to get the least idea of the object of the Missionary, they received the "glad tidings" with delight. They took the kite as a sign of how near they might fly to heaven.

In return for Flamm's preaching, and Bob's "sports and games," the tribe determined upon treating them with one of their most celebrated dances, called the "corrobory," which is most wonderful, and completely throws into the shade all our polkas, waltzes, quadrilles, and the like. It is performed in the night—for night is favourable to effect. Towards evening, the young men of the tribe retire to some distance from the place appointed for the dance, and are no more seen till the signal for its commencement. The moment that this takes place and the music begins, they make their appearance, —approaching a fire which glares and glows fiercely through the trees, with their bodies painted, of various striking colours, often with streaks of white clay. The dance was begun by two, who, coming with a slow progressive movement out of the darkness into the light of a blazing fire, looked more like a couple of skeletons than anything else. These two were followed by others, until the whole area was filled with the most terrific assemblage of magnified horrors that ever mortal eye beheld. Some of them had branches tied to their ankles, as if they were so many Mercuries, with *talaria* at their feet, come to conduct the souls of the dead to the infernal regions. Two or three of these shook their black locks as if they had been snakes, rolled about the snowy whites of their eyes, and showed their teeth in a horrible manner. They grasped and brandished boomerangs and clubs, and distorted their figures



THE CORROBORRY DANCE.

in every possible way. An old "dom-dom"—being a primitive instrument, something between a kettle-drum and a tambourine—was played by one of the women, a hideous old hag; and she beat and beat this instrument about fearfully, slowly at first, but gradually quickening until it arrived at the climax of the "corroborry," when the jumping, the yelling, the shouting, and mad violence of the dancers rose to the extreme pitch of frenzy, but stopped suddenly all at once, and in a moment all was quiet and breathless silence.

After the dance, Flamm thought this a good opportunity to improve the circumstance, and mounting a high stone almost in the centre of the area, began to address the savages on the wickedness of their ways. His preaching would have been highly effective in the open air of England, but here the natives were by no means so docile as an English congregation. They, however, listened to his exhortations for some time, till at last one of the savages got up, and with a hideous expression of countenance, and holding the spear above his head, ordered the Missionary to dance. At first Flamm did not understand what he meant; but the savage suiting the action to the word, the poor man found out what he meant, and soon began to dance, in the best possible style for one who had never learned that polite art. The native then took hold of his long neckerchief, and danced him up and down the place in furious style, the old woman sounding her "dom-dom." The savages leaped up, and danced around; and the poor Missionary was twisted and twirled about so furiously that at last he fell from the violence of the exercise, when Bob ran to his assistance and dragged him away from his tormentors.

SOMETHING ABOUT ANTELOPES.



NATURALISTS are puzzled by the Antelopes. Some think them a connecting link between the goat and the deer ; while others will have it that there are no connecting links ; nature, as they say, not being a chain, but a network with a great many holes in it, through which a number of animals have escaped, their species being lost.

Without stopping to inquire which of these theories is correct, we stand upon surer ground when we say that Antelopes are a very beautiful race of animals—very swift, and very elegant in their movements ; many of the species being, like the goat, fond of precipitous rocks, mountain passes, and sometimes living amid pinnacles of ice and plains of sand.

The common Antelope is a native of many parts of Africa and India. It is somewhat smaller than a fallow deer, and is remarkable for the peculiar beauty of its long, spiral horns, which are distinctly marked by numerous prominent rings. Its limbs are light and well formed ; its eyes large, lustrous, and expressive. This species is extremely wary ; and when the herd is feeding or lying down, it is guarded by sentinels who give the alarm on the least appearance of danger ; and such is their fleetness and activity, that they often vault over nets ten feet high, and on being pursued, will pace over as many yards at a single bound.

Antelopes mostly inhabit the torrid regions, or such parts of the temperate zone as are nearly contiguous, traversing ranges of mountain hills and vast wildernesses almost untrodden by the foot of man. Africa appears to be their great nursery, but many are natives of Asia. Very few are met with in Europe ; and it is remarkable, that notwithstanding the warmth of South America is well suited to their nature, only a single species of Antelope is to be found in any part of the New World—the Prong-horn of the prairies. In Europe, the two species are the *Chamois* of the Alps, and the Saiga of Eastern Europe, and of Western Asia also. It has been customary to class the Antelopes as follows :—1. True Antelopes ; 2. Bush Antelopes ; 3. Goat Antelopes ; and, 4. Bovine or Ox-like Antelopes. But some later writers have rendered the subdivision much more minute ; the species in many instances closely bordering on each other, while there are others in which scarcely any corresponding features can be distinctly traced. Thus the Genus Antelope has become a kind of zoological “ refuge for the destitute,” and forms an

incongruous assemblage of all the hollow-horned ruminants together.

Few animals are more interesting among Antelopes than the graceful Spring Boc, or Spring Buck, whose name is derived from the extraordinary perpendicular leaps it makes when alarmed, or as it "scours the plain." They are gregarious animals, and nothing is more remarkable than their habits of migration. The vast wilds in the interior of South Africa, which they inhabit in almost countless multitudes, are subject to seasons of such excessive drought, that not a green leaf or blade of grass is visible. When this scene of barrenness occurs, myriads of Spring Bocs make their way towards the fertile cultivated districts, which they literally overrun, to the great dismay of the colonist, who is compelled to drive his flocks and herds to a distant pasturage while the work of desolation goes on. They continue in the neighbourhood of the Cape for two or three months; when the rainy season has set in, they return in troops of many thousands, covering the extensive plains for several hours in their passage.

These migrations are not, however, made with impunity. Lions and other beasts of prey make great havoc in their ranks, and the gun of the hunter is used for their destruction. Several English travellers have witnessed and described their extraordinary marches, among whom is Mr. Pringle, who says that he once passed through one of these migratory hordes, near the Little Fish River, which whitened, or rather speckled, the country as far as the eye could reach; and he estimates the number at one time in view at not less than 25,000 or 30,000.

One of the most singular animals put among the Ante-

Topes is the "Gnu," which at first sight appears to be a monstrous being compounded of parts of different animals. It is four feet in height, of a deep amber brown colour, having the body and crupper of a small horse, and on its neck a flowing mane, white at the base and black at the tips; with horns like those of a bull, and an enormous dewlap; while its legs are as light and slender as those of a stag.

The "Gnus" inhabit the wild karoos of South Africa, and the hilly districts, where they roam mostly in large herds, and migrate according to the season. They are naturally wild and difficult to approach; and when first alarmed, they fling up their heads, and also their heels, and plunge about like a restive horse. They soon, however, take to flight, and traverse the desert with such astonishing celerity—in single file, following a leader,—that they are quickly out of danger. When wounded, they will sometimes turn upon the hunter and pursue him, darting on their assailant with such impetuosity, that it requires the utmost coolness on his part to evade the attack.

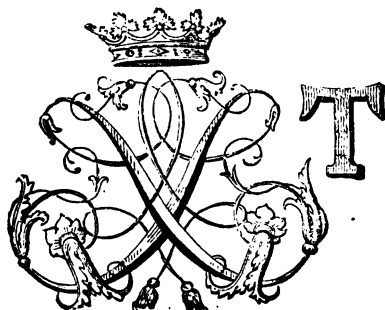
It would require a large volume to describe the Antelope races. There is the Elan, as big as a horse, and the Koodoc, almost as large. The Oryx is a middle-sized species, and sometimes of a milk-white colour. Then there is the Water Boc, and the Sing-sing (which the English call the Donkey Deer), the Blue Boc, from its bluish tint, the Black Boc, from its sable appearance, and the Red Boc, which is reddish.

Whichever way we turn, we are impressed with the wonderful variety to be found in every department of both the animal and vegetable world—of the beauty, the grandeur, and the majesty of all things. How ought this to draw our

minds towards the great and glorious Creator, who is the Father of all, and who does not suffer "a sparrow to fall" without his special providence! How ought we to adore God, and show our love for Him by not hurting the meanest creature he has made, and by performing our duty to our fellow-men so as to be in harmony with the works of Him who is universal wisdom, goodness, and benevolence!



SOMETHING ABOUT THE POLES.



THE Poles are a very ancient and a very brave people. The Russians are strong and tyrannical, and for a great many years have been able to govern the Poles and treat them as cruelly as they please. I have been in Poland. If you look at an old map of the country, you will see it is a very small country, and that, though a very brave nation, its inhabitants are a mere handful compared with the northern barbarians.

The capital of Poland is named Warsaw, situated on the river Vistula. A few years ago, there were a great many thousand people living there from all countries. The palaces are splendid, and the trading streets full of shops, with Jews, and Turks, Russians, Calmuck Tartars, and the like.



SOBIESKI'S DEPARTURE.

Drawn by Gilbert.

The Poles had a line of many kings ; but the Russians were always endeavouring to wrest their dominions from them. During the reign of Poniatowski, the three great neighbours of Poland—Russia, Prussia, and Austria—agreed to divide the nation into three parts, and each to take one of them. There was no help for it. They marched large armies into the devoted country, and the Poles were slaughtered, the towns and villages set on fire, and the inhabitants forcibly dragged away into prison and slavery.

Among the number so ruthlessly treated was one Christian Kosciusko, an old man who was killed by the Russian soldiers for resisting their outrages. They not only killed the old man, one of the oldest and noblest of the Polish aristocracy, but they secured his only son, Thaddeus, and bore him away to prison. In this prison he languished for some time ; but, being only a youth, he was banished to America.

Here he grew up into manhood and married ; but, being roused by the reports which reached him of the tyranny and barbarities committed by the Russians on his beloved country, he raised a few followers and went back to Poland.

On the 1st of April, 1794, he having been surrounded by a host of patriots devoted to the liberties of their country, left Cracow at the head of about 4,000 men. About half of them were armed with scythes and other instruments of husbandry ; for they had but few guns or swords, as the Rossians had kept them disarmed.

They marched towards Warsaw to meet an army of the Russians. This army was about three times as large as their own, well supplied with arms and ammunition. In two or three days the armies met : the Poles performed miracles of

bravery and devotion—but in the fight the brave Kosciusko was taken prisoner.

He was immediately thrown into a dungeon and closely



KOSCIUSKO IN PRISON.

confined, where he remained for some time with scarcely any food. A number of the poor Polish boys of the city were also confined there, for no offence whatever except that they



THE PRISONER FEEDING THE BOYS. Digitized by Google

were Polish children. They lay in a miserable open court, crying incessantly with hunger. The brave patriot heard their lamentations, and generously shared with them his small pittance of food. He had a small loaf given him night and morning ; and he gave his evening loaf to the crying children every day, and thus went hungry to bed.

The wife and children were with the patriot in his confinement, separated at first, but afterwards they were allowed to be together, by the kindness of the governor of the prison, who was friendly to the Polish cause. By his aid Kosciusko was permitted to escape. It was a long time before he could make up his mind to leave his wife and children ; but what will not a patriot do for his country ?

He escaped, and put himself at the head of a fresh army of the Poles to the number of 7,000 men. The Russians were treble that number. After fighting bravely for five hours near Warsaw, the Russians were obliged to fly, leaving 4,000 dead on the field of battle.

But the Prussians and the Austrians immediately joined the Russians, and marched against the army of the patriots. This was encamped about nine miles from Warsaw, at a place called Pracka Wola.

It was here that one of his brother generals found Kosciusko sleeping on straw. He used to wear a surtout of coarse grey cloth, and his table was always spread with great plainness. He never wore any sign of his military power. He had no desire or ambition but to serve his country and fight for it. Mildness and modesty ever appeared in his face.

But the cause of the patriots even under so excellent a leader did not succeed. On the 10th of October, a bloody



KOSCIUSKO, HIS WIFE, AND CHILDREN.

battle was fought at a place called Maciliowice. A general named Ponenski was expected by the Poles with a fresh body of troops; but he was bribed by the Russians, and did not appear: and then it was that the brave leader, at the head of his principal officers, made a grand charge in the midst of the enemy.

Kosciusko fell, covered with wounds, and all his companions were either killed or taken prisoners. This great man lay senseless among the dead; but at length he was distinguished, notwithstanding the plainness of his uniform, and was found still breathing.

The Cossacks knew and respected him for his valour. They made a litter with their lances to carry him to their general, who ordered his wounds to be dressed, and treated him with kindness and respect.

As soon as he was able to travel, he was conveyed to St. Petersburg, where Catherine condemned this noble patriot and his family to end their days in prison. The Poles lamented his captivity with public and universal grief: by his loss they considered their country was lost for ever.

When Catherine died, Kosciusko was released from prison. He immediately proceeded to America, and having spent some time with his old companions, retired to France, and then to Switzerland, where he died in the year 1817. His corpse is placed in the cathedral of Cracow.

For the last five years the Poles have been struggling for their liberty. In the year 1830, the ruler of Poland was the Grand Duke Constantine, brother to the late Emperor Nicholas. He was an untamed tiger, and gave full play to his cruel passions. Numerous instances of his ferocious nature

could be given. One of his most infamous acts of cruelty, however, was committed on the following occasion :—A little boy in one of the schools, named Plater, had written on the bench, “The 3rd of May for ever !” This was the anniversary of some great patriotic Polish event. Some spy had this great offence reported to the Grand Duke, and a captain of Cossacks was sent to inquire into the treason. All the boys were asked who wrote those words. Not one of them would betray poor Plater, and they were all ordered to be flogged.

At length the little boy, unwilling that his companions should suffer on his account, confessed that he had written the sentence. The Grand Duke condemned him to be a soldier for life, and incapable of being advanced to any higher rank in the army. When his mother threw herself before the carriage of Constantine to ask forgiveness for her wretched child, he spurned her like a dog with his foot.

These horrible cruelties at last roused the Poles to resistance, and they broke out into a revolution on the 29th of September, 1830. The city was set fire to in several places. Crowds of armed men collected in the public streets; the palace of Constantine was attacked, and this monster was advised to fly. This he lost no time in doing, and went out of the window in such a hurry that he forgot to put on his pantaloons. The united Poles, after beating the Russian troops, now entered the city. The assembled crowds knelt down in the public market-place to return thanks to Heaven. A more sublime scene was never witnessed. The immense multitude kneeling at midnight in the dim glare of candles and watchfires, and offering up prayers to the great Deliverer, presented a sight which no one could look upon without admiration.



THE BOY TAKEN PRISONER.

But the poor Poles were doomed. The Grand Duke soon collected a large army of 200,000 men. Battle followed after battle, in which the Poles fought with desperate valour, and sometimes with brilliant success. Days of reverse and ill-fortune came. Warsaw was surrounded, bombarded, and stormed. After a bloody defence, the capital fell; and on the 7th of September the enemy entered the city in triumph.

Then came scenes of horror and massacre too dreadful to speak of. Hundreds of Poles were slaughtered, others imprisoned, hundreds were sent into the deserts of Siberia, and Poland became a Russian province, to be governed with injustice and cruelty, which has continued through many phases to the present time.

The present Polish insurrection was occasioned by the cruel and arbitrary conduct of the Emperor of Russia, who issued a mandate for the incorporation of nearly all the young and able-bodied Poles into the Russian army, for fear they should turn into patriots and attempt to regain their country's liberty. The whole of Poland is now in insurrection, and fighting bravely against the Russian troops. The Courts of England and France have interfered for the patriots, and even the Pope has prayed for their deliverance. What will be the end of it, is difficult to say; but if any of our readers should have a little spare money at Christmas, they cannot do better than send it to the poor Polish boys, many of whom are lingering and almost starving in the horrid dungeons of Warsaw.

LITTLE GORDIE.

A TALE FOR LITTLE ONES.



LITTLE Gordie was the only son of a fond mamma, who watched over him with the most affectionate care. She wished him to be fond of his book, and she bought him one full of pretty stories and nice pictures; but Gordie was of a restless disposition, and loved better to be in the woods and fields than to be indoors.

It was true that he liked to read about the exploits of boys and men, and of fishing and hunting and shooting; and he would sit and think about what he would do when he became a man.

He longed to be a man, did little Gordie, and he longed to be a shooter; but he was too young to be entrusted with a gun, so he made himself a bow and arrows. The bow he

made from the branch of a tree, and the arrows he made of reeds taken from a brook, which he tipped at one end with iron, and feathered with the wings of a goose, which he



LITTLE GORDIE.

neatly fitted at the shaft. When he had completed his bow and got all his arrows, he sallied forth into the fields to shoot.

• He wandered about for a long time, but the birds would



GORDIE SHOOTING.

not let him get near enough to shoot at them. He sent one

of his arrows at a swallow ; but the swallow was a great deal too quick for the arrow, which, when it fell, stuck in the back of an unfortunate pig, which, by its loud squeaking, frightened all the other birds away ; so that he could shoot no more that day at birds. However, he came to a deep river, and there he saw a fine trout swimming in the water. "A trout is better than a bird," thought Gordie, "and will make as good a dinner ;" so he pointed his arrow towards the fish and pulled his bow lustily—twang went the string, the arrow stuck into the fish, which soon turned up its belly to the surface of the water ; and Gordie took it out, and gave it to his mother, and they had a very nice supper.

Some time after this, Gordie went out again with his bow. He had no success for a long time, for the birds flew away from him as before. At last he came to a farm-yard ; and there he saw a rare number of cocks and hens, and geese and ducks. He longed very much to shoot at them ; but he knew that he had no right to do this, so he refrained, then the old geese came and hissed at him, and one of the turkeys looked so fierce that he was afraid of being gobbled up. But just as he was going away, he saw a hawk hovering in the air above his head. He watched him for some time ; at last, poising himself for an instant on his wing, the bird swooped down among a brood of young chickens,—when, twang went the bow-string, away went the arrow, and down fell the hawk, which Gordie ran and picked up, and carried to his mamma.

The hawk was not dead, and only wounded in the wing. After a few days it completely recovered, and Gordie thought he would tame it and keep it to amuse himself with ; so he put it in a cage and fed it, and thought by being kind to it he should be able to keep it. But the hawk was of a fierce

disposition, and kindness was thrown away upon it; it was continually trying to get out of its cage, and it beat its wings



"GORDIE WENT OUT AGAIN WITH HIS BOW."

to pieces against the bars. At last Gordie let him out, and was trying the effect of the smoke of tobacco on him, which some one told him was the best way to tame a hawk :

"For," said they, "a mild havannah will make his disposition mild." But this was only a joke ; for when Gordie



GORDIE PUNISHED.

blew a blast of smoke in the hawk's eyes, it immediately pecked at his nose and tore his face, which bled copiously.

The bird then fluttered, sprang from the perch, mounted into the air, and flew away.

After a time, Gordie was tired of shooting with a bow and



GORDIE WITH HIS GUN.

arrow ; and, without saying a word to his mother, he went and got a gun from the gamekeeper, being determined to shoot

for himself. The gamekeeper was a droll fellow, and told Gordie that partridges and pheasants were only vermin, and not worth shooting, as they were not fit to eat; but that if he wanted to shoot real game, he should shoot foxes, which were delicious meat, either boiled, roast, stewed, or baked in a pie.

So Gordie was determined to shoot a fox. He loved his mother, and he thought how nice a roasted fox would be for her dinner; so he went out early in the morning, and got into the woods, where he saw a fine fat fox coming out of a hole. Gordie stood close behind a tree; so when the fox had got quite out of the hole, he fired; and poor Reynard, after turning a few summersaults, fell to rise no more.

Gordie seized him by the tail, and ran home with him as fast as he could, and called to his brother to help him to skin and cut him up; but, when he proceeded to do so, the smell of the fox was so strong as to make his poor brother hold his nose. It was a dreadful stench. "If he smells so strong now," said Gordie, "what will he do while he is roasting?" His brother laughed at him for thinking a fox was fine eating, and told him he should have shot partridges and pheasants, and not have believed the gamekeeper, who was nothing but a crafty old fox himself.

Gordie found, after a long trial, that there was not much real good to be got out of a gun; and he thought he would learn gardening. So he went into the garden, and he and the gardener soon became good friends. It is delightful to behold the nice things of a garden, and to enjoy, in their season, apples and pears, and plums and walnuts. Gordie gave up his gun, and having got a garden of his own, he planted a row of fruit-trees, and spent his time in watering,

manuring, and pruning them, and digging about their roots. In due season, they brought forth lots of beautiful blossoms, which were very pleasant to behold ; and in the autumn, their



GORDIE AND THE FOX.

branches bent down with delicious fruit ; and year after year they bore more and more. And Gordie built himself an

arbour, over which a vine twined itself; and he used to sit in his arbour and enjoy the real juice of the grape fresh from the vine; and his brothers and sisters, school-fellows and



GORDIE PLANTS A TREE.

friends, often joined him. Thus Gordie found that apples and pears, and plums and grapes, were far better than fishes, hawks, or foxes.

CHOOSING PROFESSIONS;

OR,

"WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE?"



EING the time of Candlemas—I mean, of candlelight—when the tapers were glowing in the snug drawing-room, the curtains all drawn, and the fire sparkling,—with young eyes brighter than either fire or candle, a happy family was enjoying one of those quiet evenings that occasionally interpose themselves in the round of the

Christmas festivities. It consisted of a numerous and motley group, redolent with charades and conundrums, and legerdemain and story-telling,—boys and girls, with fathers and mothers, maiden aunts and substantial uncles; and all were very merry, and looked exceedingly happy.



A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

There were country cousins also, and town cousins, both "male and female," as we say in the books of natural history; some of them having very fine names, such as Augustus, Adolphus, Algernon, Antony, and the like, with a sprinkling of Constantias, Arabellas, Josephines, Celestinas, and Augustinas to match. Then, as a kind of savour to the dish, there were plain Dick, and Tom, and Harry, and Bob, and Sue, and Sally, and Polly, and Nancy. 'Twas, as I said, a numerous and motley group, and plain names and fine names made no difference, for they would be a happy family.

The evening's pleasures proceeded in the usual way: now there was a fever, now a lull, then a bit of merry rumpus, then a little bit of practical fun, and then a lull again. It was during one of these lulls, when the youngsters stopped for breath, that a question was suddenly put to Master Jackey Staggers in the following unexceptionable sentence: "What would you like to be, Jack?" This question was put by the master of the revels, an "old English gentleman," the father of the assembly, sitting in a chair particularly *easy*, having a foot, which was particularly *uneasy*, resting upon a stool that was made by softness to be easy to the feet which wouldn't be easy.

"What should I like to be?" replied Jack, as sharp as the crack of a whip, and with a little bit of the same sort of flourish, for he swung himself round with great alertness to the question. "What should I like to be! Well, let me see; I think I should like to be a *soldier*."

"Why would you like to be a soldier?" said the questioner.

"Oh!" returned Jack, "I should like to have a sword, and a gun, and a cocked hat, and a plume of feathers, and to

march. Lend me your crutch, grandfather," he continued, snatching it from his side over the gouty toe, which made the old man wince a bit. "Shoulder arms! Order arms!—" (Oh, my toe!)—"Up guards and at 'em!"—"Stand at ease!"



"I wish I could," replied the old gentleman: "that would be a happy thing for me. Now you stand at ease, will you, and just hear what I have to say. You would like to be a soldier, would you?"



THE SOLDIER IN INDIA.



THE SOLDIER IN SPAIN.

"Yes, I would," said Jack.

"Well," replied the old gentleman, "it's a noble profession, and it embraces honourable men of every grade, and it is a glory to fight for one's king and country. But war is a dreadful game!—bullets and bombs; blood and carnage; limbs lopped off here, and heads there; blown up at one place, blown over in another; cut up, and cut down; trampled on by charging squadrons; pounded into a mummy. It's all very fine to hear the drums beat, and for the flags to wave over you, and the cannon to fire on account of the victory when you are dead. Have you thought of all this?"



BED OF GLORY.

"No," said Jack, "I don't think I have quite."

"Then go and think of it," said the old gentleman with

the gouty toe. "And what would you like to be, Master Squibbs?" he continued, addressing a lynx-eyed-looking little individual, with sandy hair and red eyebrows, having white eyelashes to match.



THE SOLDIER TIRED OF WAR'S ALARMS.

"I!" he replied sharply. "I am to be a lawyer; at least, I hope so."

“Well, what do you see amiable in that?”

“I have heard my Pa say that all the world are flies, and lawyers are the fellows to catch them. I am very fond of trapping birds, and know the use of bird-lime, I can tell you; and if the law trade is like that, it will be magnificent.



A PICTURE OF MR. LATITAT THE LAWYER.

What fun to catch a cat by the leg going over a wall! I say, uncle, can you throw the lasso? I will teach you to throw

the lasso: it will be a capital thing for you, as you can't go after the game, to sit at your drawing-room French window, and catch the cats as they pass you by throwing the lasso. You get me a bit of line to-morrow, and I will shew you."

"I don't want to be taught any such nonsense," returned the old man rather grumpily; "and I can tell you, that if you think to go into the law upon such principles, you will find yourself very much mistaken. A lawyer is not to make his way by pettifogging tricks and low cunning, but by a strict course of honourable dealing. The law should be every man's master; but the law must be carried out justly, and interpreted according to reason and common sense. Before you become a lawyer, you will have to study the law; and you will find the English laws to be founded upon exact principles of equity. To be a good lawyer, you must be an honest man, and a just one. Come now, I will tell you a story, and let me see what sort of a judge you would make.

"Upon a certain time, some boys were at their sports in a playground, and had thrown down their clothes. When the games were over, the boys were gathering up their garments, and a big boy put on a little boy's coat, which was too big for the little boy, but really fitted the big boy; while the little boy took up the big boy's coat, which being too little for the big boy, exactly fitted him—the little boy. But the little boy would not have the big boy's coat, and made a great outcry. Now, supposing you had been a king, and could have done what you liked in the matter, how would you have decreed?"

"Why, of course," said the incipient lawyer, "I should have decreed that the big boy should have kept the little boy's

coat that fitted him so well, and the little boy should have kept the big boy's coat that fitted him so well. That stands to reason, doesn't it?"

"No, it does not. The true justice and reason of this case is, that both the boys should have kept the coats that respectively belonged to each. The big boy had no right to the little boy's coat, although his coat fitted the little boy, and the little boy's coat exactly fitted him."

All present saw the reason of the decision, and the young lawyer stood mute, and looked sheepish, and very much unlike that animal (the fox) said to be characteristic of the legal profession.

"I'll tell you what I should like to be," cried out a rosy-faced, curly-headed little urchin of about eleven. "I should like to be a doctor!"

"And why would you like to be a doctor?" said the old gouty gentleman.

"Oh! because it is such a nice thing to go about in your little gig, with your page-boy at your side, and ride all over the country, and see the old farmers and their wives, and take a glass of their home-brewed beer; or, better than that, to ride about in your brougham, and see all the rich ladies and gentlemen of the town, and to gossip with the old ladies."

"You are talking nonsense, boy: hold your tongue, unless you wish to make people laugh; you have formed very wrong ideas of a doctor's duties."

"No, I haven't, begging your pardon," replied the lad; "and besides, if I had, I should like to be a doctor, for the sake of walking the hospitals."

"My goodness!" exclaimed this little boy's mother, who

began to be alarmed; "what can you know about walking the hospitals?"

"Oh! I know all about it," replied the boy; "for my cousin Theodore has walked the hospitals, and had no serious occupation; week after week the valuable time of the student was wasted."

"Oh! shocking, shocking!" cried the mother: "pray be silent, child, or you will render yourself disagreeable."

"You have the most erroneous views of the character of the doctor," said the gouty gentleman. "It is one of the most honourable, and to succeed in that profession requires a man to be first a perfect gentleman, not only in manner and behaviour, but in principles and conduct; then he must be a man of science, and give up the early days of his manhood to profound study and investigation, not so much for the benefit of himself, and for the advantage of his own pocket, as for the advantage and benefit of suffering humanity, that he may be an angel of comfort and relief to those suffering under pain and affliction. And many will be the laborious days, the toilsome nights, the long journeys in the depth of winter, the scenes of misery he must witness—the poverty of the wretched, the agonies of death: and for all this he must be prepared with a heart to feel, and with a courage to endure, and with a deep sense of his responsibility; and, perhaps, after all he has done for his suffering patients, to feel the sad reproach of his conscience that he has not done enough; that had he studied harder, thought more deeply, or used greater skill, he might have saved some valuable life he had lost. These are the things to be thought of before you should make up your mind to be a doctor."



DR. BOLUS AND PATIENT.

There was a quiet, demure, and *very tall* young gentleman, sitting at a farther corner of the room while the foregoing was taking place, deeply entranced with a volume of *thickish* and *largish* dimensions. It was a book of "*Homilies*," which the young "black letter" had taken from the library during the morning, and which he was profoundly studying. He would, no doubt, have been passed over in the evening's entertainment, but for the interference of his mamma, a very splendidly-dressed lady, who sat within a short distance of the chairman. She could not bear the idea of her "*Ambrose*" being overlooked; and so having called him close to her, she said, "And can't you say what *you* would like to be, 'Brosy?' I think I know your forte."

"Come, let us hear what you would like to follow," said the examiner.

"I should like to be a clergyman," replied the boy: "I am designed for the Church."

"Considering your height," cried out the incipient lawyer, "I should think you were designed for the *steeple*!"

"No, I am not; am I mamma?" inquired the aspirant for clerical dignity.

"No, my dear," replied the mother; "I hope you will look higher than that."

"You can't look too high if you go into the Church, mamma, can you?"

"No, my dear; the higher you look the better. Look upwards, as your uncle the Dean says; open your mouth in deep humility, and something will be sure to fall into it."

"But what is your reason for wishing to become a clergyman?" inquired the gentleman with the gouty toe.

"I want to be a preacher," returned the youth. "I should



THE YOUNG CLERGYMAN AND HIS MAMA.

like to preach in a pulpit to an — what do you call it, ma?"

"An admiring congregation, my dear," the lady replied:
"go on, love."



MY UNCLE THE DEAN PREPARED FOR A PARTY.

"Yes, an *ad-miring* congregation. I should like to create a—*a sensation* among the ladies, and to get them to work me slippers, and mittens, and smoking-caps, and give me a silver service, and a purse of sovereigns, so that I might call them to repentance, and all that sort of thing."

"For shame! young man," said the old gentleman:
"before you take up the holy office, you ought to consider



REV. MR. SMALLTEXT.

things in a very different way. That is not a good reason
for going into the Church."

"Oh! but I have a better than that; haven't I, ma?"

"I trust you have," his mamma replied.

"And what may that be?"

"Oh!" returned the youth, "my uncle is Dean of Chisleham, and has got three livings at his disposal."

"Excellent motive! But I must tell you, young gentleman, that those who enter the Church without better motives than those you have named, will be anything but fitting labourers in the Lord's vineyard. Those who enter the Church should be prepared for a ministry of love, and make up their minds to find their only glory in preaching the Truth, in instructing the ignorant, in visiting the afflicted, in making peace between neighbours, in encouraging the meek and humble, in reproving the proud and froward, and in protecting the weak against the strong; and, above all, in setting an example of humanity and charity among all mankind, imitating their Divine Master, who, as you know, went about doing good."

The young stammerer hardly understood the old gentleman's discourse, and stood greatly on the fidget while he was delivering it; especially did he twist and turn about the huge folio which he had held under his arm, and which, at the close of the grand climax of his words, he let suddenly fall on the speaker's gouty toe.

The old man uttered a cry of intense agony; and had he not preserved a good deal of the Christian forbearance he had been enforcing, would certainly have knocked down the offender: but no, he contented himself with sundry grunts, and groans, and odd twistings of the countenance—truly ludicrous, which set all the boys laughing—and by saying, "This is too (toe) bad!"

After he had recovered his equanimity, he made a few other observations in a general way concerning the choice of a pro-

fession, to the effect that there was none, from that of the honest miller or ploughman, to the sincere parson, but had its agreeables and disagreeables, and that those about to choose one should look on both sides of the picture. But, in what-



THE HONEST MILLER.

ever profession we may engage, it was, as he said, quite clear that none could be successfully followed without labour, perseverance, energy, and skill; and, what was yet more essential, none ought to be followed without honour, integrity, honesty,

and straightforwardness. Those professions which are conducted on the highest principles are to be admired, although they may be considered as mean occupations. An honest chimney-sweeper is better than a scheming lawyer or an insincere clergyman ; a fair-dealing grocer or tallow-chandler is infinitely superior to the soldier officer who gets into debt without the probability of being able to pay. To all of which observations the company present give their unanimous consent, although they considered the speaker to be a very great bore, and moved away from his presence as well as they could, giving as a reason for their going to the other side of the room, their fear of touching his tender toe ;—the fact, however, being that he had touched some of the tender parts of their characters, and they had had quite enough of it.

And so it will ever be, I am afraid, my young friends, with most of us. We do not like advice—we do not like good counsel—we do not like the truth, which, to tell the truth, is very bitter and unpalatable. So we go on our own ways, and muddle along, now and then getting a severe rap on the knuckles for our vices and our follies ; and, occasionally falling into some pit we have dug for others, we at last find that we have suddenly come to the end of our tether, and are brought up with a jerk, and with sudden amazement we find our life finished, and death staring us in the face, like some hideous spectre—and, what perhaps is worse than this grim spectre Death, we are, while hovering on the brink of eternity, terrified by the reproaches of a guilty conscience, and by the penetrating glance of the All-seeing Eye.

By the time the above sentiments were delivered, the old gentleman found himself all alone in his glory. There were

practical jokes going on in one corner ; tittering in another ; unusual fun in a third ; and mischief in a fourth. In short, the drawing-room was an epitome of the little world without, divested of its bitter spleen and cruel wrongs. Hence, a halo of happiness, in spite of its weaknesses, enshrined it, and the spirit of cheerfulness made all of the colour of the rose.

It is well to spend an evening in the social way I have described. It is well to throw in a few words of wisdom, even though we may for the most preach in vain, during our family amusements. And this is the reason that the old and the young should now and then meet together—the young to learn wisdom from the old, and the old to learn good-nature, warm-heartedness, and noble-spiritedness from the young ; and so it is that I like to see the sweet faces and flowing locks of youth to be mingled with the wrinkles and grey hairs of age. Thus, we old ones are, as it were, crowned with flowers while descending to the tomb.



TALES OF THE CRUSADES.

CHAPTER III.

EXPLOITS OF RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION.

THE FOURTH CRUSADE.



HE wars between the Crusaders and the Infidels did not cease after the capture of Jerusalem. The Saracens harassed the Christians on all sides. The famous Saladin was now lord of Egypt and Syria, and he brought up a large army for the purpose of driving the Crusaders away from the country. It was on the 10th of July, 1187, that a great battle was fought between himself and the Christian armies, com-

manded by Guy of Lusignan, who had been elected King of

Jerusalem after the death of Godfrey. Thousands fell, and the Christians were discomfited and fled. This was the most fatal event of the era; for it appears, from the best accounts, that not above a thousand men in all made their escape from that fatal field. But the greatest loss was that of the Holy Cross: it had been carried to the fight and elevated on a high hill to inspire the Crusaders; but Saladin, in a furious charge, captured it, and from that moment the Crusaders considered all was lost: for the true Cross was not to be replaced; the wood upon which Christ suffered—the most sacred relic—was gone for ever!

After the victory, Saladin, renowned not more for his military bravery than for his magnanimity, although he ordered all the Knights of the Temple and Hospital to be put to death, nevertheless behaved with clemency to many, and even set an example, infidel as he was, to Christian mercy. He then marched through the country, carrying fire and sword on every side, and capturing all the cities on the coast, laid siege to Ascalon, preparatory to an attack upon Jerusalem. From this place he marched on Monday, the 21st day of September, 1187: three days after, he took possession of the hills around the Sacred City. The Christians, there entrenched, did not despair, although they were surrounded by the Infidel host. Their cry was, "Happy are we to die by the Sepulchre of the Lord!" And so the young and the old, the women and the infirm, flocked to the altars; but the men rushed to the battlements, and did all they could to strengthen the defences and render the place secure.

Saladin pushed on. The Christians were beaten back at several of the points; fifteen towers of the wall were ruined,



RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF ASER.

and Saladin was preparing all his forces for an overwhelming attack. At the same time, there was treachery at work with the Greek Christians in the city. Nothing was left but to capitulate, and a deputation was sent to Saladin for that purpose. At first he was obdurate, and threatened vengeance; but, after the Christian deputation had declared that, rather than make ignominious terms, the Christians would prefer self-immolation, and the destruction of the city and all it contained, Saladin relented, and consented to treat for the capitulation of the place; and, the conditions being arranged and the treaty signed, the gates of the city were thrown open to the Sultan, and the Crescent planted on its walls, on the 2nd of October, 1187.

When the news arrived in the West of the capture of the Cross and the fall of Jerusalem into the hands of the Infidels, the event was felt as a calamity from one end of Europe to the other. The love of military glory inflamed the French King, and the bold, ardent, and valiant Richard Cœur-de-Lion; both England and France vied with each other in commencing another Crusade. Richard set sail from Dover on the 11th of December, 1190, with 30,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry, and landed in Flanders, where he was entertained with great magnificence. From thence he proceeded to Rouen, where he augmented his army; and he marched forward, joining the French army on the plains of Vezelay, whence they marched to Lyons. They then separated; Philip, King of France, taking the road to Genoa, and Richard that to Marseilles.

The fleet of Richard encountered a violent storm after its departure from France; but, after a prosperous voyage, it at

last arrived at Acre, where it joined that of the French, and the troops of both nations embarked for the combat. The attack of this city was commenced by the French troops; but, great as was their valour, they were repulsed at every point. Richard, however, although he had been confined to his tent by sickness, inspired the English soldiers with a courage that could not be resisted. He commanded himself to be carried on a litter to the works opposite the walls, and was so active in his orders and directions that he soon undermined one of the Turkish towers, which fell, and thereby afforded a breach. The English and French now uniting, soon made themselves masters of the city. The true Cross was to be given up, and the whole population delivered into the hands of the victors.

An untoward event occurred after the assault: Leopold of Austria, who commanded the Germans, placed his standard on one of the towers of the captured city. Richard and Philip, deeming this an insult, as the Germans had taken little part in the affair, ordered it to be removed; which not being immediately complied with, Richard, with his usual impetuosity, rushed to the tower, and with his own hands pulled down the standard, trampled it under foot, and threw it over the walls. This outrage was sternly revenged on the King of England, after his return from Palestine.

Soon after the capture of Acre, Philip of France returned to Europe on the plea of ill health, but evidently from chagrin at the great fame Richard had acquired, who was thus left almost alone to prosecute the war. The piece of holy wood under which the Syrian Christians had so often fought was still in the hands of the Saracens; and, as the ransom had not been paid, either from bad faith or inability, the lion-

M

hearted monarch prepared for hostilities, and, at the head of about 100,000 English, German, and French soldiers, left Acre under the glorious ensign of the Cross, and marched in a southern direction, generally within sight of the fleet, which coasted along the shores. But clouds of Turks harassed their journey: their rear ranks, however, bore the brunt of the following storm manfully. The army always halted at night; the heralds cried out, "Save the Holy Sepulchre!" and the whole army then fell on their knees in prayer, and implored the protection of Heaven.

Near Azolas, a general engagement could no longer be avoided. The Turks, to the amount of 200,000 men, now commanded by Saladin, pressed on every side. The advanced guard of the Christians was under the orders of James d'Avènes, Lord of Guise—the Baron de Dallen, called Dallengeroso the Phoenix, from his heraldic bearing of that bird. The French formed the rear, under the Duke of Burgundy. The centre was commanded by Richard himself, who was the stay and bulwark of the whole.

The troops soon drew near each other, and the Turks came on like an overwhelming torrent. The battle was commenced by James d'Avènes, who turned and charged through the hostile squadron. At the third charge he was thrown to the ground, and one of his legs cut off. Still he fought bravely, till he lost his right hand; when, recognizing Richard, he exclaimed, "Valiant knight, avenge my death!" and expired. Cœur-de-Lion furiously attacked the enemy, and the plain was strewn with the dead and dying.

Saladin, with the flower of his army, had not yet mixed in the fray. When he saw the discomfiture of his troops, he

made a circuitous movement, and fell on the division of the Duke of Burgundy, who, being taken by surprise, and having very inferior forces, was thrown into confusion; but he was soon relieved by the king, when the battle became general. Saladin and Richard performed prodigies of valour, and victory was long doubtful. At length these two heroes met in single combat, when Richard struck the Sultan so violent a blow on the head that he fell backwards from his horse, and would have been taken prisoner had not a strong body of Saracens charged to his rescue. Saladin quickly recovered from the injury he had received; but seeing that the fortune of the day was against him, he ordered a retreat, leaving 40,000 slain on the field of battle.

Notwithstanding the impolicy of the movement, the Crusaders now moved towards Jerusalem, and encamped in the valley of Hebron. The generals and soldiers vowed that they would not quit Palestine without having redeemed the sepulchre; they therefore marched forward. They reached Bethlehem, the scene of our Saviour's nativity; but now they began to feel the inferiority of their forces, and when they were within two miles of the Sacred City they learned that the Turks had destroyed all the wells and cisterns, and turned the courses of the streams, so that to besiege the city was impossible. A knight led the heroic and ardent Richard to the top of Mount Olivet, that he might take a farewell look of the city; and, covering his face with a shield, he declared that he was not worthy to behold a city that he could not wrench from the hands of the Infidels.

Hearing of the declining fortunes of the invaders, Saladin mustered his scattered forces, and by rapid marches reached

Jaffa ; and so vigorous was the siege of it, that in a few days one of the gates was broken down, and such of the soldiers as could not escape or defend themselves in the great tower or citadel were destroyed. The French and Germans, with some English knights, had agreed to capitulate on the following day ; but before the morning, "Lion-heart" had reached Jaffa by sea. He leaped on shore sword in hand, and hewed his way to the gates ; and so furious was his attack, that the astonished Turks deserted the town ; and when the army at a little distance saw the standard of Richard placed upon the walls, they fled to the mountains.

Saladin on the next night attempted to regain his advantages, and advanced his troops against the English ; but Richard started from his tent armed at all points. His archers and bowmen formed an impenetrable phalanx ; his men-at-arms, who were on horseback—and there were only ten—fought singly, like true heroes of chivalry ; and when the Turks felt the edges of the two-handed swords and swinging battle-axes which had turned the day at Azolas, they fled on all sides.

Richard's victory placed him in a commanding attitude : but, instead of wishing for new battles, he solicited peace, and Saladin at length, exhausted by wars, submitted to necessity. The Christian King and the Sultan of Egypt exchanged expressions of esteem ; and as the former avowed his contempt of the vulgar obligation of oaths, they only grasped each other's hands as pledges of fidelity. A truce was agreed upon for three years and eight months. The fort of Ascalon was to be destroyed ; but Jaffa and Tyre, with the surrounding country, was surrendered to the Christians.

The glory obtained by Richard in this Crusade far exceeded that of any of his companions in arms. The Saracen mothers quieted the unruly child by telling him that King Richard was coming; and if a horse started upon the road, the rider would say, "Do you think King Richard is behind the bush?"

In the month of October, Richard, with his queen, the English soldiers and pilgrims, set sail for England. After passing Sicily, he was captured by a pirate vessel; but the respect paid to his name caused the pirate to release him, and land him safely. We all know that, passing overland through Germany, he was made prisoner by the Duke of Austria; how he was discovered by Blondel and finally released, and reached England in the year 1194.

Such is the brief history of what are called the Crusades. For those who would prefer a far more graphic and romantic account, we would direct them to a work called "The Crusades and Crusaders," written in unison with the "Romance of History," which has already found much favour with the public, and is indeed a charming book for those who find delight in the imaginative rather than in the sterner details of truth.



THE FAITHFUL NEGRO.



LAVERY is, my young friends, a cruel thing ; yet some people will tell us it was ordained by God. This could not be, for God made but *one* man. If he had instituted slavery, he must have made *two*, and one a slave to the other. But those who enslave people will tell you that a poor black man should be made a slave, because he has not such clever brains as the white man. Whether he is quite

so intellectual as the white man, I will not stop to inquire ; but of this I am sure—whatever may be the condition of his head, his heart is quite as much, if not more, alive to goodly feelings than that of the white man. Numerous are the instances of negro faithfulness, of negro gratitude, of negro love and devotion, one of which I shall relate to you :—

There was a cruel planter, who was owner of a slave estate



JOCO REJOICING.
Drawn by George Cruikshank.

near Charleston, in America. He was one of those who thought ~~that God made~~ black men to be slaves, and white men to flog them: and, acting upon this mistaken idea, he became a cruel tyrant to his slaves; especially cruel was his conduct to one "Sam," who was a domestic slave. He very often abused him and beat him for slight offences, and now and then flogged him—as he said, to keep his blood down and to prevent his being saucy. On one occasion, Sam had been so unfortunate as to trip on the threshold of the door and spill a large bowl of milk. This so enraged "Skellat," the planter of whom I am speaking, that he ordered him at once to be taken up and flogged with a cowhide—a severe instrument of torture, which cuts large pieces of flesh from the body when used. Poor Sam was tied up to a post, and cried loudly for mercy; but none was shown. Several severe blows were struck; but just as the planter was giving directions to the flogger to strike harder, little Minnie, a child not quite ten years of age, leaped upon her father's (the planter's) neck, and pleaded with such earnestness and so many tears, that the cruel planter was obliged to order Sam to be taken down from the whipping-post.

Sam never forgot this kind action of little Minnie, and vowed that if it should ever be necessary he would die for her. She was a delightful child, and having saved Sam from the lash, she became very fond of him, and would often, in the cool summer evenings when the sun was descending, find out Sam, and there, sitting on a bench with him, she would point to the skies and the waters, and the beautiful trees and flowers, and tell him something of the good God who made all things. She told him, too, of God's love to man, and that

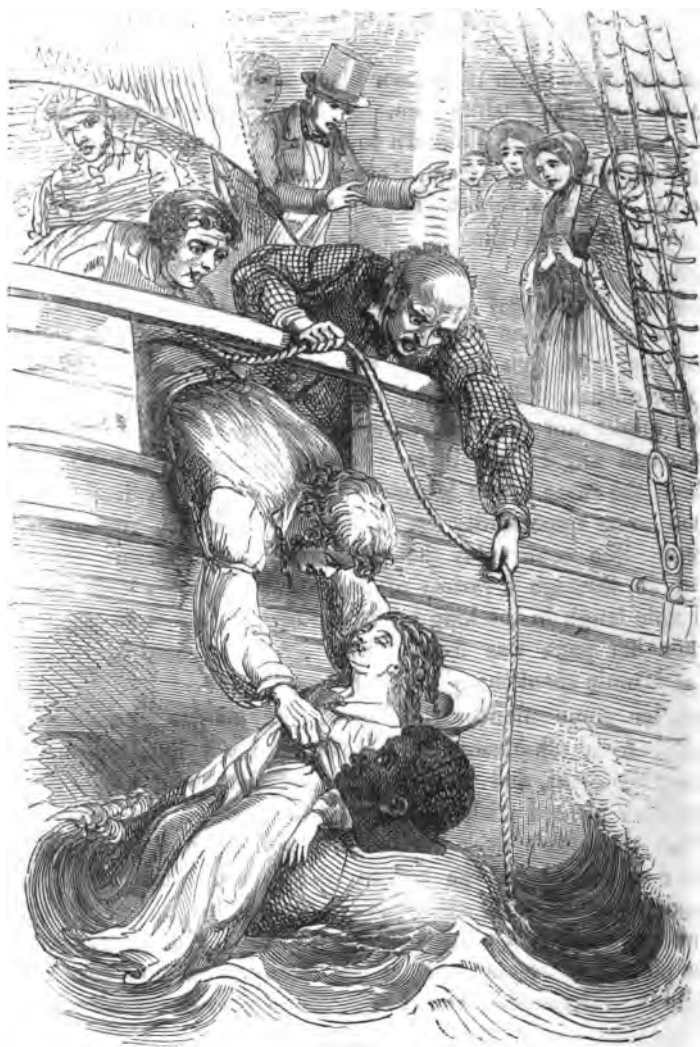


MINNIE AND SAM.

his ears were open to a poor black man's prayers, as well as to the prayers of white men. "I always pray for you, Sam," she said, "when I lie down to sleep." "And I always pray for you, missis," said Sam, "every hour in the day when I am home. I neber forget your mercy—neber, neber, neber!" And Sam would then kneel down and kiss little Minnie's feet.

Many people say they will be grateful, but often forget to be so when an opportunity occurs. It was not thus, however, with poor Sam—he was always on the look-out for opportunities. He watched the poor child everywhere, that she might not fall into danger, and was to her almost as a guardian angel; and little "Joco," his daughter, who was about the same age as Minnie, and who was a very droll child, took every opportunity she could to amuse her young mistress. She could play the pipes; she could tumble, dance, and go through a variety of funny movements, which made Minnie laugh in the long hours she used to pass of an evening when her papa was from home. And so Sam and Joco and Minnie spent many happy hours.

After some months thus spent, the planter Skellet was called from Charleston to a town about a hundred miles along the coast, and took Minnie and Sam with him. She was very pleased with the sea-trip, and danced and bounded about the ship's deck like a little kid. While so playing, she had leaped on the taffrail of the ship, when the ship suddenly jibed, and the boom knocked her into the sea. She immediately sank beneath the waves. Her father stood the picture of despair, calling out loudly, "Save, oh save my child!" The captain called out, "Sharks are surrounding the



SAM RESCUES MINNIE.

ship!" and Skellet, although he loved his child, would not risk his life for her. He was afraid of being gobbled up by the sharks; but Sam did not care for a thousand sharks—not he, although he could see their tails lashing the water close by, and their huge jaws every now and then above water. He plunged in at once, and being a good swimmer, dived after Minnie, and clasping her in his arms, bore her to the vessel, where she was safely taken on board.

But now Sam had to fight for his own life. The sharks were after him; and one great monster turned on his back and opened his mighty jaws, which looked like the cavern of death itself. Sam dived under him, and plucking a knife from his girdle, stabbed the ferocious fish to the heart, which soon turned up dead, while the sea was covered with blood. He then got on board the ship, and fell down on his knees to thank God for Minnie's safety.

Not long after this, the planter, in one of his fits of fury, attacked a Brazilian in the open streets of Charleston. The Brazilian, in true American fashion, pulled out a revolver, and fired its contents into the body of Skellet, who was taken home to die. Poor Sam caught his falling body, and carried it in his arms to the house. Life was ebbing fast, as he placed it on the sofa. In vain did the poor black attempt by restoratives to prolong the life of him that had been so cruel to him; and when he found that human means were of no avail, the poor fellow fell on his knees by his bedside, and prayed to God to save him. "Let Samuel die," he said,—"Samuel give up his life, but save poor massa!" He would have willingly given his own life for that of his master, and for the sake of dear little Minnie.



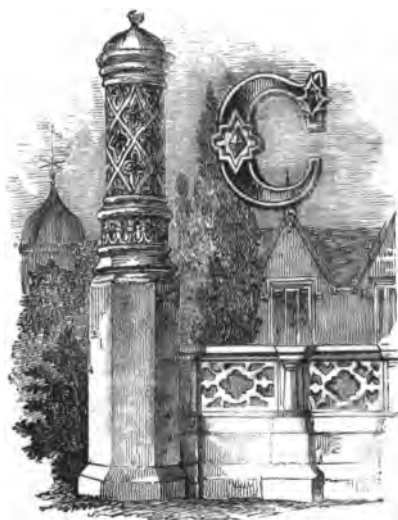
"SAMUEL GIVE UP HIS LIFE, BUT SAVE POOR MASSA."

The planter died; and all the slaves were glad of his death, except Sam. As to Joco, she, poor thing, rejoiced; for, little as she was, she had received many a cruel whipping for very small faults, and sometimes without any fault at all. Her joy at the loss of a cruel master was intense, and she was found capering with delight, in grotesque robes, in one of the bed-rooms. It is wrong to rejoice at the fall of even our worst enemies; but Joco was a poor little black girl, not more than eight years of age, and she acted according to the exuberance of her feelings.



A BOY'S ADVENTURES IN THE GOLD FIELDS.

No. III.

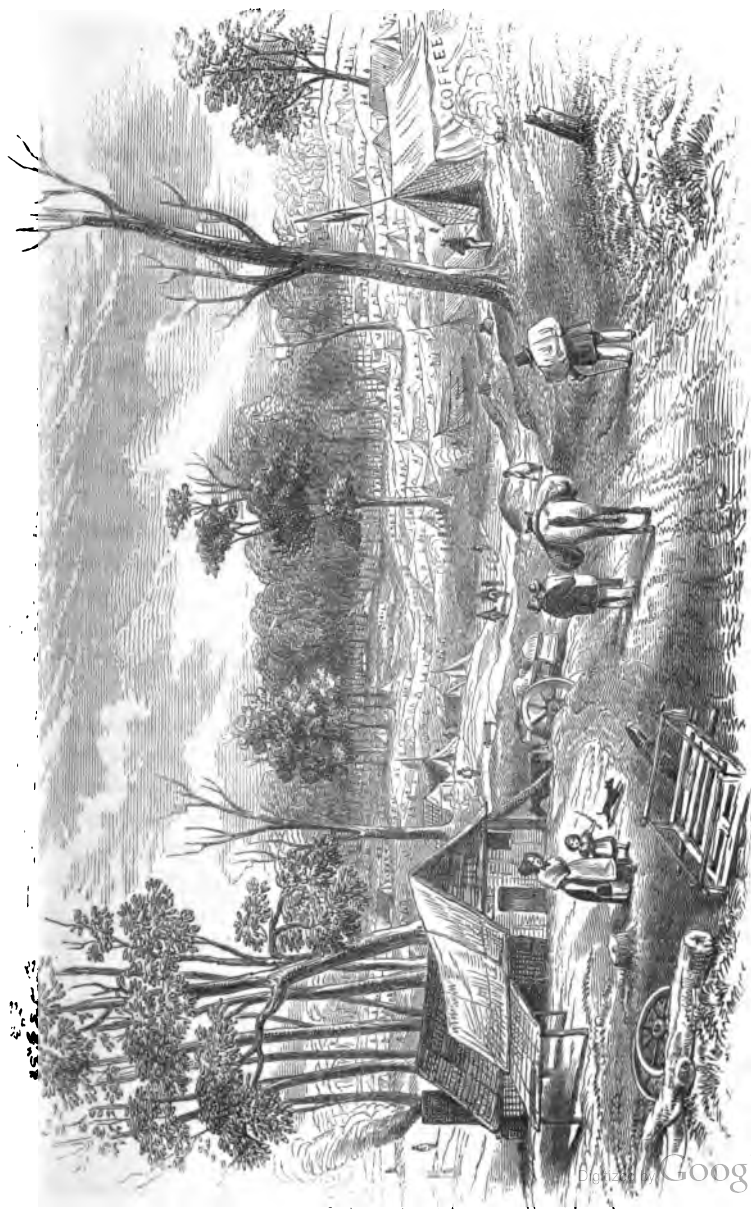


RUEL sport was this, but it was funny. The aborigines had no notion of the ~~cruelty~~, but they had of the fun; and it is not to be wondered at, their indulging a little in ~~cruelty~~ for the sake of the frolic, because they were savages. Had they been Christians, they would rather have preferred cock-fighting and pigeon-shooting of a Sunday, or what is technically called a "mill;" or they might have driven four-in-hand in Rotten-row, or done other genteel

things. It is much to their honour, and was greatly to the advantage of Bobby and the Missionary, that they did not roast them alive, and eat them whole. I believe they were in some measure contemplating this. The Missionary was fat and podgy, and had he been a partridge, would have been considered fit for the spit. As for Bobby, he had too many odd tricks and pleasant manners about him to be sacrificed, and so they hesitated about making a meal of him, although they were decided on making a *bonne-bouche* of the preacher. There were certain indications in the looks of some of the savages, and a particular smacking of the lips of others of them; and the circumstance of a great fire being lit, and a pole with a great hook being put up in front of it, gave poor Flamm an idea of what was coming next: he had already been *basted* by the savages with their clubs, and he foresaw that the *roasting* was drawing nigh. So, in this terrible fix he did what every sensible man would do,—when he has no chance of the mercies of earth, to vouchsafe the protection of Heaven: and he fell on his knees, telling Bobby to do the same, and both prayed loudly and fervently for deliverance; and, extraordinary as it may seem, before their prayers were ended, a fierce and demoniac yell broke through the stillness and darkness of the night,—a whoop, a yell, as if from the throats of a hundred cannibals; then a trampling and a cracking of the boughs of trees, in what is termed the “bush,” and then the advance of a whole tribe of savages upon those who had just finished their horrid orgies. In a moment all was pell-mell, horror and confusion: darts, spears, clubs, boomerangs, and all sorts of weapons flew about; blood spirted out on all sides; heads were cut off, and hands and arms fell in every direction. At

last the "Wangkees" were driven off, and the "Tickobads" carried away all their sport; and among them were included the good Missionary and his *protégé*, poor little Bob.

The tribe passed to the northward with great rapidity, and having crossed a rivulet, continued their course for twelve or thirteen miles till they came to a high range of hills, called the Bendigo range, among the gorges of which they entered; and when firmly ensconced amid these fastnesses, they halted. Here too they "spread their lobee cloths,"—that is to say, they sat down on their haunches, and began devouring a vast amount of odd-looking viands, which they carried in store, and which nobody but themselves could decipher. The chief sat in the midst, with some sort of dignity. He was a most ferocious-looking beast, with a long fierce beard, which none of the other savages had. His appetite was tremendous; but, in the midst of his repast, he threw the Missionary, who stood trembling with Bob in the background, various portions of the meal. Neither knew what it was; but Flamm, having tasted it, "said grace," and fell to with a twenty-horse power of appetite, in which he was assisted by his young friend. While they were thus relishing their repast, they were astonished at the savage chieftain coming close alongside of them; and, sitting down on his haunches before Flamm, he spoke out in very good English, "You are a cockney,"—at which Flamm stared. "I know you," he continued: "you were at the Harp-alley School. I was one of the general monitors, and you were in the fifth form. I recollect you very well, and so I do Mr. Lowe; which I hope that gentleman is well. I came out here to set up schools; but all the boys are men—there are no such things as boys now-a-days,—so I took to the



BENDIGO CREEK.

bush, and have got a class, as you see; and very good boys they are !."

Flamm sat bolt upright, while this speech was going on, with his mouth wide open, and his hand arrested in its course, with a piece of burnt kangaroo between his fingers, looking stammered. Bob looked equally astonished, pausing also on *his* provender.

"I don't recollect you," said Flamm; "how should I, when you are disguised in that manner? Why, you look all over like a real, natural-born aborigine. Who would have thought anything about the Harp-alley School in an out-of-the-way place like this?"

"Who would have thought of anything? You would hardly think that I am the very identical Zulu that converted Bishop Colenso; but I am,—I took him regularly in at the Cape!"

Flamm held up his hands in horror and astonishment, and said something about his friend being a believer.

"Oh! you don't believe me," said the savage, who was one Tom Bast, a runaway convict, who had committed every variety of crime short of murder. "Well, don't believe me—but I can tell you something which, if you were to believe in, would make all our fortunes; and we might all go back to Old England, and buy an estate, and each of us live as country squires, be men of the quorum, shut up the footpaths from poachers, and ride on our hobbies like winkin'."

"How?" said Flamm, instinctively.

"Easy," replied Bast. "I have found a spot—'I know a bank'—not where the wild thyme grows, but where what is the same grows—that is, money; and time is money. I know of a moun-

tain of nuggets, that would make the Old Lady of Threadneedle-street take a reef in her crinoline, I can tell you! La, man! it's no use your preaching and starving here; you'll never get along that way. The only god people worship here is gold: if you talk of anything else, they won't listen to you. But, you go along with me, and devise some plan by which we can keep all the gold we get to ourselves. I will soon cut my clan here, and ship back to Old England, and make amends for my past doings by forming a penitentiary, and setting up a tread-wheel, or something of that sort, for the benefit of my fellow-creatures—that I will!"

"You will be as a brand plucked out of the fire," replied Flamm—"just as we are; or rather, as chickens taken from the spit and saved from roasting."

Flamm and Bast continued in conversation for some time, till at last it was arranged that he and Flamm should meet at a certain spot a little before daybreak on the following morning, when the former would undertake to convince the latter that his fortune was made.

So, early the next morning, owing to the connivance of Bast, Flamm and Bob stole away to the place of meeting, which was only about two miles from the place of their encampment. Bast soon came to the spot; and, after binding both to the profoundest secrecy, he informed them that, in his rambles with the savages, he had found among the depths of the woods several places where gold oozed out; that he had collected a great deal of the precious metal, from time to time, in nuggets small and great, to the amount of more than a hundredweight, as he could calculate, and which he had buried under the water of a deep pool, lying close to one of

the rivers, and where no one would suspect gold to exist. His proposal to the Missionary was, to help him to get off the gold under the respectability that attached to his sacred office, promising him one-half as his share of the experiment. "For," said he, "my character is such, that were I to be known to have any gold, and to reveal myself, as I must do, I should be pounced upon, my gold taken from me, and I should be sent to Norfolk Island, and no mistake."

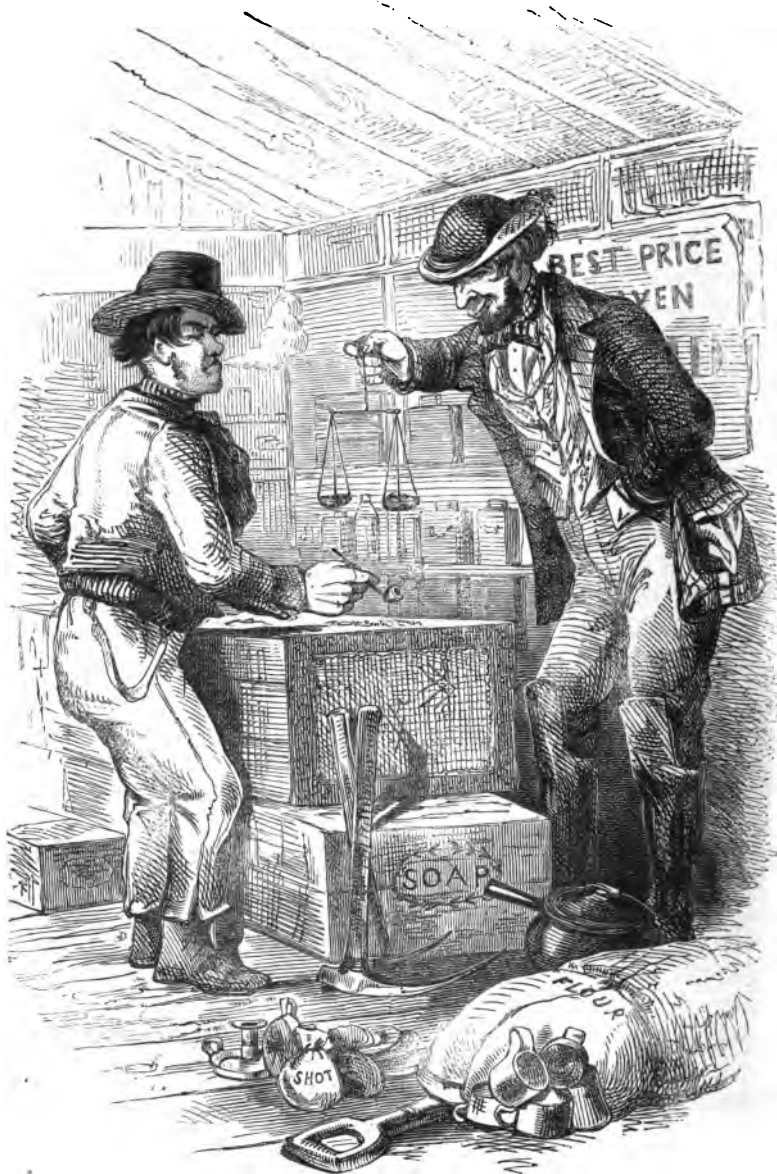
Flamm could hardly believe the statement; but, after a while, Bast took him to a small pool, a little further up the stream. It was not more than eight or ten yards broad, and five or six long, but very deep; and as soon as they had reached it, the convict dived down to the very depth, and presently appeared with a large nugget of gold in his hand. "I have bushels of them down there," he exclaimed; "and the only thing is, to get them away." Flamm eagerly seized the nugget, which he thrust into his bosom. "Stop," said the other; "no foul play! for if you shirk or peach, and are not true to me, I swear"—and then he swore a horrid oath—"that your brains shall be scattered like snow in the air: whatever portion of the globe you may be in, or however long it may be first, I'll have you at last!" Flamm drew the nugget out of his breast quicker than he put it in, and threw it to the convict, who transferred it to the boy, telling him to keep it for himself. It weighed nearly two pounds, and the possession of it set poor Bob's heart a-beating in a fearful manner.

Bast suggested to Flamm, that he and Bob should get away to Bendigo Creek; and that, taking some gold with him, he should give up the preaching line, and set up as a gold-buyer; that he (Bast) should bring him certain quantities

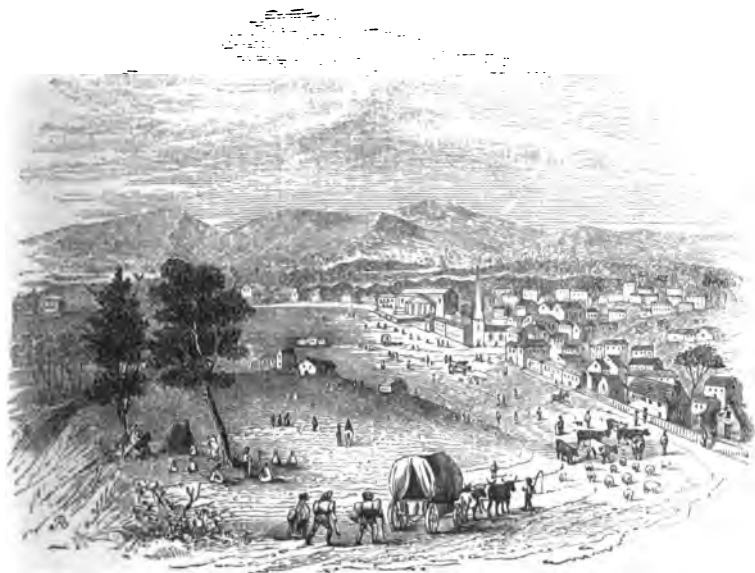
from time to time, and that he should obtain bank credit for them, to be available in the old country; a plan easily to be pursued. Flamm did **not**, however, much like to give up his preaching, till **Bast** promised to build him a **tabernacle** twice the size of **Mr. Spurgeon's**, in the vicinity of **Brick-lane**. This having satisfied the preacher's qualms of conscience, he immediately **entered** into his plans. A few more nuggets were then dived for, as stock to begin with; and on the next day, Flamm might be seen in his new character, thoroughly up to the mark, and quite alive to every stroke of business by which an extra fund might be raised for the **Tabernacle**.

It was by degrees, and extending over the space of several months, that Flamm pursued his new occupation. He found a great assistance in **Bob**, who used to make up his accounts regularly every night. He had the privilege also of the "sweating seams,"—that is, of reaping the gold that fell between the slits of the double sheets of paper formerly described, by which means he secured a little fortune of his own. How happy, he thought, should he have been, to share his good luck with his poor father and mother! and he often burst into tears when he thought of them. All his gains seemed as nothing—gold seemed of no use. His father and mother were in their graves; and all the gold in the world would not bring them back. Ah! my young friends, there is something of more value than gold in the world, cruel and hard-hearted as it is.

After the whole accumulated store of nuggets had been thus disposed of, which amounted to more than eighty-thousand pounds in the whole, the three partners determined



to be off ; but, to avoid suspicion, they first went to Adelaide, which is a city rising into great importance, and where they stopped for three weeks to recreate themselves. Bast gave a most amusing account of the manner in which he got to and away from the savages, concealing, no doubt, a great many of his wicked ways. He had been several times sentenced to imprisonment, fined, and even flogged ; but he always took

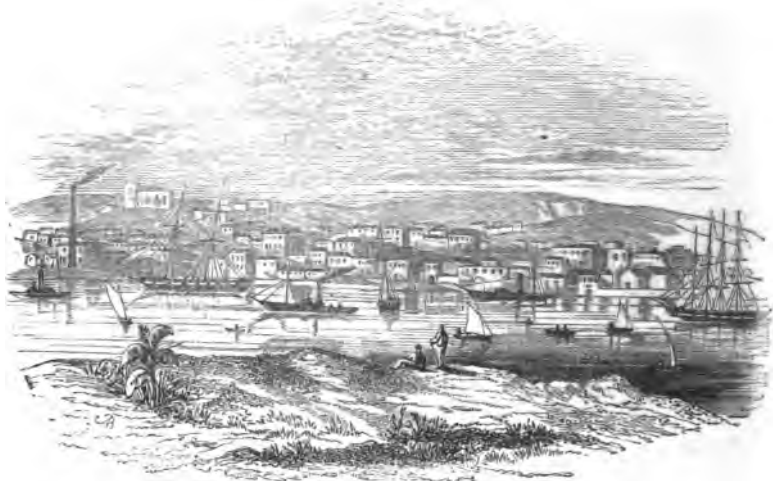


ADELAIDE.

measures to break prison. At last, however, a price being set on his head, he determined upon turning savage ; so he boldly went into the savage camp, introduced the use of the rifle and

revolver, and soon became a leader. Many were the battles in which he had been engaged ; and many were the opportunities he had of both wreaking his vengeance, and of serving the white man—of the latter far more frequently than the former, and he never failed to aid them when he could. The way of getting from his tribe was a very simple one : it was to leave them in the night. But he did not do this without leaving a large nugget of gold in the midst of the tent, for they had always behaved kindly to him.

The party next went to Melbourne, which is the skeleton of a noble city. The streets are spacious, with wide foot-



MELBOURNE.

paths ; and it contains many fine buildings of brick and stone, both public and private : but, alas ! there is no pavement of

any description, and in winter the streets are several inches deep in mud. They did not stop long to examine it, for all were anxious to get back to Old England; for there is no place in the world like England for those who have plenty of money to spend. They soon found a vessel on the point of sailing, and took first-class tickets for Southampton.

"Homeward-bound" is a delightful word. There is no word so sweet as "home;" but they were a long way off, and probably storms and tempests might arise which would prevent their ever reaching their native land. But Flamm had faith in the building of the new Tabernacle, and had by no means lost his love of converting sinners; and having drawn from Bast, without any attempt at a regular confession, that his former life was one of wickedness, he set resolutely to work to save his soul. He set the full effect of his evil deeds before him, cut deep into the festering wounds of his presumptuous sins, and exhibited to him the only remedy. Once the ship and all hands had liked to have perished in a tremendous gale of wind; and then it was that the Missionary exhibited all his powers to lead Bast to repentance, in which glorious task he happily succeeded, and long ere the vessel sighted the white cliffs of Britain, Bast felt himself another man, deeply regretting his former errors, and resolving to devote himself for the future to all that belonged to Christian usefulness and godliness. He took Bob entirely under his care, and promised to be a father to him, which he fully performed.

As to Flamm, the moment he got on shore, or at least on the very next day, he walked down to Spitalfields to select a site for the new Tabernacle. Here is to be the focus of his labours—here he is to shine as a star—and to this haven of

active rest he will in due time call all the faithful followers of his Divine Master.

So much for gold, gold-diggings, and diggers, my young friends. We are all more or less, whether in this country or in the gold regions, on the search for wealth and for gold, and we think the possession of it gives us power over all things. But, my young friends, there are a good many things more powerful and more valuable than gold. Honour is both brighter and more valuable; peace, a clear conscience, a happy temper, a pious spirit, a loving heart, are far more valuable than the largest nuggets ever found. Let us, then, look rather for these; or, at all events, whether we have wealth or not, let us consider them as the true source of our happiness both here and hereafter; and so let us lay up our treasures in heaven, although we may be not unmindful of treasures upon earth.



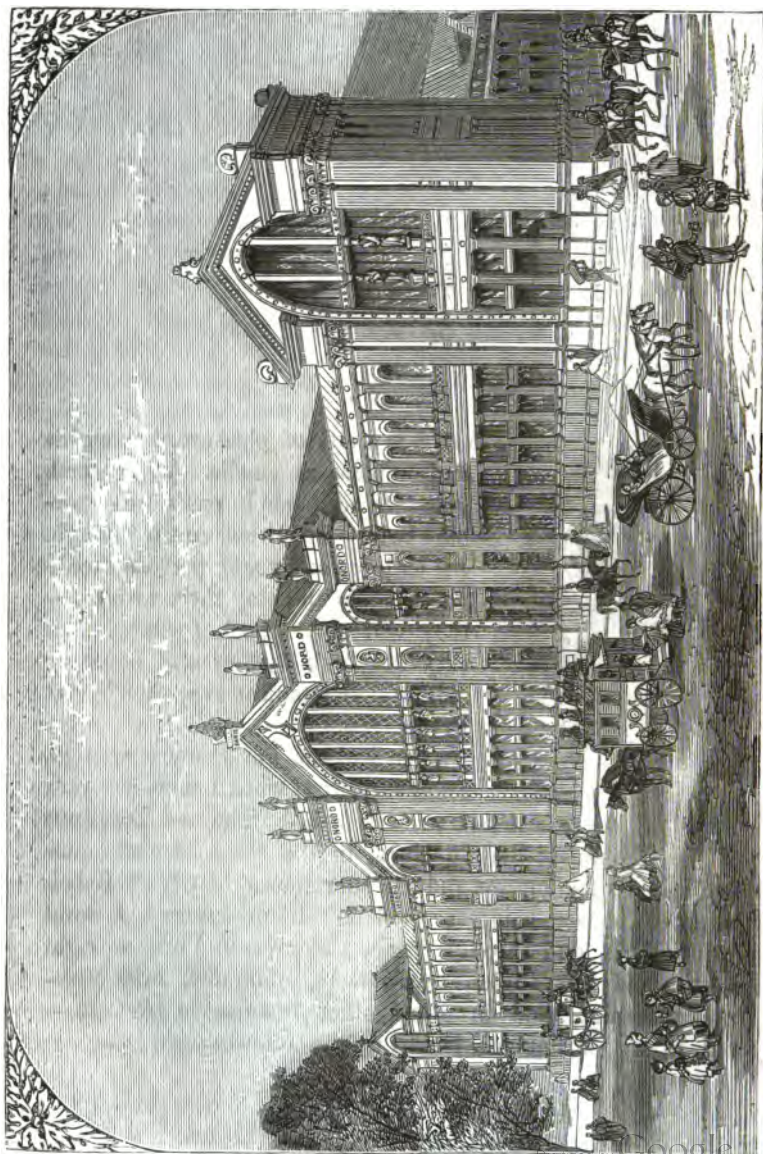
THE SCAPEGRACE.

A STORY OF MODERN PARIS.



PARIS is a city of pleasure, fine sights and unpleasant smells. It is worth going to for once in one's life—perhaps twice—but twice is quite enough. All children and young persons should go to Paris and stay there awhile, or they will never speak French; or if they do speak it, they will never be able to understand it as spoken by the French people.

When I was in Paris some years ago, I was surprised; when I went last year I was astonished. The new Terminus of the Chemin-de-Fer du Nord, in the Place Roubaix, particularly struck me, as did the enormous quantity of Babel-heighted houses being erected in all directions. I went round Paris, and through Paris, and crossed Paris at right angles and left angles, transversely, obliquely, criss-cross-cradle fashion, and in every other imaginable traverse,—and, in my journeyings, picked up the following story:—



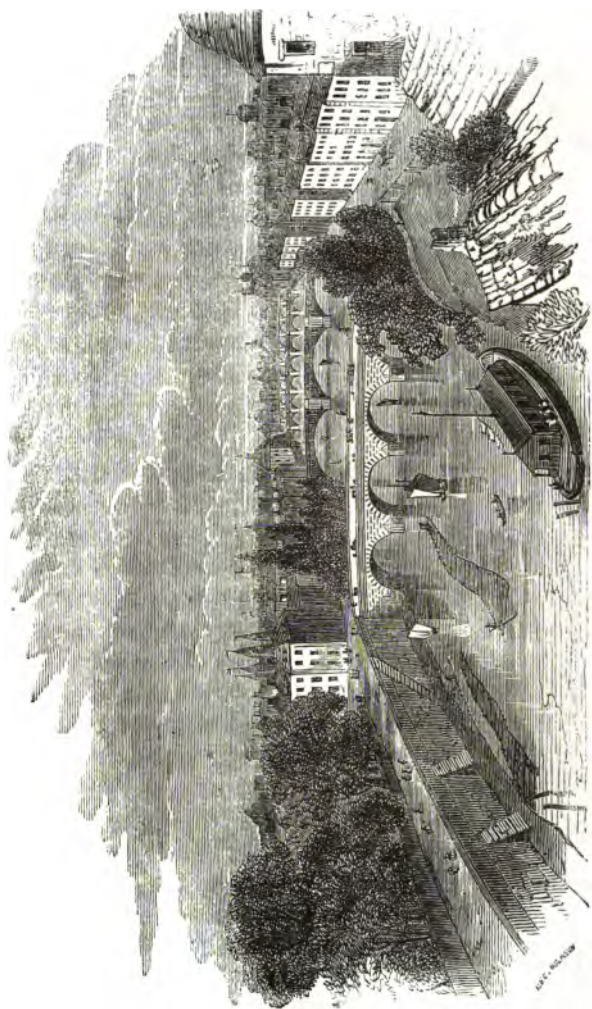
TERMINUS OF THE CHEMIN-DE-FER DU NORD, PARIS.

M. De Moyes was a banker in Paris: he was a millionaire, and looked not worth a penny; he wore a broad-brimmed hat terribly the worse for wear, a great-coat summer and



M. DE MOYES, THE BANKER.

winter,—in the latter to keep the cold out, in the former to keep the heat out. He also carried a magnificent cotton umbrella, which he used for the same purpose as he did his



THE SEINE, PARIS.

great-coat ; and he felt himself a vast deal bigger than his big broad-brim, his big broad-cloth, and his big cotton gingham. There is no knowing how big this banker might have



thought himself, he was so rich : but he had a son—a sad scapegrace—who made him feel very small indeed.

One night, the banker had retired to rest at an early hour, as was his custom, for he was a well-ordered man. His darling boy was not so fond of early hours, but generally managed to get home to breakfast in the morning, which was early for him. In the present case, however, he deviated a little from this custom.

M. De Moyes was in bed, enjoying his first sleep, when all at once a terrible row was heard at the door. Again and again the uproar was repeated. All the domestics were in bed. What was to be done?—only one thing, and the banker did it: he got up, put on his night-gown and slippers, lit his candle, and went down stairs, and having fumbled at the key for some time, opened the outer door.

What a scene presented itself! There was a great collection of people round the house, and in the midst was "Jules" vainly endeavouring to treat the spectators with an English sailor's horn-pipe in the middle of the street: and, what was worse, the son and heir was in that particular state of cerebral excitement which some people call tipsy.

The fact was, that M. Jules de Moyes was what is called a "fast" young man. He cared nothing for business, and nothing for banking, except to get all the money he could for the purpose of spending it. He set no value upon his father, except so far as he was to be victimized and bled, and taken in and done for. Indeed, he prayed devoutly, after the fashion of the Evil One, for his progenitor's translation to a better sphere, so that he might succeed to the enormous property he had accumulated; during which season of waiting for the old gentleman's shoes, he amused himself by getting into all the gaieties, vices, and frivolities of Paris.

After sickening himself with wickedness over and over again, he at last fell in love with a fair English maiden who lived with her mother in the Rue de la Friperie. She was studying



THE AMBASSADOR'S BALL

the French language. Jules saw her at the English Ambassador's ball. He was delighted with an English maiden's

o



THE SUITOR.

modest and retiring beauty, so different to French flirtation ; and so, dressing himself in his very best, he made bold to call on her one morning to offer her his hand and his heart. But, alas ! he had no heart ; or if he had, it was like that of a nut with a maggot in it—eaten away by vice.

The maiden rejected him with disdain, (as all scapegraces should be rejected, and gave him to understand that, in her eye, a man of worth and industry was of more value than all the riches of the wealthiest banker. And so Master Jules turned again to his vices and his follies, grieved his old father's heart more and more, brought his poor mother with sorrow to the grave, and at last, in the recklessness of his wild career, went farther in wickedness.

He had lived the life of a rake : he had gambled, he had swindled—he had, in short, committed a great variety of crimes, great and small,—but all his doings brought him nothing but misery. He had been imprisoned, had fought duels, and had been hurled like a shuttlecock from one extremity of the social circle to the other ; now was he sent into the air up towards the clouds with his pinions in full feather, then down he fell again into the mire, dirtied and disgraced.

How could he retrieve his fortune ? He had but one hope—that was the death of his father. He was now getting old—he could not live long. But he had waited and waited till he was tired of waiting. The old man had stripped him of his provender by reducing his allowance, and so he vilely determined upon taking his life—yes ! of taking the life of his father, so that he might get his money !

Ay, my young friends, you little think what may be the end of the first small act of disobedience to parental control.



JULES DEGRADED.

Rejecting a father's counsel, the youth is launched upon the turbulent waters of life, like a boat with crowded sail on the tempestuous seas without a rudder. The storm must overtake him, the sea must overwhelm him; for he who sets in defiance a father's love cannot expect the guidance and care of the heavenly Father, who can alone lead us out of temptation and deliver us from evil.

He knew that the old man, now grown feebler and feebler, usually walked home to his family mansion, in the Rue de Valois, from the Rue de Rivoli, after dark, and he determined to waylay and assassinate him. Vice had extinguished in his breast every sacred tie—he had no longer the feeling of a son, and planted himself at the corner of a dark street till his parent should pass. Did he feel no hesitation—no pangs of conscience—no doubts—no mercy? None! Wickedness had changed his heart into stone.

The hour was come for the old man to pass by: the parricide was ripe for the deed; the poniard was unsheathed, the hand was raised—the blow was descending. But no!—the old man had some strength in him yet: he turned upon the assassin and wrenched the weapon from his grasp and discovered, by the light of a lamp, his recreant son!

That recreant son is now reduced to the lowest state of penury, and is obliged to act as the degraded lackey of a fat butcher and his wife, attending them at their "pic-nics," of which they are very proud; and, like an ass with hampers on each side of him, has to bear the burden of two enormous baskets, containing all the good things of this life, which he is not fated to taste.

DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.



HO has not read of the Nile—the wondrous Nile, which was the great enigma of ages? It seemed a proper companion of the Pyramids, as, while they were without date, the river was, as was supposed, without a source. It seemed a kind of emblem of eternity, or, like the history of the first man, was “involved in inextricable obscurity.” We all, even as boys, know that its waters periodically overflowed the land of Egypt, thereby fertilizing the plains around it. The rising of its waters was celebrated by public procession, offerings to the gods, and with music, dancing, thanksgiving, and rejoicing. For a while one wide sheet of waveless water covered the land, and little is to be seen, from the tops of the Pyramids to the hills afar off, but water, everywhere. In a few days it subsides—then lengths

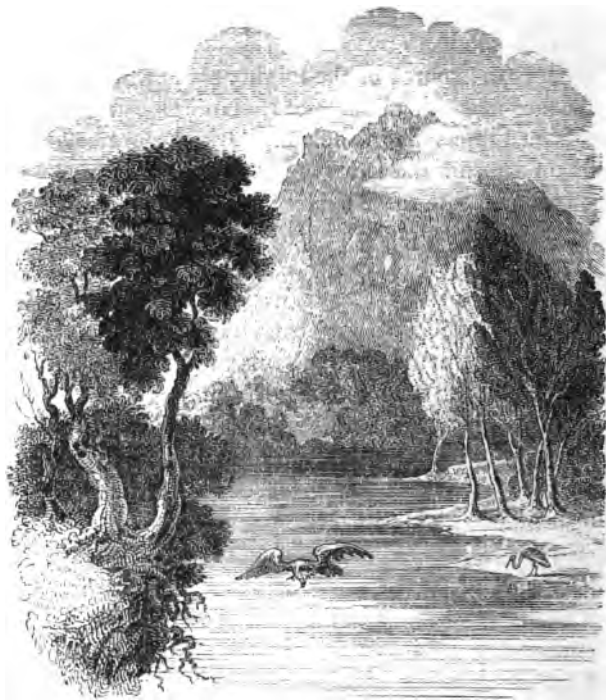
and breadths of dingy-looking, slimy mud; in a few days more, spurts, then sprouts of green—then patches, and lastly, the whole surface of the land is one great field of vegetation rising everywhere, and giving promise, like the rainbow, of God's eternal goodness unto man.

Where was the source of the mighty agent which occasioned these changes and this abundance? No one could tell. Did it come from the clouds in their mysterious showers, dropping on lands unknown? did it arise from the bowels of the earth, in regions too remote to be explored? did it arise in internal lakes beyond the reach of man? No one knew. The Nile was a mystery; and so it remained for ages.

Yet, while so many civilized nations have desired to see this mystery unravelled, it has been reserved for two of our countrymen to clear it up. The names of these gentlemen are Captains Speke and Grant. From the time of Bruce, who fairly tracked the blue Nile to its head waters in Abyssinia, no progress was made. In this same country, which had never been trodden by the foot of civilized man, the fountain-head of the White Nile was known to be situated. Whether the river flowed out of this or some other lake, or was fed by mountains on either side of it, and what was the nature of the water system in this part of Africa, was absolutely uncertain.

All these and other doubts are now virtually dispelled. It has been clearly ascertained that the Lake Nyanza, between three and four thousand feet above the sea level, extends nearly 150 miles south of the Equator, which may be considered its northern boundary, and is probably of still greater breadth from east to west. Out of this vast reservoir, near

the centre of its northern coast, issues the White Nile in a current about 150 yards wide, which soon after passes over a fall twelve feet in height. This is the great fact, but by



THE WHITE NILE.

no means the only fact brought to light by the explorations. It appears that to the west of this great lake there is a cluster of mountains, one of which attains the height of 10,000 feet; and that still further to the north-west there is another lake,

Naye, some 150 miles in length from north-east to south-west, and probably communicating at the former end with the White Nile, between its exit from Lake Nyanza and Gondakero.

The most interesting portion of the account of these travellers relates to the country, which was marvellously fine. Some of the hills or mountains were 10,000 feet high.



THE NILE.

The natives are tall and better looking than most other negroes. The travellers were introduced to the King of Uganda, an intelligent and inquiring man, who asked

questions about the geography of the world: he asked about the stars and sun, and what became of the old stars and moons. His desire was to obtain knowledge upon every topic. He had heard of the great power of the white men, and asked if it was so great as to blow up Africa.

The king afforded them (the travellers) much valuable information concerning the part of Africa they were travelling through. He prepared a sumptuous reception for them. On arriving at the palace, they found it filled with men and women, with bands of music. The king was seated on a throne of brass, beautifully dressed, and carried his shield and spear; and his warriors around him were also armed with spears. The officers squatted round the king, and with them a general conversation was kept up. Wearied with sitting in the sun, Captain Speke put up his umbrella, to the intense wonder of the court and the sovereign. He then followed the king into his palace, and found him sitting in the midst of his wives, two or three hundred in number. He then presented the king with some presents; the first of these was a revolver pistol, which pleased him greatly. The king took a great fancy to shooting with this and with other guns, and several shooting-parties were arranged, the king having practised by shooting birds in the pond beforehand. Whenever any vulture or other bird flew up, the king shot at it; and he was kept firing as fast as he could; and each time that a bird was knocked over, the king and his officers and ladies clapped their hands, and shouted, and danced in the most extraordinary manner.

Some very mysterious things take place at the coronation of a king. As each sovereign has so many wives, there is a



SHOOTING WITH A REVOLVER.

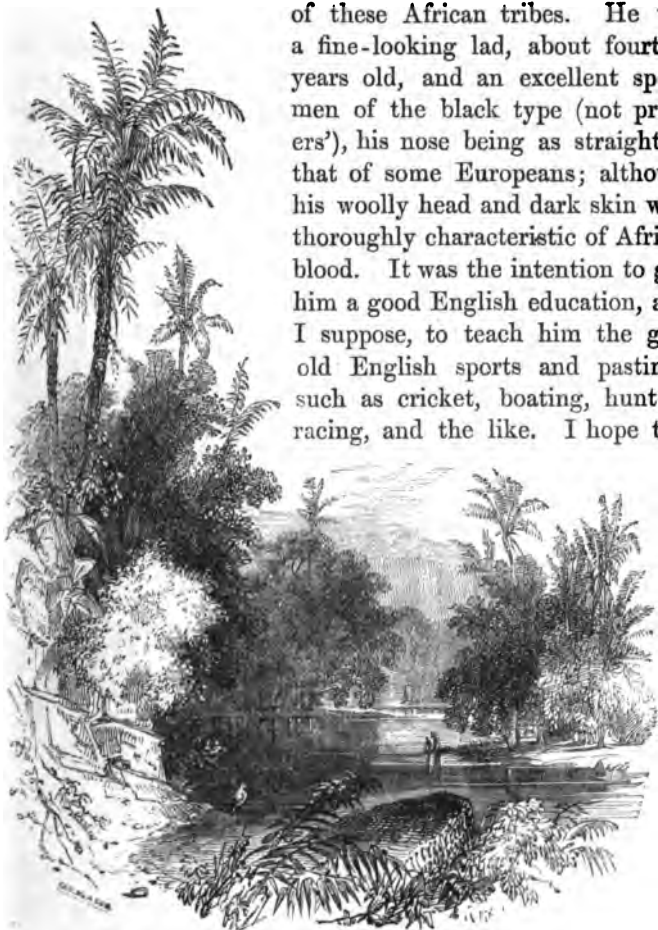
large number of children; and on the occasion of a new king coming to the throne, all his brothers and sisters are killed off, with the exception of two, who are kindly reserved against any contingency. The enumeration of royal officers included among the chief men, great statesmen, first and second class executioners, and men who whistle on their fingers, instead of giving away bishopricks, for which really deserving men often "whistle." Women attended the sovereign, with real live lizards on their heads, to keep away evil spirits.



THE ROYAL OFFICERS.

Captain Speke, while delivering his account to the members of the Royal Society (the Prince of Wales being present), introduced a little boy belonging to one of the most intelligent

of these African tribes. He was a fine-looking lad, about fourteen years old, and an excellent specimen of the black type (not printers'), his nose being as straight as that of some Europeans; although his woolly head and dark skin were thoroughly characteristic of African blood. It was the intention to give him a good English education, and, I suppose, to teach him the good old English sports and pastimes, such as cricket, boating, hunting, racing, and the like. I hope they



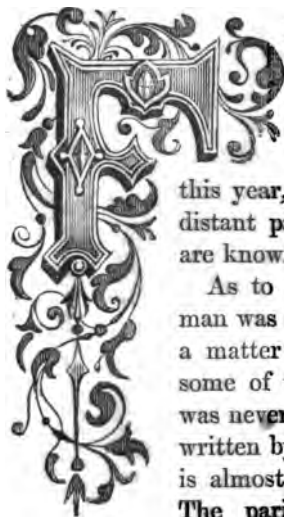
LAKE NYANZA.

will also teach him prisoners' base, stag-out, leap-frog, hockey, baste-the-bear, and other boyish games, that he may carry them back with him for the benefit of poor Africa.

I give but a very short account of the travels and discoveries of Captains Speke and Grant; but I would advise my readers to keep their eye on the progress of discovery, whether relating to geography or any other science. It is the accumulated discoveries of an age that change its character, and with it the destinies of a people. England is first in the field of enterprise, discovery and adventure, and has the means destined to spread science and civilization to every part of the earth. Let us hope that humanity may go with them, and that the benign spirit of Christianity, which declares all mankind to be brothers, may unite the nations together, so that they may worship one universal Father, the God of all Truth, for evermore.

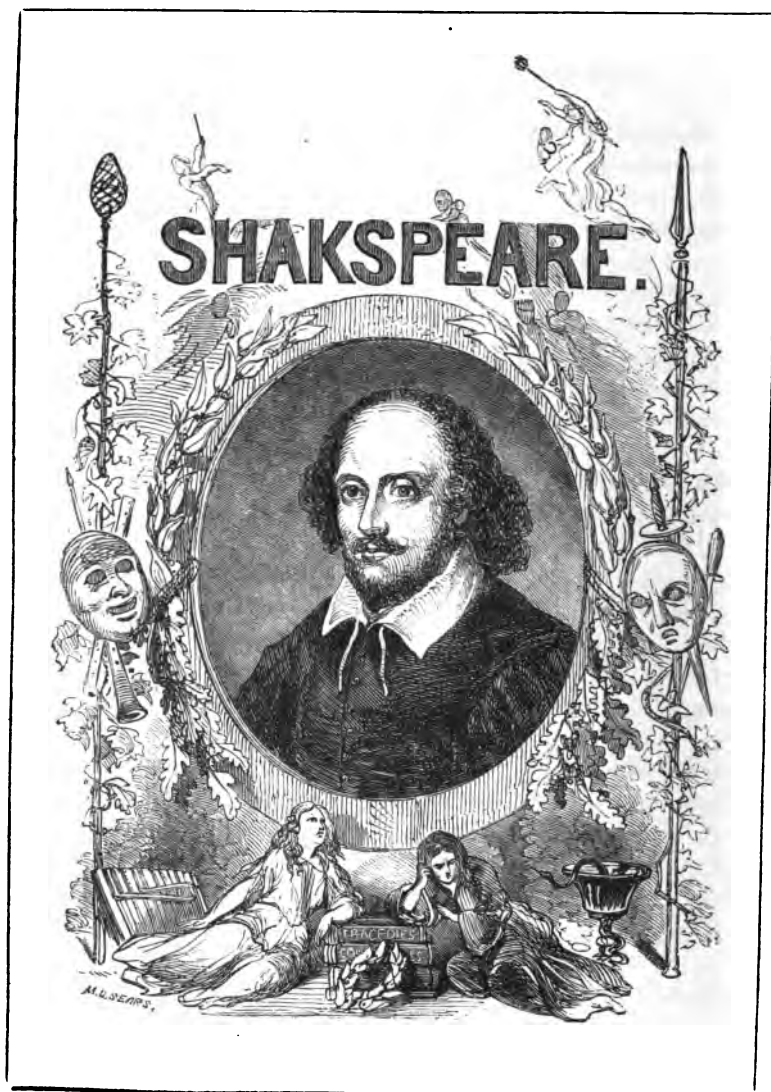


A WORD ABOUT WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.



FEW little boys or girls exist who have not heard or read of the great poet William Shakspeare, the anniversary of whose birth, three hundred years ago, is to be celebrated this year, not only in England, but in every distant part of the world in which his works are known.

As to the exact day when this celebrated man was born, little can be advanced, for it is a matter of controversy among the learned, some of whom go so far as to say that he was never born at all, and that his plays were written by somebody else. By these people it is almost proved that he never had a father. The parish register of Stratford-on-Avon, unluckily, however, contains these words—"Guliel' Filius Johannis Shakspeare, Ap. 26, 1564:" so that if he was never born, it seems pretty certain that he was baptized. It



is surmised by some that he was born on the 23rd of April, in the same year.

Shakspeare was put to the grammar-school of Stratford, where he learned "a little Latin and less Greek," and was so fortunate as not to go to a university. His university was the universe; his schoolmaster, nature; his school-books, the heaths, the woods, the waters, the living things of earth, and the doings of the strange creature, man. These he studied within-doors and without-doors, in halls and courts, in cottages, in camps, in huts and hovels, in taverns, in teeming cities, in barren wilds.

He came up to London at an early age—some libellers say, owing to "deer-stealing," but not a shadow of proof could be brought against him: on the contrary, Ben Jonson, a man of truth, declares of Shakspeare, "I do love the man, and honour his memory. He was indeed *honest*, and of an *open and free nature*." These are indeed "good words," and the best epitaph that could have been put on his tomb. It is a great thing to have an open and free nature, with honesty; for openness includes *truth*; and when a man is *honest and true*, he comprehends a vast number of other virtues. Well, Shakspeare came up to London. It is not known what he did when he first came to town, but shortly afterwards he seems to have been employed in one of the theatres. It has been discovered, that in 1596 he lived near the Bear Garden, in Southwark. He appears to have remained in London till about the year 1611. On quitting London, he returned to his native town of Stratford-on-Avon. He had previously purchased one of the best houses there, called New Place, and in this house he died. He was buried on the 25th of April,

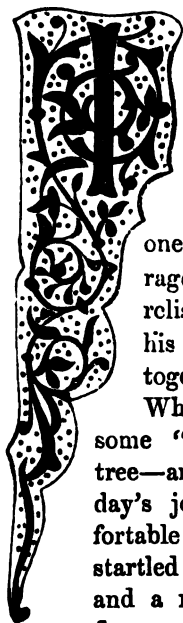
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1616, and is supposed to have died on the 23rd, the anniversary of his birth. His monument is shown in the cut.

"What did he write?" He wrote poetry and plays; tragedies and comedies, historical plays and imaginative plays, some founded on old stories, others on proverbial sayings. But many men had done this before him. No man ever had such an intimate knowledge of human character and of human nature. His personages speak and act like human beings. His light shone on all things, penetrated all things, and he drew from all things a lesson and a moral. He left nothing untouched, from the king directing his dominions, to the insect we tread upon. He is a universal luminary, and he who in youth studies his pages is very likely to become a wise man and a good man.

So then, my boys, in the summer time, when the world is cheerful and vigorous with life, let us regale ourselves with the laughing songs and merry scenes of Shakspeare. In the winter evenings, when sadder thoughts come over us, let us rest on his philosophic page, and try to gather comfort as well as wisdom from it; and if any intruder would tell you that his works are dangerous or worthless, do not believe him; for in the works of Shakspeare will be found all that is lovely, amiable, and instructive,—equally grateful to boyhood as to manhood, to the full vigour of the understanding or to the calmer sobriety of age. Read Shakspeare, if you would know mankind, or the trickery and treacheries, the virtues and sympathies, of the human heart.

DESPERATE FIGHT BETWEEN A BOA- CONSTRUCTOR AND A CROCODILE, AND THE FUNNY INCIDENTS WHICH ENSUED.



T was in one of the dank and milk-warm swamps in Eastern Africa, where the earth and the waters literally teem with reptile forms, that a party of "explorers" sat down under the shade of a gum cypress tree, in the very luxuriance of its blossom, to take their dinner. There were four of them, and one a Missionary,—the latter a stern but courageous youth, who seemed to have an especial relish for exploits as well as zeal in the cause of his Divine Master: these qualities sometimes go together, and are valuable to their possessor.

While they were taking their potted meats and some "cho-cho"—a drink made from the date tree—and all feeling remarkably tired after a long day's journey, and at the same time pretty comfortable with their repast, they were suddenly startled by the shaking of the tree above their heads and a rustling of its branches, while its beautiful flowers fell upon them like globes of snow. Looking upwards, as the Missionary was always telling them to do,

they observed an enormous boa-constrictor slowly untwining his huge form from the fork of the tree, and twisting round some of the upper branches, then of the lower, was making preparations to descend—his eyes glowing with fire, and his tongue shooting out every now and then, as if to show he was not in the best of tempers. The whole party instinctively hurried from the shelter afforded by the tree, and in their hurry and confusion ran upon a sedgy swamp or lake close by. They were now out of the frying-pan into the fire; for just before them they beheld the brown yet hardly perceptible nose of a hardy old alligator thrust just out of the water. The boa now descended the tree; and as he came down upon *terra firma*, the alligator lifted his huge head out of the water and turned his swivel eye upon him, but maintaining at the same time all the imperturbable gravity of a Mussulman. Presently he came nearer the shore, with a kind of imperceptible sliding; then one foot was put forward—his best foot, no doubt—and then just as the boa was attempting to walk over the course to bury himself in some thick and dark foliage, slurch forward went the alligator, and in a moment the gigantic jaws of the beast clenched the serpent in the middle. The head part and the tail part now began a series of gymnastic twistings and twinings such as was never seen before. In vain did the boa struggle to get free and lash the reptile with its latter end—in vain did the alligator try to “bolt” the boa: he now shifted him to the head—he now shifted him to the tail; he now, as I should think, tried to tie a knot with him, as boys try to tie cherry-stalks with their tongue, but to no purpose. The snake would not permit it; but he could not

help the jaws of the alligator from cutting him in twain, which he at last did with a tremendous crunch, and then in a very few seconds the "head" was attempted to be swallowed. But, alas! the most promising triumphs are sometimes doomed to disappointment; for the head of the boa stuck in the throat of the alligator, who, after trying to cough a good many times, and turning up his eyes in great agony, and swelling and groaning in all sorts of forms and cadences, succeeded in dashing into the lake, and immediately disappeared, leaving the tail to writhe about in the funniest way possible, which it did for a considerable time to the amusement of the beholders, till the Missionary came up with it, and putting a small cord round it, tied it to a tree and soon stopped its wagging.

The circumstance afforded a good deal of merriment; but their merriment was in some degree turned into grief when one of the Africans, whom they had sent a little way on to find a proper place for them to cross over to the other side of the lake, came to tell them that all was broader and broader, and that they could find no better place to cross than that at which they then were, and at which, as was usual with them, they had to swim their horses, two riding on each, as there were but three between the party. To swim over a lake in the face of an alligator—or perhaps in the face of a legion, for there were, no doubt, others beside the gentleman who swallowed the boa—was a thing to be seriously considered and profoundly speculated upon; and while they were so doing, and the Missionary telling them to trust in the Lord for help, the old alligator came up from the bottom of the lake as merry as a lark. He had bolted the head of the snake, and had come up to look for the tail; and very fierce indeed did he

look—the snake seemed to have stirred his blood into a kind of frenzy. He lashed the water with his tail, seemed to snort and whine in savage ferocity, and he *turned* his swivel eyes on the party by *turns*. They were completely out of powder, or they would certainly have had a pop at those swivel eyes, which are, it is said, almost the only vulnerable part of his body above water.

How to get across—that was the question No. 1; how to get rid of the alligator, the question No. 2. The Missionary was a man of peace, and thought persuasion better than force, and that working upon the feelings of the alligator, with a view to tickling up his moral sense and amiability, would be better than gun-work—as they had no guns; so he took down the tail of the snake from the tree to which he had fastened it, and having attached to it an empty potted-meat jar and a bottle of cayenne with the cork out, he boldly threw it towards the jaws of the reptile, who laid hold of it for a moment. After a few tugs and whobblings about in his mouth, for the jar was rather uncomfortable to masticate, he at length got the whole morsel down. But when the hot pepper began to shake itself out of the bottle and to tell upon the animal's stomach, then the unfortunate beast appeared to be excessively uncomfortable. At first he flourished his tail as if he would fain have cracked it over the bosom of the lake; then he cocked it prodigiously, afterwards he dived, then he came up again and wriggled his swivel eye up and down, east and west, north and south; certain summersaults were then performed, and a variety of acrobat feats such as were never played by an alligator before. All present enjoyed the fun, as well they might; but at last they got

tired of laughing, and seeing the monster in a more composed state, they began to think of swimming their horses across the lake to the other side. The Missionary, who was the most plucky of the party, soon got outside his pony, and was going to lead the way in face of the alligator, and had taken his saddle from the back of his beast to carry before him on his neck, as is usual on such occasions, when the blackee called out, "Let me go in first, and see what me can do wid de cabado: me not fear—me trust in Providence." So saying, he put his two-edged dagger between his teeth, and plunged fearlessly into the river. He had not proceeded far, before the Missionary, putting up an inward prayer for preservation, walked his pony into the water, when the alligator immediately turned upon him with the greatest ferocity.

The cayenne in his stomach, now that its intensity of heat had gone off, acted upon the monster in another way, by inspiring him with a most voracious appetite, in spite of the two ends of a boa-constructor and the potted-meat canister. He felt that he could swallow the Missionary, horse and all; and as soon as the latter was partially down in the water, he sprang suddenly at him and made a snap at him with that double-hinged jaw of his. The Missionary saw him coming, and not liking to be swallowed, just as his enemy opened his capacious mouth, he took the opportunity of pitching his saddle and all its appurtenances into it. This was a choker: the alligator tried to bolt it, but one of the stirrups of the saddle had hooked on to the tip of his nose; deglutition was impossible; the saddle and the other stirrup were pulled up when half down, and the creature was fairly bothered. At this particular and "critical junction of affairs,"

Blackee was not idle. He took advantage of the "complicated nature of things," and swimming direct to the object of his attack, and diving as he got towards him, succeeded in driving home his dagger exactly under the armpit of his enemy, the only vulnerable point about him, except his eye, and made him quiver with a deadly convulsion. A hoarse grunt and a tremendous splash showed the blow was mortal, for the ferocious beast sank beneath the water to rise no more. Proud of his achievement, and scorning the assistance of the Missionary, who offered to help him out of the water, he waved his bloody dagger in the air, exclaiming as he did so, "Is there no other about here?" and then turning, he swam leisurely across the lake, calling out, "Follow me! I will protect you from all the cabado in the world."

After this fun and exploit, the party soon passed over to the other side of the lake without further incident. The Missionary, however, regretted exceedingly the loss of his saddle. Blackee immediately volunteered to go back and fetch it. He was a wonderful diver, but it was thought hardly fair to put him to the task. The poor fellow would take no denial; his steam was thoroughly up, and off he swam. He was seen to dive when he got to the spot at which the rencontre took place. The water was seen to whirl and bubble for a while; at last Blackee was observed coming out of the lake in the perpendicular attitude of man, tugging something after him. It was the dead alligator; he had him by the nose and the stirrup, and drew him triumphantly to the shore, saddle, boa-constrictor, meat-canister, pepper-bottle, and all. The latter contents of his stomach were left behind, but the saddle and its appurtenances were brought



THE "TENDER SQUEEZE."

to the Missionary, who glorified the black exceedingly, and called him "a man and a brother," and declared that he would evermore advocate the extinction of negro slavery, and show to the world that ebony was as good as alabaster any day.


A similar story is told of the "tender squeeze" of a boa upon a poor ass, who generally comes in for the worst of it both at home and abroad. An ass had been turned loose upon the herbage of an Indian dingle, and strayed, as asses are wont to stray, from the paths of safety to those of danger. He was regaling himself on the forbidden fruit of an Eve's apple tree, whose pendant branches brought the aromatic confection to his quivering lip; when, just as he was taking the first mouthful, the boa descended—and a great bore it was—and whipping his flexible body round that of poor Neddy, he began to squeeze him with the whole of his constrictive power. Neddy at once let out one of those musical "fuges" for which he is so celebrated. The unusual noise startled the boa, who relaxed for a moment his portentous grip. During the moment of relaxation, Neddy made a bolt, and the serpent "belayed his coil" for a more sapient beast with a less musical voice.



A SPIRT AMONG THE INDIANS;

OR,

THE STORY OF A NOSE.

T was up one of the rivers of Kentucky that an American frigate was "located" to look out after Confederate parties who used to cross Buggins's Creek, and then make a raid over the adjacent country, and take off the goods of the "stores" in the villages, such as candles and soap, tea, sugar, treacle, saltpetre, and other chandler's shop productions. To prevent these raids, the "Jasper" always kept her guns loaded and her men under arms; beside which, she generally had a boat or two on cruise among the creeks up and down the river. One of these boats was put under the charge of "Callabob Bill," as he was called—a real Kentuckian, a precious clean-shaver, who felt as much delight in knocking over a red Indian as your Suffolk squirelings do in knocking down pheasants.

Callabob Bill had the charge of a four-oared boat, and having rowed up Shingleferry, as a narrow creek was called,



CALLAPOB BILL AND THE INDIAN.

told his men to hold on while he went and had a day's sport among the partridges near the Indians. So he took a leg of pork out of the locker, a bottle of Chickergong brandy and a log of bread, and told the rowers to amuse themselves with these while he went for an hour's sporting.

He also took with him an old blunderbuss in lieu of a fowling-piece, and darting through the bush, was soon lost to sight. He had a mortal spite against the Indians, seeing that one of them had kidnapped him when a boy, and had very nearly roasted him, scourging him beforehand like a sucking pig for the purpose of rendering him, as they told him, insensible to pain: that is, they made him go through the process of hardening, which, although it may not be much to a wild Indian who is bred and born to it, is a great deal to an American who has been brought up tenderly, with a wooden spoon, or perhaps a pap-bottle, and who was rocked in a cradle and fed on tops and bottoms. So it was that he vowed to spill the blood of the Indians whenever he could, because they had so often phlebotomized him.

He had not got far through the bush, when all at once, just as he was coming from behind a hickory tree, he saw a tall, ferocious Indian with a rifle in his hand, which he was in the act of cocking at poor Bill. He thought the Indian looked like a settler, and shrank back instinctively. The Indian fired, and a couple of deer-shot passed through the flap of the broad-crowned hat that he wore; while a few small shot, with which the gun had been charged by way of variety, peppered poor Bill sadly over the nose, which immediately puffed up like a puff adder and bled as much as it could.

It was most mortifying to Bill, was this nose touch; for it

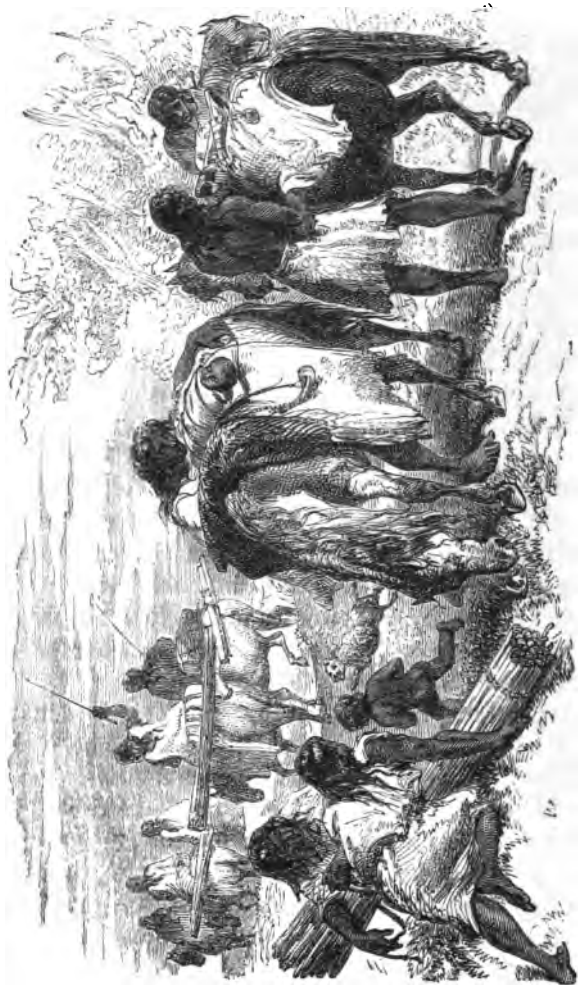


AN INDIAN PRAIRIE.

very soon became almost as large as a three-pound black pudding, and very much of the same colour. Bill was savage as the lion roaring for her cubs; he felt, as he said, all over him a small dash of rattlesnake; so he up with his blunderbuss, which was loaded with a great variety of unaccountable things, and fired right into the rear of the Indian, which made him kick capers and dance like a bear in a circus, or a parched pea in a hot shovel.

Bill's nose grew bigger and bigger, and blacker and blacker. He could, however, just manage to see on each side of it, and he could feel its existence, from the intense pain it gave him—of such a kind as one might suppose a roasted potato might feel had it any sensation like a nose. It spurred him on his enterprise. How bad to be spurred on by a nose, and to feel that nose growing bigger and bigger! If it grew much bigger, Bill could not see to take aim at his enemies. The thought was too horrible to entertain, and he tried to dash it from his mind. He would have forgotten he had a nose; but the wicked Kentucky ants crowded up his clothes by thousands and began to settle on his nose—a rare *bonne-bouche* was it to them, and its warmth was delicious.

Bill kept wiping his nose, but to no purpose; the ants would come on and on. "The cry was still, They come." It was impossible to continue sporting with such a nose—what could he do? He at last thought of an expedient—he rubbed it with gunpowder. The ants were done; but the gunpowder made his nose as a fiery scorpion, and made Bill to dance worse than he had made the Indian. After about a quarter of an hour's torment, the pain abated, and the nose got hardened; but it turned as blue as the bluest blue bag that was ever imported from old indigo of Leadenhall.



INDIAN BAGGAGE.

Bill resolved to be revenged, and having again loaded his blunderbuss, he started off to have a few shots at the Indians only for the sport of the thing. He soon got upon the verge of the prairies, where he beheld thousands of Indians on horseback, scampering along like so many wild demons. He crept down behind a bit of a rock, and fired into them right and left; and they flew past him terribly astonished and miserably mauled.

Before they could come up to the place from which he had fired, Bill had moved again into the bush; and here he poked about among the "tye-tye,"—that is, the big bind-weed that grew thick and close among the trees,—every now and then poking his face between the clustering leaves to see what he could see. While in the act of taking a good sight with his nose protruding through the green, a wild cat perched on a fir branch just before it, took it for an American blue-bird, and pounced upon it for her prey; and before Bill could get it away from cover, she had wounded it most severely.

"Oh! my nose!" said he, with a very bad oath. The cat swore, too, after the manner of cats, and swelled her tail as big as Bill's nose; for she was under the flavour of the gunpowder, and sputtered terribly.

At the rear of the cavalcade of horse into which Bill had fired, came the baggage—that is, the wives of the community, and their incumbrances—that is, the babies. Bill did not like to fire into the women and children, but he had a great desire for a popoose (a baby), and he determined to steal one to give to his grandmother, who had often said she should like to experimentalise on one, to see if she could make it a Swedenborgian, which she herself was. So Bill, seeing a little

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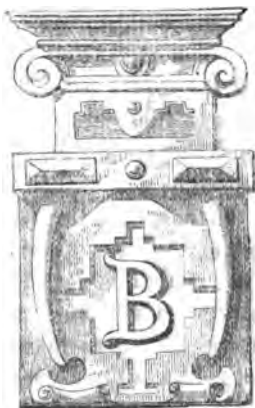


CALLABOB HILL AND THE POPOOSE.

popoose lying by itself close to a log, rose from his covert and made off with it before the Indians missed it. He clasped the dear innocent of six months close to his bosom, and was running off as quick as his legs could carry him; but the little wretch grasped his nose fiercely, being used to hanging on by its prehensiles; it stuck its claws into it, and broke up its induration, and set it bleeding, and Bill saying a lot of naughty words. At the same moment the Indians missed the child, and, with sharp knives in their hands, set off after Bill most furiously. Bill ran; the child screamed, and held on by the unfortunate nose. The men from the boat saw the danger of Bill, and pulled towards him. The Indians got nearer and nearer. Bill took to the water; the Indians got closer and closer. Making a desperate effort, the sailor snatched the popoose from his proboscis and dashed it down. The little wretch never let go the nose till the last moment, and when it fell in the water, carried the greater part of it away. And so it was that Bill Callabob lost his nasal organ, and never went Indian-shooting again, but was content to nurse the place from which the nose was taken, and remained to the day of his death like a blue-nosed baboon, with his nose unshipped; which was, no doubt, a wise judgment upon him for trying to steal a poor little Indian piccaninny.



A STORY OF THREE DOGS.



DOGS WILL BE BOYS, is an old saying, and "Dogs will be dogs" is no less true. They have their feelings as well as boys. They are apt to be very playful, like boys, and also very quarrelsome, as boys often are. They have noble and generous qualities, which boys often have; they have also their likings and dislikings: with many other qualities of mind and heart, supposing them to have minds and hearts, just after the manner both of boys and men.

After this prologue comes my story. There were once three dogs, who lived in one family—three young dogs—pups they were, of somewhat different breeds, but they were kept all together in the stable-yard, and they were very happy together. They lay on the same bed, eat from the same dish, and in every way shared things in common. They grew up; but as they grew up, their natures began to develop. Bruno grew into a good stable dog, and Rollo into a good sporting dog; while Carlo, who was the most ill-looking of





THE THREE DOGS.

Drawn by Birket Foster.

the three while a pup, as he grew a bigger dog, although he was never very big, turned out a very beautiful fellow, with long curly hair, a noble pair of flap ears, an elegant brush tail, with other charms to match.

I dare say these three dogs might have gone on in a very amiable manner for a long time; for the more they lived together, the better they seemed to agree. But, alas! the apple of discord was soon thrown among them. Carlo, from his growing so handsome, was taken a great deal of notice of,—admired, patted, and, what was worse, got petted. He was allowed to go into the house, and young Master Tallboy taught him a number of funny tricks, such as to stand upon his hind legs, jump over a stick, and hold bread upon his nose till the word “ten” was pronounced. He took him out, too, for rambles, and placed him by his side on the dog-cart, and in every way made a complete pet of him.

Carlo having been thus treated, felt a great coolness towards the other dogs: his coolness ripened, if coolness can ripen, into indifference; and indifference ripened into contempt, and contempt into scorn. He wondered that he could ever have associated with the other dogs. He felt that he was an aristocratic dog, while they were only plebeian dogs; and so, to show his contempt and scorn, he turned up his nose at them. He would not play with them, nor feed with them, nor lie with them. He now played, fed, and slept in the parlour.

Bruno and Bollo, although they were fat dogs, felt this conduct of Carlo, and the more because when they used to go up to him in a friendly manner, he was not content with treating them with contempt, but he used to snarl at them, and sometimes snap at them, even if they only looked at him.

The two dogs bore this treatment for some time ; at last they came to the conclusion that Master Carlo was too big for his jacket. He was getting very fat ; and the fatter he got, the more surly he got. He got fatter and fatter every day, so that at last he began to be an incumbrance to himself.

"Who is going to be snarled and snuffed at by a fat, waddling beast like that?" thought Bruno ; "He is nothing more than a moving mass of disagreeable obesity," thought Rollo : for dogs can think, if they cannot speak. "If he snaps at me again," thought Bruno, "I will snap at him ;" "If he bites me," thought Rollo, "I will bite him again."

Now it so happened that one day, after Master Carlo had been for a ride with his young master upon the dog-cart, entering the stable-yard, Bruno and Rollo, wishing to show a little love to their young master, began, after the manner of dogs, to fondle round his legs ; whereupon Carlo flew upon Rollo, and bit him on the ear. Of course Rollo turned upon him, and then Bruno fell upon him too. Master Tallboy lashed Carlo with his whip to pacify him, while the stable-man belaboured at the dogs with a pitchfork to part them, and having no very elevated opinion of Carlo, for he had seen and noticed his stuck-upishness, took good care to give him a plentiful share of the cudgelling.

The combatans were at last separated. Carlo's beautiful ears hung in ribands, his tail was in tatters, his face and eyes woefully scratched, and the whole of his beauty spoiled ; and, what was worse, one of his hind legs had been snapped in two by Bruno.

He was taken from the fray, howling pitifully, and shrunk up like a piece of parchment. It was a sad day for him, but

it taught him a lesson which it will not be amiss for even boys to learn. The lesson is this:—Should you by any chance ever attain to an elevated position by the caprices of fortune, do not stick yourself up offensively above your neighbours, and particularly above your old friends and acquaintances; for if you do, you will be sure to suffer the pangs of ill-will, insult, and mortification.



BEARS AND BEAR-HUNTING.



EARS, of all the animals in the world, afford more real sport and fun than any other animal. Monkeys are funny; goats are funny; donkeys are funny: racoon-shooting is pleasant; fox-hunting is pleasant; deer-stalking is interesting; tiger-hunting is terrible; and lion-hunting sublime. But a bear-hunt is all of these, with a bit extra, put together; so we must

have a say about the Bears.

They are a numerous fraternity. There is the Bear genera, *Ursus*; then we have your common Brown Bear, the Black Bear, the Grisly Bear, the White or Polar Bear, the Malay Bear, the Juggler Bear, the Thibet Bear, the Sloth Bear, the Spectacled Bear, the Syrian Bear, the Bornean Bear, and others. To go further in the list there would be no bearing it; but I might mention the Dancing Bear—the poor beast who is led by the nose by some Savoyard through the



streets of London, and who generally has a disagreeable monkey on his shoulders, the whole presenting a picture of hideous and comical misery truly odd ; especially when we think of the poor bear being taught to dance on a hot iron, and the monkey to play his tricks by the aid of cudgel ; and which shows the superiority of man over the brute creation.

Bears are also very odd animals in other ways. They are more vegetable than animal feeders. If you look at their mouths, they do not seem quite so formidable as those of lions, tigers, and the like. They do not look all carnivorous, nor are they ; for bears will eat fruit, roots, honey, bread, cheese, butter, cherries, strawberries, pine-apples, figs, and no one knows what besides : and, like man, they have no objection now and then to a bit of fish, a sucking-pig, or a nice little duck, which they "bolt" whole very frequently. It is funny to see them climb the trees after honey, when they get stung by the bees in such a manner that they tumble down headlong.

The American Black Bear is a very ugly customer, although his chief food seems to be of a vegetable nature. He has an appetite for pork, however, and occasionally makes a visit to the farmer's hog-sty for the purpose of cultivating acquaintance with the grunting inhabitants. Some years ago, one of our nearest neighbours was aroused by the sight of a commotion in the hog-pen. Suspecting the cause, he jumped up immediately, took his gun, and saw a bear in the act of getting over the fence with a fine pig embraced very lovingly in his fore-paws. The man fired, while his wife held the light, and killed the intruder. At another time, a couple of men had lit a fire on a stone close to the banks of a river, where they



had been killing a hog, which they wanted to singe. Just as they had set light to the fire, their attention was aroused by a splash in the water at no great distance; and looking a little down the river, they saw a big beast of a she-bear swimming towards them, with her two cubs, nearly half-grown, waiting patiently for her return, and sniffing up the wind with their noses; their chops, no doubt, watering all the time, owing to the smell of the hog's blood, the scent of which was wafted to them down the stream. The old bear came on for a short distance, and then looked behind her at the cubs, to see if they were "all right," I suppose. She then swam towards us again, sniffing the air, and distinguishing keenly, I have no doubt, the smell of the pigs, notwithstanding the smoke. One of the fellows, Jack Dament, was dreadfully alarmed at the approach of the bear, and wanted to leave the hog to its fate, arguing that, as he was dead, the bear could not hurt him, and might them, as they had no guns to defend themselves. The other lad said that, while sticks and stones existed, he would never be done by a bear, and immediately rushed towards her, giving her, as she attempted to rise from the water, a tap on the nose. The beast, however, did not mind a tap on the nose from a bit of a stick, and soon made her way out of the stream, when both the lads retreated behind the fire, while Mrs. Bear sat upon her haunches in a very cool and comfortable manner, watching the blaze, as if she knew that it would go out and that "park would be in," she having been at a "singeing match" before. Jack suggested the plan of running off with the hog while the bear was watching the fire; but Jim, his fellow "hunner," said he would much rather go and play "baste the bear" with the old reptile, as

he called her, in front of him ; so he plucked a brand from the fire, and telling Jack to stand by and look out for *squalls*, supposing he might get a tender embrace from the bear, he rushed at the beast, who immediately raised herself on her hind legs, looking desperately fierce and determined : but Jim did not care—he was determined also to give her a rule of “fiery faces,” as he called it, meaning “*feri facias*.” Jim had been a little while in the law, and was a little bit of a Low Latinist ; and so, without any “demurrer,” he went boldly up to his enemy, and tried to stick the burning brand into her open mouth ; whereupon the bear, having her jaws burnt in this impudent sort of way, immediately sprang upon Jim with an “attachment” truly gripping ; and she squeezed, and he squeezed. He knocked her about as well as he could with his fists, and she tried to squeeze him flat. They struggled for a while, till at last, when Jim’s breath was nearly squeezed out of him, he endeavoured to get his female antagonist close to the edge of the water, and in they went with a splash and a plunge which aroused the forest from its stillness, and set the two cubs a-roaring. During the encounter, Jack had come forward with his bowie-knife and tried to stick the bear ; but she had knocked him down with a blow of her paw, and was trampling him down under her feet when the water *fête* took place.

I don’t know what would have been the fate of Jim in the stream, for here the bear was getting the mastery ; and the two cubs, too, seeing their respected “parent” in the water, thought it was time to make themselves better acquainted with the particulars of the rencounter, and dashed in to the assistance or annoyance of their dam, as the case

might be. As it turned out, they were an impediment to the contending parties, getting now between the legs of Jim, and then between those of their mamma. The bear was a better water animal than Jim, and what with her griping, and choking, and climbing around him, and trying to suck his breath, he felt all his strength and courage rapidly failing, and would have been overpowered, but just as he was taking his last look upon *terra firma*, a canoe was seen approaching round a turn of the river, in which were two Indians, who, quickly discerning the matter at issue, soon paddled up to the scene of the contest. The elder Indian aimed a mighty blow with his tomahawk at the bear, quickly following it up with another; Jim working away with his fists at the same moment, and glad enough was he to find himself released from her passionate embraces. She soon turned tail, and reached the shore, her cubs following. The Indians immediately made after her, and, with their dogs, were presently upon the bank, to which she had retreated. The old Indian, full of pluck, immediately on reaching the shore with his dogs, made a courageous dash at the game. The bear, with a dash of her paw, brought one of the dogs to the ground, but the other fastened on her from behind. The Indian again gave her a few taps with his tomahawk; but this having slipped from his hand, he and the bear closed in a death struggle, such as has been rarely beheld. But help was at hand: the other Indian now came up, and while the two were engaged in their desperate embrace, he made such a desperate blow at Mrs. Bruin as was a settler, for she fell down dead, leaving two infant bears to lament her sad loss, and to be taken possession of by Jim and the Indians, which

they did in a very short time ; and they afforded many a meal to the latter, who thought young bears very good eating.

So much for American blacks. The Polar Bear is also worthy a short notice. He is a big beast, and is possessed



of immense strength and fierceness, which he exercises on the shores of Hudson's Bay, Greenland, Spitzbergen, and other high northern latitudes. He is a famous fellow for hunting the seal. The bear, on seeing his prey, gets quickly into the

water, and swims until he gets to leeward of the seal, from whence, by frequent short dives, he silently makes his approach, and so arranges his distance that at the last dive he comes to a spot where the seal is lying. If the poor animal attempts to escape by rolling into the water, he falls into the bear's clutches; if, on the contrary, he lie still, his destroyer makes a powerful spring, kills him on the ice, and devours him at his leisure.

The Malay Bear is also worth a little notice, and when taken young can be easily tamed. Sir Stamford Raffles possessed a young one, of whom he speaks affectionately. He was brought up in the nursery with his children, "and when admitted to my table," he says, "gave a proof of his taste by refusing to eat any fruit but mangoes, or to drink any wine but champagne. The only time I ever knew him to be out of humour was on an occasion when no champagne was forthcoming. He was naturally of an affectionate disposition, and it was never found necessary to chain or chastise him. It was usual for the bear, the cat, the dog, and a small blue mountain bird to mess together, and to eat out of the same dish. His favourite playfellow was the dog, whose teases and worryings were always borne with the greatest good-humour. As he grew up, he became a very powerful animal, and in his rambles in the garden he would lay hold of the largest plantain, the stems of which he could easily embrace, and tear them up by the roots."

I don't think my readers can bear any more about bears, and therefore I forbear to say anything further, except to advise this maxim to all who read it : "Bear and forbear."

PIG-STICKING,

A LION AND TIGER FIGHT, AND OTHER EASTERN SPORTS.



WHEN I was in India, I was a young lieutenant, then greener than the greenest fig-tree that ever grew. I had a longing for lions and tigers, and such "small deer." My tent was pitched about twenty miles from a village called Ghoasnord, on the banks of the river Barnasse. I had plenty of servants, as they always have in India, for one man does only one thing. The man, for instance, who lights your pipe would not brush your coat; so you must have a separate man for that. Thus it requires half a tribe of fellows to dress a fellow, to say nothing of dressing his horse and victuals.

When I was in England, I was particularly fond of field sports, and thought fox-hunting and coursing and

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deer-stalking the noblest of all earthly performances; but what is that to hunting tigers and lions and elephants as they do in India? How I longed to shoot lions and tigers, to hunt elephants, angle for alligators and to trap rhinocerii, I shall not attempt to explain. Didn't I fear being clawed to shivers and chawed up to mummy? Not a bit of it: so far from it, I thought there was something highly elevating in the notion: what could be a more honourable sepulchre for a man than the noble lion's interior?—and so I resolved to have sport somehow or other.

Early one morning, just after I had despatched my breakfast—enormous enough for one of the largest of forest beasts,—I interrogated my shikaree as to what prospect of "sport." He told me there was plenty of Hog. I immediately gave directions to get out the horses, and was soon mounted on a favourite Arab that had been at the death of as many hogs as any horse in India; my chaluch sewar riding my second horse with a spare spear; a syce leading a third, and another with my rifle. These, with fourteen coolies or beaters, completed the party. So on we went, full of the hope of pork.

The country was wild and uncultivated, and we beat the bush in all directions without success, moving only a few pigs that were too small to ride after, and my patience and good-humour were rapidly "blowing off," when my shikaree pointed out the pug or track of a large boar: it appeared quite fresh, and I determined to follow it. We proceeded for about a mile, every moment in the hope of arousing him, when, turning the angle of a small cover, we suddenly came upon a dead bullock; about twenty yards to the right of it was another, and not far in advance was the hog we were

pugging. The coolies collected round it, and I heard them repeating the words "Tippo—tippo" (Here is a tiger—lion).



While they were raising these outcries, we heard a most tremendous roaring and howling and squealing behind some

bush a little above us; then a fierce scramble, howling, and tearing; and in a few seconds down came a lion and tiger tooth and nail with each other, just as we see cats fighting upon the pantiles of a house: down they came, tumbling over and over, one mass of blood and dirt. My rifle was soon at my shoulder—I fired; but the beasts kept fighting on as if nothing had happened. I fired again and again, sending my balls quite through them; but they fought away, and never seemed to take the least notice of me or my crew till they both fell dead in each other's bloody embrace.

This was a fine spectacle for a country fair, and I felt very much a hero; but when I came to reflect, I had not much to brag of, and became rather discontented, so I dismounted to take an affectionate look at the creatures I had spoiled the sport of. While I was moralizing upon their unhappy fate, and thinking something about their skins, and of the fireside at Boulge in dear Old England, my shikaree came suddenly upon me, and showed me the fresh track of a huge lion, saying, in very good vernacular English, "Him's a whopper, massa." I seized my rifle—I was always fond of doing that—and after considerable remonstrance from those about me, who had not the same savage relish for lions that I had, I persuaded some of my coolies to follow the track, and taking the lead, forward I went. Before we got far, the footprints multiplied, and we could make out distinctly that there were seven of them. Seven! the identical number seven! the sacred number seven! We thought this ominous, but whether of luck or disaster, we did not know nor care. So on we went, till we tracked them into a tamarisk nullah, or ravine, which ran at right angles to the bed of a river. The tamarisk resembles

the cypress, and is about the height of a man's head, forming a very thick cover, extending over four or five acres. After a short pause, we entered, not knowing but that the next step might throw us into the lion's jaws, and thence into that honourable sepulchre of digestion already alluded to. We, however, beat through without any adventure, and then we discovered they had stolen away : five had taken down the bed of the river, and the others had doubled back into cover, broke higher and made up the bed of the Barnasse. These last I determined upon following. We soon got on the track of one, which appeared by the track to be a very large one, and I made up my mind to have him. We soon tracked him into a small jungle on the edge of the river. I had just entered, when I heard a shout, and running round a bush that intercepted my view, I saw an enormous lioness making off with tremendous bounds. I fired and—missed her,—laying the fault on my rifle, of course. I shouted to my sewer to keep her in sight. He put his horse to speed, and in a short time returned and told me she had taken refuge in a large yellow brake. He guided me to the spot, and I got within thirty yards. She was crouched, glaring on us as we approached. I raised my rifle and fired ; she uttered a prodigious roar and rushed out. I had wounded her on the shoulder, for, as she crossed the bed of the river, she went on three legs. My sewer again followed ; but she turned on and pursued him, roaring terribly. He, however, found no difficulty in getting away, and she retreated and took her stand under a single tree, much resembling our thorn, but larger, and called here a bauble tree.

There she stood in full view, appearing almost as large as

a bullock, with her tongue out, lashing her sides with her tail, and roaring most appallingly. I now sent back all my followers, and cocking my rifle, and my own courage at the same time, I steadily approached till within thirty yards, when I gave her my fire. I struck her, I believe, in the abdomen. When she received my shot, she lowered her head and rushed towards me as if mortally wounded, but suddenly, when within ten paces, turned off, and again went down the bed of the river for a short distance, then crossed to the opposite bank and entered a large jungle.

The natives crowded around me, and assured me that she had received her deathblow. I was greatly elated, for I was still very green. I thought her a cowardly, skulking beast, and imagined that I had nothing to do but take possession of my prize. I quickly reloaded; and although the sun was at its meridian, and the heat intense, I still pursued on foot. We now entered the jungle into which we had watched her: it was so thick, I could scarcely see a yard before me. I walked for some time without success; at length one of the coolies exclaimed, "Sahib! Sahib!—hush, hush: do you not hear anything?"

There was a dead silence for a moment, and then I distinctly heard the panting of some huge beast near me. I looked earnestly in the direction, but still I could not see anything. By this time all the coolies had decamped, leaving me alone with my shikaree. "There, Sahib—there, in that bush!" I now caught sight of her, sitting up like a dog with her tongue out and glaring upon us. I raised my rifle; but my hand shook so from the excitement and the extreme heat and exertion, that I felt certain that I should miss. I

lowered it, and turning to my shikaree, told him he must shoot her. He was a capital shot—I had seen him break a bottle at 100 yards with a ball. “No! no! Sahib, me not shoot; me afraid me not hit her.” I threatened to shoot *him* if he hesitated, putting the rifle into his hands; and in order to give him confidence, I advanced forward a little to his left. He fired and missed, threw down the rifle and fled. The moment the enraged beast heard the report, she rushed out. For a second I paused, and then turned and ran for my life. It was a heavy sand, and I had on spurs and gaiters. I could not have run far before I heard her roaring behind me, and I then began to wish I had left the lions alone. I cast a look back: she was within a few yards. I thought of my mother. I screamed; I attempted to dodge; my courage evaporated—my legs failed me; she sprang and dashed me to the earth. The first blow must have been certain death, but her leg being broken, she could not strike. She seized me by the lower part of the back. I then felt what a poor mouse feels when in the jaws of a cat, and which I had often seen and thought good fun. She gave me a shake, as if she would shake all the bran—that is, courage—out of me; but there was none to shake, so she shook me again, and then disdainfully threw me on the ground. After a pause, she suddenly caught hold of me by the left arm, mumbling and biting it. The agony was so intense, that I threw up my right arm and caught her by the ear. She quitted her hold, and seized my wrist. I inwardly prayed for death, and thought of the many sins of my youth, which seemed like a flash of fire on my brain. Apparently exhausted, she now crouched at full length, her tongue out, panting like a tired hound, glaring me full in the

face; and so we lay looking at each other for some time, till at last I saw her eyeglaze, become suddenly dim—her head fell down, and she was a corpse.

Some of my people now came up, with my shikaree, and gathered me up. I was a mass of laceration; but after being got to the encampment and strapped together in about a hundred places, I recovered. But, alas! I shall never forget the horrible scene. It was my first attempt upon a lion, and I took care it should be my last; and I contented myself with the less honourable but more profitable and humorous sport of pig-sticking, all the time I remained in India.



WILD SPORTS OF THE WESTERN WATERS.



AD sports are going on in the Western waters at the present moment. Our brave brothers the Americans are beating each other to pieces ; hunting, shooting, sacrificing, waylaying, blowing up, bombarding, sinking, and destroying each other ;—to illustrate, I suppose, the heavenly maxim of Christianity, that “those who take to the sword shall perish by the sword.” To my thinking,

the people, whether North or South, if they wanted sport, had much better have kept to the wild sports of the river and lake, the forest and prairies, such as I am about to describe.

Most of us know of the beauty and grandeur of the American lakes, forests, and gigantic plains, the haunts of the

eagle, the deer, the fox, the wolf, and other *sublime* animals, as the French call them. As to deer, they seem to grow more abundant than at the first settlement of the country. The reason of this appears to be, that they find protection in the neighbourhood of man from the beasts of prey that assail them in the wilderness, and from whose attacks their young can with difficulty escape. They suffer most from the wolves, who hunt in packs like hounds, and who seldom give up the chase until a deer is taken. We have often sat on a moonlight summer night at the door of a log cabin, in one of our prairies, and heard the wolves in full chase of a deer yelling very nearly in the same manner as a pack of hounds. Sometimes the cry would be heard at a great distance over the plain, then it would die away and be distinguished at a nearer point and in another direction. Now the full cry would burst upon us from a neighbouring thicket, and we could almost hear the sobs of the exhausted deer. Ay! my young friends, it is a sad thing to hear the sobs of a poor run-down deer! We have passed whole nights in listening to such sounds; and once we saw a deer dart through the yard and immediately pass the door at which we sat, followed by her reckless pursuers, who were but a few yards in the rear.

Immense numbers of deer are killed every year by our hunters, who take them for their hams and skins alone. There are several ways of hunting deer, all of which are extremely simple. Most frequently the hunter proceeds to the woods on horseback in the daytime, selecting particularly certain hours which are thought to be most favourable. It is said that during the season when the pastures are green, this animal rises from his lair precisely at the rising of the moon,

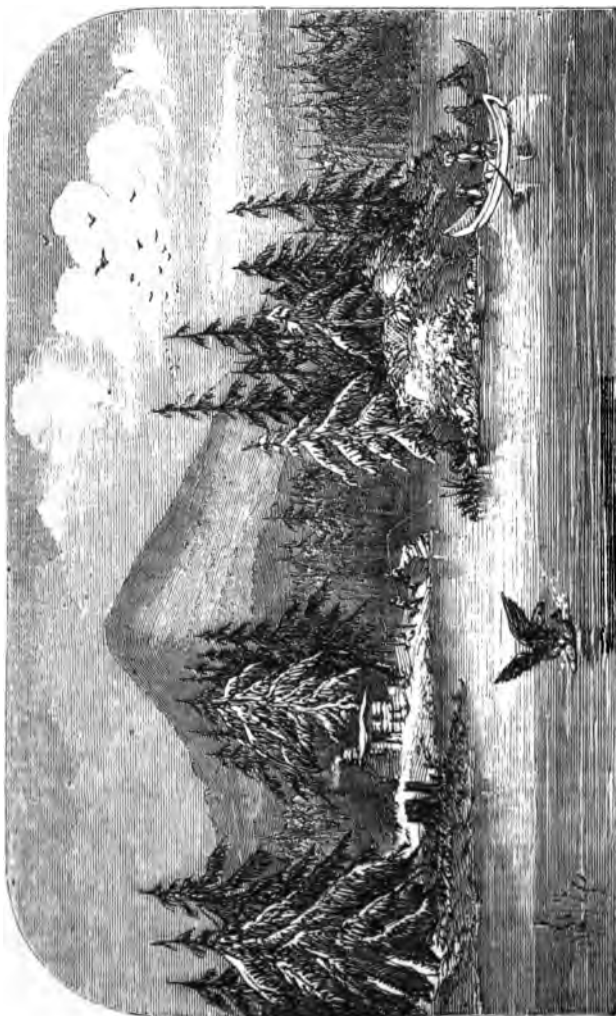


SEARCHING FOR SPORT.

whether in the day or night; and I suppose the fact to be so, because of the testimony of experienced hunters. If it be true, it is certainly a curious display of animal instinct. This hour is, therefore, always kept in view by the hunter as he rides slowly through the forest with his rifle on his shoulder, while his keen eye penetrates the surrounding glades. On beholding a deer, the hunter slides from his horse, and while the deer is observing the latter, creeps upon him, keeping the longest trees between himself and the object of pursuit, until he gets near enough to fire. An expert woodsman never fails to hit his game.

It is extremely dangerous to approach a wounded deer. Timid and harmless as this animal is at other times, he no sooner finds himself deprived of the power of flight, than he becomes furious, and rushes upon his enemy, making desperate plunges with his sharp horns, and striking and trampling furiously with his fore-legs, which being extremely muscular, and armed with sharp hoofs, are capable of inflicting very severe wounds. Aware of this circumstance, the hunter "takes care of what he is about," and either secures his prey by a second shot where the first has been but partially successful, or, as is more frequently the case, causes his dog to seize the wounded animal, while he watches his opportunity to stab him with his hunting-knife. Sometimes, when a noble buck is the victim, and the hunter is impatient or inexperienced, terrible conflicts ensue on such occasions.

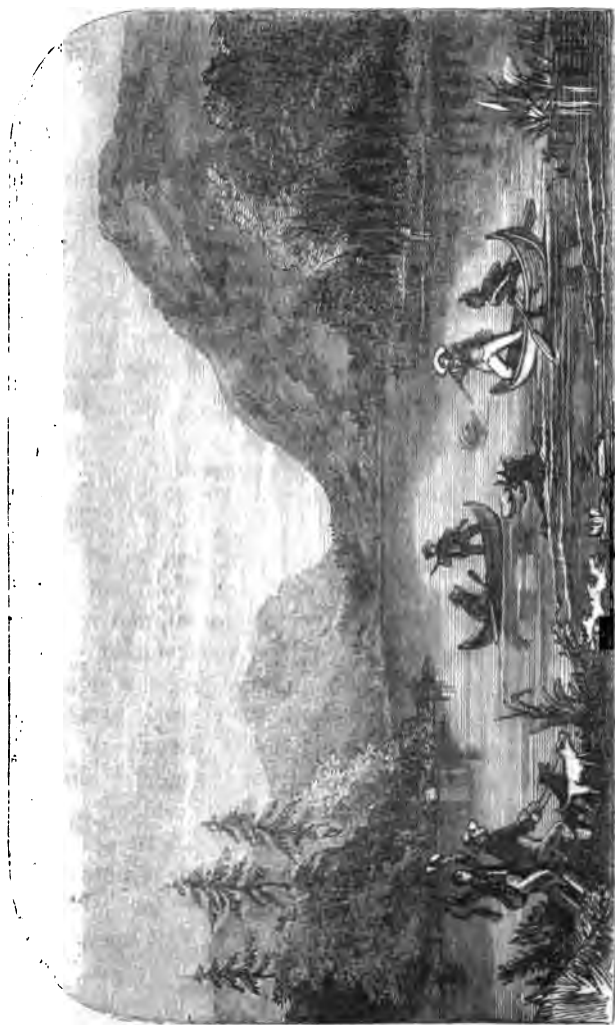
Another mode of attacking the deer, is to watch at night in the neighbourhood of what are called the "salt licks." These are spots where the earth is impregnated with saline particles, or where the salt water oozes through the soil.



WATCHING AT THE "SALT LICKS."

Deer and other grazing animals frequent such spots, and remain for hours licking the earth. The hunter secretes himself here, either in the thick top of a tree, or most generally in a screen erected for the purpose, and artfully concealed, like a masked battery, with logs or green boughs. This practice is pursued only in the summer, or early in the autumn, on cloudless nights, when the moon shines brilliantly and objects may be easily discovered. At the rising of the moon, or shortly afterwards, the deer having risen from their beds, approach the "lick." Such places are generally bare of timber, but surrounded by it; and as the animal is about to emerge from the shade into the clear moonlight, he stops, looks cautiously around, and sniffs the air. Then he advances a few steps, and stops again, smells the ground, or raises his expanded nostrils, as if he "snuffed the approach of danger in every tainted breeze." The hunter sits motionless, and almost breathless, waiting till the animal shall get within rifle-shot, when he fires with an unerring aim.

Another method of catching or killing deer is by a method called "driving," and is only practised in those parts of the country where this kind of game is scarce, and where hunting is pursued as an amusement. A large party is made up, and the hunters ride forward with their dogs. The hunting-ground is selected, and as it is pretty well known what tracts are usually taken by the deer when started, an individual is placed at each of those passages to intercept the retreating animal. The scene of action being in some measure surrounded, small parties advance with the dogs in different directions, and the startled deer, in flying, generally fly by some of the parties who are concealed, and who fire at them as they pass.



DEER HUNTING AT THE LAKES.

But the most exciting part of the sport of deer-hunting is in the neighbourhood of the lakes, when the animal takes to the water. Here the hunters call the Indians and their canoes to their assistance. Leaping into the latter, they follow the deer into the middle of the lake. He swims bravely. They fire at him: he is wounded; he turns to bay at the boat, and urges his broad antlers against its side. Again he is fired at, or his head is beaten with the butt end of the rifle; the dogs from the shore are let at him—he is surrounded on all sides; but he swims for his life, till a well-directed ball strikes him on the head, or just above the shoulder, partially out of the water. He makes a plunge—a struggle, and turns up dead.

HOW THE WOLVES ARE “DONE FOR.”

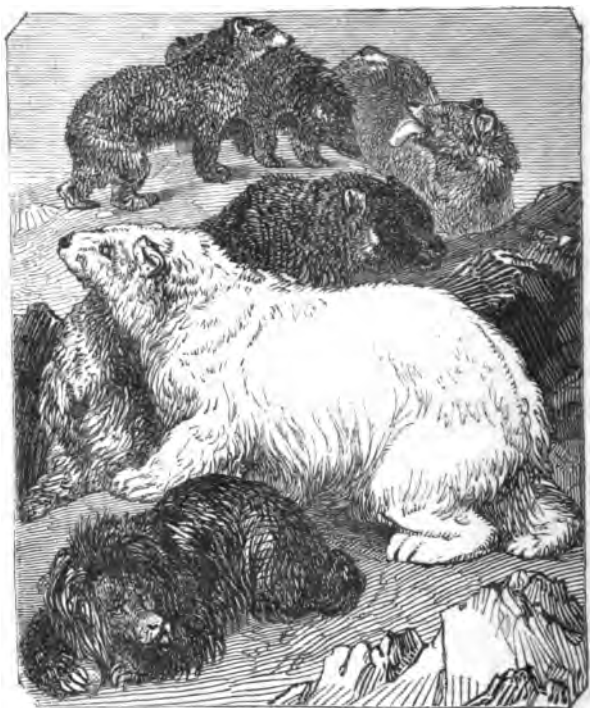
Wolves are very numerous in the deer districts. There are two kinds—the common or Black Wolf, and the Prairie Wolf. The former is a large, fierce animal, and very destructive to sheep, pigs, calves, poultry, and even to young colts and old donkeys. They hunt in large packs, and after using every stratagem to circumvent their prey, attack it with remarkable ferocity. Like the Indian, they always endeavour to surprise their victims, and strike the mortal blow without exposing themselves to danger. They seldom attack man, except when asleep or wounded. The largest animals, when wounded, entangled, or otherwise clutched, become their prey; but, in general, they only attack such as are incapable of resistance. They have been known to lie in wait upon the banks

of a stream which the buffaloes were in the habit of crossing, and when one of those unwieldy animals was so unfortunate as to sink in the mire, suddenly spring upon it and worry it to death. Their most common prey is the deer, which they hunt regularly, but all defenceless animals are alike acceptable to their ravenous appetites. When tempted by hunger, they approach the farm-houses in the night, and watch their prey from under the very eye of the farmer; and when the latter is absent with his dogs, the wolf is sometimes seen by the females lurking about at mid-day.

Of the very few instances of their attacking human beings, of which I have heard, the following may give some idea of their habits:—In very early times, a negro man was passing during the night in the lower part of Kentucky from one settlement to another. The distance was several miles, and the country over which he travelled quite unsettled. In the morning his carcass was found entirely stripped of flesh. Near it lay his axe, covered with blood; and all around the bushes were beaten down, the ground trodden, and the number of foot-tracks so great as to show that the unfortunate victim had fought long and manfully. On following his track, it appeared that the wolves had pursued him for a considerable distance, and that he had often turned upon them and driven them back. Several times they had been repelled, as appeared by the blood and marks on the ground. He had killed some of them before the final onset, and in the last conflict had destroyed several. His axe was his only weapon.

It is no wonder, then, that wolf-hunting is a capital sport. There is something more manly in it than in deer-hunting; for the wolf is the common enemy of man. Parties of men

therefore, unite together for wolf-hunting, attended by any number of dogs who know the sport; and away they go to the wildest places, especially those abounding in rocks or



THE WHITE BEAR.

cliffs, for it is in such spots that the wolves have their lairs. Some years ago, the American Government, to exterminate

the wolves, offered a reward of so much for every wolf's head or scalp. The consequence was, that numerous wolf-hunting clubs were formed; and the number of scalps sent in were so great, that the price had to be lowered to more than a quarter of the original sum allowed for them. It is said that one man alone—one Jack Potter—sent to pot more than 300 wolves in one year. Wolves are cowardly when attacked, but sometimes sally forth from their holes and turn over the dogs sent after them in a very clever manner.

But, after all, a day's or a week's fishing in the American lakes is a sport more agreeable to my mind. The beauty of the scenery, the breadth of the waters, the shadows of the mountains, the glorious sun-risings and sun-settings, the certainty of sport, and the delightful society of men that fish, compared with that of the men who hunt, is agreeable in the extreme, to men of quiet moods and manners. In these aquatic delights, too, the greatest ornaments of creation often join—i.e., the "ladies," who are exceedingly successful with the line and rod.

Imagine a party now issuing from some American lawn, not a great distance from a noble lake, fringed all around by the American firs, larches, or pines, with a mountain or two rising in the distance. Listen to the cries of the fishing eagle, as he hovers over the waters, engaged in the same occupation as yourself,—now swooping down, and now soaring upwards, with a fish in his claws, triumphantly. This is all delightful; and, added to it, to find that you yourself are in for sport, and that your friends and companions are in for sport also, and that the ladies are in ecstasies with their catch, is a state of things in every way agreeable. This is followed

up by a pic-nic at the log-house, the broiling of fish on the coals, the opening of cordials, and the hearty revelry of free spirits in the pure air of the sparkling waters, and perhaps of your champagne—for even that is to be found in the lakes and forests of the far West,—and your bliss is complete.

If we go up the streams that lead to the lakes, there is more fun, for you have American salmon there,—for so they call them, although the fish they call so is not a salmon proper. Tickling them is good sport. You go to a stony shallow at night, a companion bearing a torch; then stripping to the thighs and shoulders, wade in; grope with your hands under the stones, sods, and other harbourers, till you find your game; then grip him in your knees, and toss him ashore.

I remember, when a boy, going with a servant of my family, named Sam Whisk. Sam was an able young fellow, well learned and willing, a hard-headed cudgel-player, a marvellous tough wrestler,—for he had a back-bone like a sea-serpent. This gained him the name of the *Twister* and *Twiner*. He had got into the river with his back to me, was stooping over a broad stone, when something bolted from under the bank on which I stood, right through his legs. Sam fell with a great slap and splash upon his face, but, in falling, jammed whatever it was against the stone. “Let go, Twister!” said I; “’tis an otter,—he will snap a finger off you.” “Whist!” sputtered he, as he slid his hand under the water; “may I never read a text again, if he ain’t a sammont with a shoulder like a hog.” “Grip him by the gills, Twister!” I cried. “Saul will I,” he replied. But just then there was a heave, a roll, a splash, and a slap like a pistol-shot: down went Sam, and up went the salmon, spun, like a halfpenny

at pitch-and-toss, six feet in the air. But Sam jumped to his legs and feet, and away they went through cross-buttocks and capsizes innumerable, now head over heels, and now heels over head, the salmon slapping the stones with his tail, and whisking the spray from his shoulders at every roll, till at last I managed to throw the noose of a line over both, and kept them fighting till they had tired each other out and the fish gave up the ghost.



ANIMALS IN ARMOUR.

ANTS, ANT-EATERS, AND ANT-EATING.



N days gone by, men used to fight in armour. They had various descriptions of mail, as it was called. Some of it consisted of a series of links united together, called "chain mail," such as the Normans wore. After this followed "scale mail;" then this gave way to "plated mail," in which a man was sheathed after the fashion of a lobster. After this, men were padded; and now the horse-soldiers, such as the Life Guards, have breast-plates of steel, which look very fine.

The old animals, however, were long before men in having armour for their defence. Tortoises and turtles, crabs and lobsters, oysters, and, indeed, most of the crustacea and shellfish, may be said to wear armour. Then we come to amphibious animals, such as crocodiles and alligators, who wear a kind of armour. But the armour beast *per se* is the Armadillo, who is completely encased in a coat of mail, and cannot be easily torn to pieces by claws, or gnawed to pieces by jaws, and is equally secure from being swallowed whole.

These animals belong to the order Edentata, or toothless animals, like the hedgehogs. Their covering consists of a complete coat of armour, having a triangular or oval plate at the top of the head by way of a helmet, a large buckler over the shoulders, and a similar one over the haunches; while between these solid portions there intervenes a series of transverse bands, ranged in such a manner that the animal can turn and twist his body. The tail also is covered by a series of rings, and the whole animal may be said to be armed to the teeth; but, unfortunately, some of the species have none: as a compensation, some have the faculty of rolling themselves up into a ball, after the manner of the sea-louse, in which state he might be taken as a pill, by an elephant or a rhinoceros, when "out of sorts."

The Armadillos comprehend many varieties, having names almost as hard as their bodies, and according to the kinds so is their mode of life. Some live in forests, some in low marshy plains, some on dry and almost barren hills. They feed on roots, and when they are so fortunate as to come in contact with fruits or pulse, they do not study their organization, but mumble away at what they can get, and manage to make a meal of what one would think it impossible they could masticate. They will also devour worms, small lizards, ants, and the eggs of birds which build their nests in the ground.

The Armadillo is fond of burrowing, which he performs with wonderful rapidity, so that it is impossible to follow him with a spade, and the hunters are obliged to smoke them out of their dens; as soon as they reach the surface, they roll themselves up into a ball, or something like it, and are easily taken—not swallowed, but captured. After this they are

often roasted in their own shells, which preserves the gravy, and it is said they are delicious eating.



THE ARMADILLO.

The largest of these animals is the Giant Armadillo (*Dasy-
pus gigas*). It is often nearly three feet in length, and his
plates are particularly fine. He is by no means an unpleasing

animal, and he shows both intelligence and sagacity in his habits. He can be easily tamed, and is found in the regions of Paraguay in South America.

Among the Edentata, or toothless animals, is one that stands on the top of the plate, and which made a great noise at the Zoological Gardens a short time ago. It is the Great Ant-eater, in size about the bigness of a Newfoundland dog, and covered with long, coarse, shaggy hair, except the head, where it is short and close. It has a very long and slender head, as you see, and a tremendous black bushy tail, which would form a beautiful ornament for a lady's hat.

This interesting animal, according to its name, lives entirely upon "ants"—not "aunts," as some little boy fancied from hearing his papa name it with the broad *a*, and was consequently, afraid it should eat up his maiden "Aunt Mary." He lives entirely upon ants or pismires, to procure which it opens their hills with its powerful crooked claws, and draws its long flexible tongue, which is covered over with glutinous saliva, lightly over the swarms of insects which flock from all quarters to defend their dwellings. It seems almost incredible that so large and robust an animal can procure sufficient sustenance from ants alone: to look at it, it would seem as if it had really fed on *aunts*. This, however, does not appear strange to those who are acquainted with the tropical parts of America, and who have seen the enormous multitudes of these insects, which swarm in all parts of the country to that degree that their hills often almost touch each other for miles together. The favourite resort of the Great Ant-eaters is the low and swampy savannahs along the banks of rivers and stagnant lakes.

Talking of Ant-eaters, I can't help saying a few words upon the Ants themselves, who are great gormandizers, and hence the Ant-eater is a very useful animal for their extirpation. But the most remarkable circumstance connected with the history of Ants, is the propensity possessed by certain species to kidnap the workers of the other species, and compel them to labour for the benefit of their community, just as white men kidnap and make slaves of black men. The red ants do this with the black ants. The time for capturing slaves extends over a period of about ten weeks, and never commences till the male and female ants are emerging from the pupa state; and thus the ruthless marauders never interfere with the continuators of their species. When the red ants are about to sally forth on their "slaving expedition," they send scouts to ascertain the exact position in which a colony of negroes may be found. These scouts having discovered the object of their search, the main body of the red ants come up and attack the black settlement: a desperate combat ensues; the red ants are victorious, and the "blacks" retreat to the innermost recesses of their habitations: the reds still follow them to the heart of their citadel. In a few minutes each of the invaders emerges, carrying in its mouth the *pupa* of a worker negro, which it has attained in spite of the vigilance of its natural guardian. The red ants now return in perfect order to their nests, bearing with them their living burdens. On reaching their nests, the pupæ appear to be treated precisely as their own, and the workers, when they emerge, perform the various duties of the community with perfect good-will, without any flogging or other barbarous incentives to industry.



MINISTERING ROYALTY;

OR,

THE GREENWOOD SHRIFT.

OUTSTRETCHED beneath the leafy shade
Of Windsor Forest's deepest glade,
A dying woman lay :
Three little children round her stood ;
And there went up from the greenwood
A woeful wail that day.

“ Oh, mother ! ” was the mingled cry,—
“ Oh, mother ! mother ! do not die,
 And leave us all alone.”
“ My blessed babes— ” she tried to say ;
But the faint accents died away
 In a low, sobbing moan.

And then life struggled hard with death,
And fast and strong she drew her breath,
 And up she raised her head ;
And, peering through that deep wood maze,
With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze,
 “ Will he not come ? ” she said.

Just then, the parting boughs between,
A little maid’s light form was seen
 All breathless with her speed ;
And, following close, a man came on—
A portly man to look upon,
 Who held a panting steed.

“ Mother,” the little maiden cried,—
And o’er she reached the woman’s side,
 And kissed her clay-cold cheek,—
“ I have not idled in the town,
But long went wandering up and down,
 The minister to seek.

“ They told me here, they told me there,
I think they mocked me everywhere ;
 And when I found his home,

And begged him on my bended knee
To bring his book and come with me,
Mother! he would not come.

"I told him how you dying lay,
And could not go in peace away
Without the minister ;
I begged him for dear Christ his sake ;
But, oh ! my heart was fit to break,—
Mother ! he would not stir.

"So, though my tears were blinding me,
I ran back fast as fast could be,
To come again to you ;
And here, close by, the Squire I met,
Who asked me then what made me fret ;
And when I told him true,

" 'I'll go with you, my child,' he said ;
' God sends me to the dying bed.'

Mother, he is hard by."
While thus the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye.

And when the dying woman's face
Turned towards him with a wistful gaze,
He stepped to where she lay,
And kneeling down, bent over her,
Saying, " I am a minister,
My sister ; let us pray,"—

And well; for God was in his soul—
He wanted neither book nor stole :
 Into the dying ear
He breathed the love of Christ; the word
Of "life eternal," too, was heard
 In accents full of cheer.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,
In Christ renewed—regenerate ;
 Of God's most blest decree,
That not a single soul should die
Who turns repentant with the cry,
 "Be merciful to me !"

He spoke of trouble, pain and toil,
Endured but for a little while,
 In patience, faith, and love,
Sure in God's own good time to be
Exchanged for an eternity
 Of happiness above.

Then, as the spirit ebb'd away,
He raised his hands and eyes to pray,
 That peaceful it might pass ;
And there the orphans' sobs alone
Were heard, as round they knelt upon
 The dry and withered grass.

Such was the sight their wondering eyes
Beheld, in heart-struck mute surprise,
 Who reined their coursers back,

Just as they found the long-astray
Who in the heat of chase that day
Had wandered from their track.

Back each one reined his pawing steed,
And lighted down as if agreed,
In silence at her side;
And there uncovered all they stood.
It was a wholesome sight and good,
That day, for mortal pride :

For of the noblest of the land
Was that deep-hushed, bare-headed band ;
And central in the ring,
By that dead pauper on the ground,
Her ragged orphans clinging round,
Knelt England's Father King.

And now, though sixty years have flown,
And good King George is dead and gone,
Yet "*charity*" is seen
Going about from door to door
Among the wretched and the poor,
In England's widowed Queen.

There, with the Word of Life outspread
Upon the sick man's dying bed,
She "*ministers*" and prays,
And, like an angel from on high,
Points to a home beyond the sky,
For those that pass away.

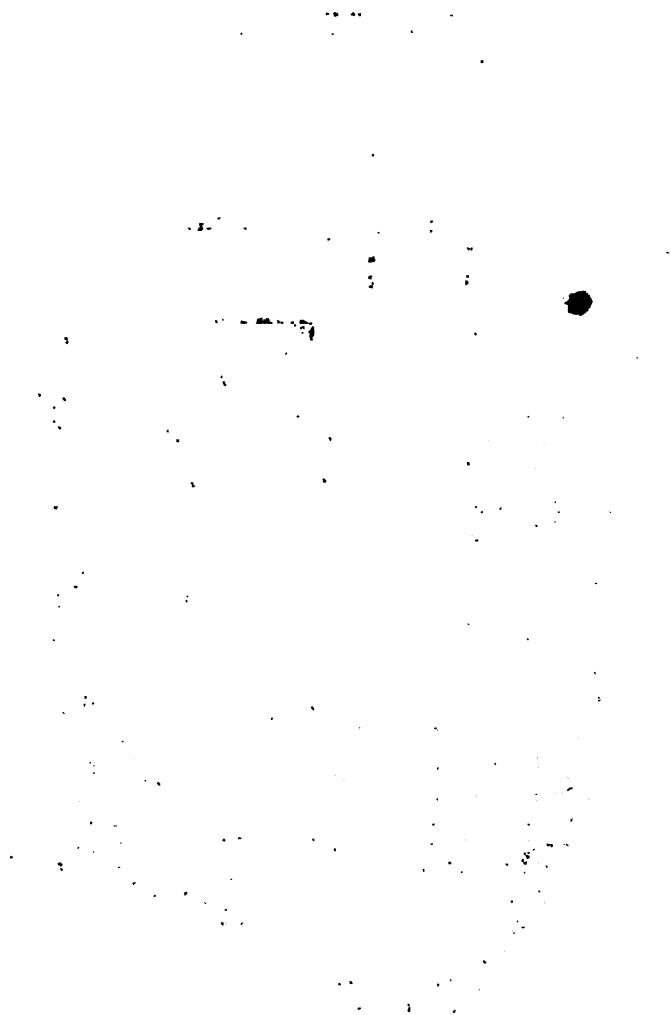
Oh! happy country, which can rest
In such meek doings to be blest,
And sees in love's pure flame
More glory than in all the blaze
Of gaudy pomp or state to raise
It unto deathless fame!





THE TALISMAN OF OREMANES.

Drawn by Kenny Meadows.



THE TALISMAN OF OROMANES.



ASTERN story-books contain much instruction, for they generally teach a moral lesson; and, among many, the *Talisman of Oromanes* deserves perusal.

The story is that of the fortunate Abudah, a rich merchant prince of the city of Bagdad. He was in possession of enormous wealth, and Providence seemed to have showered upon him everything; but no sooner was the merchant retired within the walls of his chamber, when a little box, which no one might remove from its place, advanced without help into the centre of the chamber, and opening, discovered to his sight the form of a diminutive old hag, who, with crutches, hopped towards Abudah, and every night addressed him in the following terms:—"O Abudah, to whom Mahomet has given such riches, why delayest thou to search out the *Talisman of Oromanes*? the which whoever possesseth, shall neither know the pangs of discontent, nor be assailed by the vicissitudes of fortune."

T

Having said this, the hag retired into the box, shaking her crutches, and, with a hideous yell, closed herself in.

The merchant, sorely perplexed, resolved to set out in search of this wonderful talisman. He had it cried in the streets of Bagdad, that great rewards should be given to the man who could lead him to this treasure. A poor traveller presented himself and offered to lead him to the spot where the talisman should be found. They set off together, and went through many strange adventures in forests and deserts, and into the very regions of fairy-land. Now he was compelled to cruel hardships, now waylaid by robbers, now cheated, now betrayed; in short, he went through the strangest adventures, but without the least success. At last he gets among the tribes of Nema, and a venerable Brahmin directs him to a box of adamant, beside which was that in which the old hag was concealed.

The genius Barhaddan then appearing, he gives the word, and the box in which the talisman was supposed to be concealed flew open, and at the same instant out blew a thousand feathers. Then appeared to view the severed hand of a sultana, with a diamond bracelet upon it; then the figure of a youth stabbing a miser to the heart; then the effigies of a mob destroying a monarch: after these, appeared several madmen busied in various foolish pranks and pastimes.

All these represented the light wishes of our hearts, our errors and crimes, and the dangers existing from inordinate wealth, as well as its insufficiency to make man happy. The box was then shut.

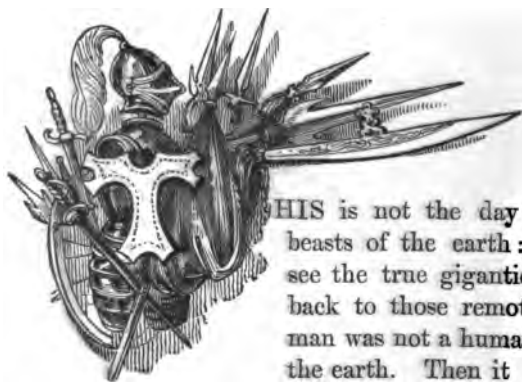
On the second opening of the chest, Abudah, looking on, saw only a little book, which Barhaddan bid him read, and he read these words aloud:—

“Know, O man, that human nature cannot obtain perfection, or be without trouble. True happiness cannot be enjoyed but by immortal spirits. Man, being a creature, must be subject to the will of his Creator; and the true talisman of our hearts is to be content with our station in life, and resolved to do our duty in it.”

Such a lesson is a valuable one; and I should advise my young readers to read this Eastern tale, which conveys such an excellent moral lesson.



SOMETHING ABOUT THE HIPPOPOTAMUS AND OTHER GIGANTICS.



THIS is not the day for the great
beasts of the earth: if we want to
see the true **gigantica**, we must go
back to those remote periods when
man was not a human inhabitant of
the earth. Then it was that great
Saurians, **Megatherii**, **Donotherii**, **Pterodactyl**, and other hard,
jaw-breaking named beasts, or birds, or serpents, or lizards,
were to be found; and which may be seen embedded in the
rocks, among the geological curiosities of the British Museum.
Those were the days for hunting on a most magnificent scale.
But there were no men-hunters then: man, according to

some of our profound philosophers was then commencing his career as a polypus, or an oyster, a jelly-fish, or some such animal; and his hands, feet, and other organs, had not *developed*—so they say.

Without going *any further*, here are some of the great beasts of modern times, and almost the first is the Hippopotamus. It is not a very handsome animal, certainly: its mouth is enormous, fit to crack cocoa-nuts above ground and conch shells below water; its eyes are piggish, and its ears *cropped* short like those of a terrier dog; the legs are very short and clumsy, but they, and all his other parts, are well adapted for the life he has to lead.

In the interior of Africa, where the rivers run through countries overshadowed by large forests, the Hippopotamus walks about like a gentleman at the bottom of the stream, raising its head at intervals from beneath the surface, just to see what is going on in the world above, and for the purpose—the necessary purpose—of breathing; for all the fresh water in the world will not enable him to live without air. At night, instead of walking about the fashionable part of the town from club-house to club-house, from theatre to theatre, and from one place of wickedness to another, the Hippopotamus wanders among the high trees overshadowing the rivers, grubs up roots, pulls down branches, makes love to the succulent plants around it, and enjoys itself in a quiet, rational sort of way, without any dread of the police.

When it gets tired of its “rounds,” it sleeps in the small reedy islets which are found in the rivers he frequents. In such spots it also displays its propensity for “household management,” domestic comfort, and family bliss; for



"GIGANTIC."

here it brings forth its young; and, to show its household economy, it only has one at a time—which, however, it nurses with great care, and affords it an education in the highest degree fitting and necessary to its future life. Its principal scholastic lore consists in teaching it the extraction of the *square* and *cube roots*.

This would be a delightful task, but, somehow or other, somebody else has taught somebody else's young *idea* how to *shoot*, and so a fancy has arisen among the sons of men to shoot Hippopotami as well as sparrows; but, his hide being very thick, this is by no means an easy task, for the bullets are often flattened and refuse to enter his fleshy parts. Harpoons are also brought to bear upon him with poor effect; and so the lord of the creation—man—the original jelly-fish or oyster, makes a great hole near the river in which these animals are found, and having covered it over with reeds or the like, and baited it with a pine-apple or some other delicious morsel, the Hippopotamus is "taken in" and "done for," as is very classically expressed by the Westminster boys.

What is the use of the Hippopotamus? Oh, there is nothing without its use. If you look into his mouth, you see a great mass of substance, looking very like a bundle of gigantic rakes all put at odds and ends, short and long, crooked and straight. Well, these bits of ivory, or whatever you choose to call them, make excellent artificial teeth, their hardness being superior to that of ivory, while they at the same time do not turn yellow.

Then comes his brother in bigness, the armed Rhinoceros, the original idea of the "plated armour ships." It is plated

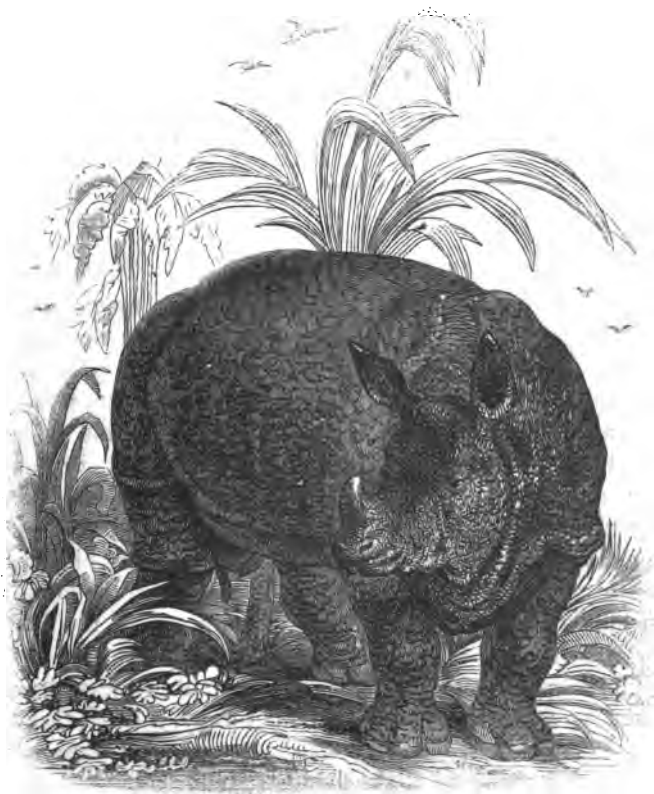
all over with thick skin plates—if, indeed, it can be called skin when it is two inches thick. About the neck, as you see, the skin is disposed in large plates or folds; another fold passes over the shoulders to the fore-legs, and another from the hind part of the back to the thighs: so that it is of no use for lions to try to make a “settlement” on their “back settlements,” nor for Indian officers to try it with their rifles.

What sort of life does he lead? Well, as to that, although he is rather an awkward customer to look at, he leads a very quiet, comfortable sort of a life when let alone, wallowing in the marshy borders of lakes and their waters—basking it on the large masses of drifted reeds and rushes, occasionally taking a mud bath, and sometimes enjoying himself with a siesta among the bulrushes.

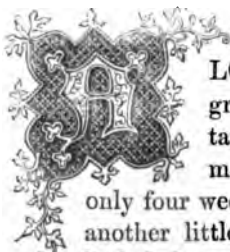
“A curious kind of an upper lip,”—yes, it has—a very curious sort of lip. What is the use of it?—why, it is capable of being elongated, and is used as a sort of hand to pull down the branches of trees to get at the fruit; and when he can’t get the branches down in this way, he places his snout and with it his horn under the roots, and drags the tree *up*.

Is he a good beast to hunt? Well, it is a difficult job to hunt him; for, when pursued and in fear, he goes at an astonishing pace considering his size, and dashes along from wood to wood, and into the very thickest part of them. The more trees there are, the better he likes it; for the boughs bending as he goes along, by their recoil upon the hunters give them many sad “whacks,” and when he stands at bay he is a most desperate fighter; but, in spite of his strength and fury, the developed oysterman gets behind him, and nimbly contrives to give him a sharp stroke across the tendon

of the heel, and the huge beast is obliged to give in and submit to his fate, which is capture or death—or both—and his horn is no more exalted on the face of the earth.



THE LOST CHILD.



A LOST child ! a lost child ! There was a great outcry in a small house, much lamentation up a little court, where a distracted mother was lying in bed, with a little baby only four weeks old, weeping and wailing concerning another little child, about as many years old as the little baby was weeks, who had not been seen for more than two days. He was stolen, wandered away, been taken up by the police, or fell down a common sewer, for they were opening the drains in the next street, or something had happened to him, for the poor little boy was not to be found.

So bills were printed, and a description given of the little boy. He was just turned four years of age ; was very dark in complexion, curly hair, black eyes ; handsome legs, arms, and hands ; and had on, when he went away, a small turban cap, a Turkish shawl round his body, red stockings and slippers. He answered to the name of Hafid.

Oh, Hafid ! poor little fellow ! He was the son of a Persian

prince, the next in heir to the throne of Persia. But it is common in Persia, or it used to be, when the elder brother came to the throne, to cut off the heads of all the younger brothers, for fear they should league together and dispute the succession. Hafid's father, Samendo, happened to be the next to succeed. So, having a few friends at Astracan, they wanted to put him over the head of his brother Acametz. They got up a revolution against the reigning prince, and gathered together in great numbers with swords, and guns, and other war implements. Then they went to the house of Samendo, and cried out with a great noise, "We are friends of Samendo! we are ready to fight for our country!"—that was, themselves: "we are full of courage—we are ready for anything—we only want a head!"

Samendo hearing this outcry, opened his window and called out to the mob, "What do you want, my friends?—what do you want?"

"We want a head to"—

"Follow you to rebellion," interrupted Samendo; "and if I were to help you in this, I should soon want a head too."

Indeed, the poor prince found himself, as it were, between two fires; for, said he, "If I remain in my palace like a quiet prince, as I am, and as I ought to be, my kind brother will send for my head in the usual way; and if I join those who call themselves my friends, I shall, no doubt, have it chopped off in the first affray. What shall I do?"

So, after consulting with himself for a few minutes, he shut to the window, and packing up his clothes, and disguising his wife as a Jewish clothes-dealer, and himself as a vagabond dervise, they both sallied forth from a secret gateway,

mingled in the mob, got out of the city, and, after many a day's weary travelling, they wandered down to the shores of the Persian Gulf, trusting in fortune to befriend them.

They reached a small port on the shores of the gulf; and here they found a vessel just about to sail for England. "That is the place," said Samendo to his wife. "There our child can be born. He will be a free-born Englishman, which is the greatest blessing upon earth, and there we shall find a secure asylum and be our own masters. There no one can murder us without fear of death themselves, or cheat us without going to prison. England is the place for all unfortunate princes."

So, having a belt of gold round his waist, and a few diamonds in his pocket, Samendo and his wife took a berth in the "Sally," of Yarmouth, bound to London, and, after a few weeks, safely arrived in our English Metropolis.

Where to go, to hide himself and his wife, and to spend his little all? It was little he had. The ship came up to St. Katherine's Docks. Here a Jew crimp overhauled him, and finding he wanted lodgings, politely conveyed him to a friend of his who lived in Bevis Marks, where there are lodgings "cheap as dirt,"—and with dirt as cheap.

And here it was, in a dingy second-floor back room, which looked out upon a wilderness of tiles, leads, pigeon-traps, and fusty gutters, that poor little Hafid was born. He came into the world not in a very good temper, for he squalled amazingly. He looked around him a moment, and squalled again and kicked, and wanted to go back to the dream of nothingness from whence he came, and would have backed out of the concern: he didn't want to be born—not he. What

was he born for? he would, no doubt, have liked to have known; but that was no business of his; "born he was,"—that was a positive fact; and so having found there was a drop of comfort in the world, he took that and went to sleep at his mother's breast,—a blissful oblivion, almost equal to death itself.

And there, in the world—if you can call a two-pair back through which the sun never appeared but as through smoked glass, which seemed to have been prepared for an eclipse, a world—amid smoke, and the smell of pickled cucumbers, fried fish, chesnuts, oranges, dates, figs, and other eatables, was Hafid, a prince of Persia, brought up. He had a foreign look about him, and easily fraternized with the Houndsditch boys: for in this city-palestine, or East-end Judea, are to be found Jews of every nation on the face of the earth,—Dutch Jews, German Jews, Spanish Jews, Portuguese Jews, and all sorts of Jews; many of them very handsome, and all of them shrewd and enterprising, nor in any way inferior to the Christian community which surrounds them. Indeed, I believe many are better Christians than the Christians themselves.

But that has nothing to do with my story. Hafid was sent to the Jewish infant school by the Chief Rabbi, who never inquired of what religion he was, nor did he cram him with things he could not comprehend; but he was taught justice, truth, humanity, and love to his brother-man. And this teaching was the foundation of his fortune.

He was just turned three years of age when he went forth to the school. When he was just turned four, he was coming home from the school, dressed like a prince, as he was, when

an old woman accosted him at the corner of Duke's-place. She offered him a silver fourpenny if he would go with her to show her the way to the dock. Hafid said, "I don't know de dock." Then said the old woman, "Come with me, my dear, and I will show you." So she took hold of his hand and hurried him along. Then she turned sharply up a court, and got him under a dark gateway in a blind alley, and stripped him of his turban, tunic, sash, and slippers; she then gave him a knock of the head for crying, which nearly stunned him, and left him almost naked.

He did not know where he was, poor little child! he did not know where to go, or what to do, so he set up a roar,—and a pretty loud one it was. He was determined to make his case known. So a crowd got around him, and looked at him. At last an old man came and took him by the hand. "I know him," said he, "and will take him home to his parents." This he said to the people; but when he had got the child away from the mob, he said to himself, "I will restore him to his parents, but not till they have offered a handsome reward for him."

A young man, a Jew, hearing the outcry of the poor child's mother at her lodgings, and seeing the distress of his father, very generously had some bills printed, offering a handsome reward for the restoration of Hafid. And then the old man brought him out of his house, and gave him up to the young Jew, and got the reward.

After this, as he grew up into a lad, Hafid was more careful. Then it was that a Jewish merchant saw him, and offered him a place in his counting-house. He was just fourteen, and sat down to a mahogany desk at a celebrated London banking-

house. But, just as he got this appointment, his father was seized with a fever and died, in the two-pair back, leaving his mother entirely destitute.



THE LOST CHILD.

Hafid loved his father, and was very much grieved at his death ; but, after the excess of his grief was over, he said, "It is better to assist the living than grieve for the dead ;" so he

took his mother away from Devis Marks to a more comfortable apartment in Camomile-street, and there supported her out of his salary, and shared everything with her. Often did he deny himself for her sake ; he never spent a penny in waste. Constant as the clock was he at home as soon as business was over. Constantly, as the evening set in, was he with his books spread before him, working himself up in history and science, learning the language of his country and studying her laws. He never forgot he was a prince, and, what was better, he never forgot he was a son.

Of course, the great God who sees everything looked down upon the filial love of this poor youth. But there was another eye that beheld his devotion, and that was the eye of the rich banker ; and the rich banker was the same young Jew who had got the bills printed when he was stolen by the old woman. He was now at the head of the firm. He had secretly ascertained the conduct of the youth, and determined to serve him to the utmost of his power.

The banking firm had a house at Constantinople, and to this house Hafid was sent as chief director. He took his mother with him, in the full determination of making the remainder of her life a happy one ; and she, on her part, determined if possible to administer every comfort to him as a mother, and as a mother alone, best knows how.

But war at last broke out between the Turks and the Persians, and money was wanted. Money is the sinews of war, you know ; and Hafid, having the whole power of the banking-house in his hands, was successful in negotiating a "Loan" for the Turks. He thought of his own countrymen ; but the Turks had been his friends while in Constantinople,

and gratitude to them compelled him to act. It is a fine thing this gratitude,—rarer than gold, jewels, or precious stones; few minds are noble enough to entertain it, which is the reason we see so little of it in this world.

The Turks sent a large army into Persia, and soon beat the Persians. The Shah fled; and his kingdom would soon have fallen to pieces, for it wanted a prince to fill the throne. Hafid's mother, apprised of this state of things, determined, as she knew her son to be the next heir, to devote herself to the task of getting him acknowledged as the rightful prince.

So, without saying a word, she set off from Constantinople in the middle of the night, after leaving a little description of the object of her journey to Hafid. She was attended only by two faithful people of her own country. They had to travel over wastes and burning deserts, arid plains, and through seas of sand; then, again, through dreadful mountain-passes, crossing rivers, and enduring every variety of hardship: at last they reached Astracan, which had been taken by the Turkish army.

She soon found her way into the heart of the city, and again saw the old palace of her husband. It was all in ruins. She made her way to one of the old councillors of the empire, who was at that moment trying to mediate a peace with the Sultan. Her project was made known to him. It was to seat her son on the throne of Persia, and to unite the country together in amity, so as to stop bloodshed and secure peace.

The fond mother's project was formally received—means were immediately taken to secure it. The Turkish general saw the expediency of it; the Sultan was favourable; and



HAFID'S TRIUMPHAL RECEPTION .

an escort of troops was despatched to fetch the young prince from Constantinople to place him on the throne.

But mark, my young readers, this would never have been done, but for the work of the young man himself. He had been born and nurtured in adversity; he had risen from it on the wings of effort; he had poised himself on those of truth and honesty: and when young people make use of such pinions, they often soar very high indeed.

Hafid arrived at the camp on the 25th of June, 1801. He was received with all due honours and the sounds of martial music. He was taken to the general's tent and sumptuously entertained; he next showed himself to the army, and rode through the troops amid the thundering of cannon and shouts of the soldiers. The next day he was taken to the palace, and there solemnly received as the sovereign of the country.

It was indeed a noble sight to see the young man riding through the streets, richly appavelled in royal robes, mounted on a splendid steed and wearing the Persian crown, with the Persian and Turkish armies amicably united and receiving him as a king; but it was a nobler sight still to see him in the great hall of the palace, seated on the throne—for there his mother was by his side.

He never forgot his mother—how could he?—he was her first care in the poverty of his boyhood, she was his great care when a king. Ay! there is something in a mother's blessing which the great Father of all sanctifies. A mother's heart never ceases to yearn for her son—and happy are those who know and feel this, for it inspires them with a love, which teems with the greatest pleasure upon earth, and upon which Divine Providence sets its most holy seal.

COVETOUSNESS REPROVED.

— 5 —

ICHONAN was a Hebrew priest dwelling at Cairo. He was pious, just, temperate, and learned. He had, in short, but one failing. He was too fond of money.

He was walking near the city, at the close of the day, with a noble youth who was suddenly struck dead. The rabbi was terrified, and in the height of his grief he said, "The first good thing I am asked to do in the name of the Lord, I will perform."

While he was thinking of these things, a loud knock was heard at the gate. A stranger came to beg of him to come and perform service for a dying child, and offered him gold. The rabbi refused the gold. "No," said he; "I will come with thee for the love of God, for I have made a vow to him."

So he departed, and came to the place where the sick child lay; but on entering the house, he found that it was in the habitation of the demons. He, however, gave the holy unction to the child, who fell asleep for ever.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS

The child's mother warned the rabbi neither to eat, nor drink, nor take reward while in the place. By so doing, she said, the demons would have no power over him. The rabbi so vowed.

Many were the temptations placed before the Rabbi to induce him to break his vow. One chamber after another, stored with jewels, gold, silks, and wealth of every description, was set forth to tempt him ; but the priest stood firm to his vow.

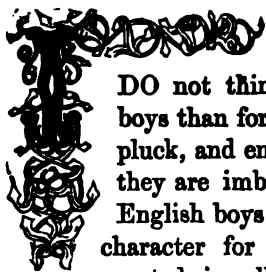
At last the tempting demon said to him, "As thou hast so firmly resisted temptation, I will tempt thee no more."

The tempter now introduced the rabbi to another chamber. It was a very mean apartment, in which hung several bunches of rusty keys, among which the rabbi was astonished to find the keys of his own house, which he had hidden in the sand before he came away.

"Take these keys," said the demon, putting them in his hand. "*Open thy house* when thou returnest, and thy *heart* also. That thou didst not open it readily when thou wert first called upon, is the reason thou art here. It was well that thou didst one act of charity in coming with me without reward, for it has been thy salvation. Be no more Rabbi Jochonan the *miser*."

So the priest from that day shunned the evil of riches ; and his heart grew large, and abounded with the milk of human kindness. And when the day of his passing away arrived, he was borne by the angels of mercy on wings of love to the regions of light.

BOY HARDIHOOD AND ENDURANCE.



DO not think anything can be more pleasing to boys than for them to read of or observe courage, pluck, and endurance ; and it is well for them that they are imbued with the spirit of hardihood, for English boys go all over the world, and it is their character for bravery which will make them respected in all countries. The sea and the land have each their joys and terrors, while both call upon all our fortitude at times ; thus the motto of an English boy should be—"Never despair. Hold on to the last—don't give up while a spark of a chance remains, and put your trust in God."

To show what young fellows will go through, I must relate the story of one "Brock." He was one of those honest fellows who belonged to one of the look-outs near Yarmouth jetty ; and at about 1 P.M. on the 6th of October, in 1835, a vessel was observed at sea from this station, with a signal flying for a "pilot." The yawl was instantly manned, and soon steering for the vessel. There were in her ten men and a London branch pilot. "I was as near as possible being left behind," said Brock ; "for at the time the boat was getting down to beach, I was looking at Manby's apparatus for saving the lives of shipwrecked mariners, and but for the singing out of my



THE WRECK. BY CLARESON STANFIELD, R.A.

mesamates, which caught my ear, I should have been too late ; but I reached in time to jump in with wet feet." About 4 o'clock they came up with the vessel : she was a Spanish



brig, bound from Hamburg to Cadiz, leaky, and both pumps at work.

"And now," to use Brock's own words, "we were off. There was a little better than a pint of liquor in the boat, which the Spaniards had given us, as they sent part of our boat's crew back again to Yarmouth, having left three of them on board to pilot their vessel into the port. The bottle had passed once round, each man taking a mouthful, and about

half of it was consumed. We then steered for the shore, I having hold of the main-sheet. We had passed the buoy of the New-warp floating light, and we talked of our job, that is, of our earnings, and had calculated that by 10 o'clock we should be at Yarmouth." Without the least notice of its approach, a terrific storm from the "norrord" took the yawl's sails flat aback, and the ballast, which they had trimmed to "windward," being thus changed to "leeward," she was upset in an instant. Her crew were nine in number. "'Twas terrible," observed Brock, "to listen to the cries of the poor fellows, some of whom could swim, and others could not. Mixed with the hissing of the water, and the howlings of the storm, I heard shrieks for mercy, and some that had no meaning but what arose from fear. I struck out," he said, "to get clear of the crowd, and in a few minutes there was no noise, for most of the poor fellows had sunk to rise no more; and on turning round, I saw the boat was still kept from going down, by the wind having got under the sails. I then swam back to her, and assisted an old man to get hold of one of the spars. Poor old fellow! I never shall forget him, and his piteous calls about his wife and children. The boat's side was about three feet under water, and for a few minutes I stood upon her, but found she was gradually settling down; and when I was up to my chest, I again left her and swam away, and now, for the first time, began to think of my own awful condition. My companions were all, I supposed, drowned."

But to his great surprise did this heroic man perceive one of his messmates swimming ahead of him; but he did not hail him. The roaring of the hurricane was past, the cries

of drowning men were no longer heard, and the moonbeams were casting their melancholy light over the smooth surface of the deep, calm and silent as the grave over which he floated without a struggle or a cry as he approached within twenty yards of him. Yes! he beheld the last of the brave crew die beside him, without his being able to afford him the least relief; and this cut him to the heart and brought tears into his eyes: and now he was alone in the cold, silent loneliness of the night, more awful than the strife of the elements which had preceded—but not quite lonely, for he felt that God was with him, and he put his whole faith in Him.

He had not much leisure to speculate on probabilities, but yet he could not help feeling that he too, ere long, might be mingled with those dead which the sea would have to give up at the last day. But if such thoughts did intrude, they were but for a moment, and again his mental energies, joined with his lion heart and bodily powers, cast away all fear, and he reckoned up in his mind the remotest possible chance of deliverance. Up to this time Wonterton Light had served instead of a landmark to direct his course; but the tide had now carried him out of *sight of it*, and in its stead a *bright star* stood over where his hopes of safety rested. With his eyes stedfastly fixed upon it, he continued swimming on, calculating the time when the tide would turn. But his trials were not yet past. As if to prove the power of human fortitude, the sky become suddenly overclouded, and “darkness was on the face of the deep.” He no longer knew his course, and he confessed that for a moment he was afraid. Yet he felt that fear is but the betraying of the succour that reason offereth, and that which roused him to further exertion

would have sealed the fate of almost any other human being. A sudden short cracking peal of thunder burst in stunning loudness just over his head, and the forked and flashing lightning at brief intervals threw its vivid fires around him. They too passed away, and left the waves once more calm and unruffled. The moon, nearly full, again threw a more brilliant light upon the bosom of the sea, which the storm had gone over without waking from its slumbers. The struggling man's next effort was to free himself from his heavy laced boots, which greatly encumbered him, and in which he succeeded by the aid of his knife. He now saw Lowestoff high lighthouse, and could occasionally discern the tops of the cliffs beyond Gorlstone on the Suffolk coast. The swell of the sea drove him over the cross sand, and he then got sight of a buoy, which, although it told him his exact position, as he says, took him rather aback, as he had hoped he was nearer the shore. It proved to be the chequered buoy of St. Nicholas Gate, off Yarmouth, and opposite his own door, but distant from the land four miles.

And now again the brave fellow held counsel with himself, and the energies of his mind at this time seemed almost superhuman. He had *been five hours in the water*, and here was something to hold on by—he could even have got upon the buoy, and some vessel might come to pick him up; and the question was, could he hold out four hours? “But,” as he said, “I knew the night air; and had I stayed but a few minutes upon the buoy and then altered my mind, how did I know that my limbs would again resume their office?” He found the tide was broken,—i.e., it did not run so strong,—and he abandoned the buoy and steered for the land, towards which,

with the wind from the eastward, he found he was now fast approaching. The last trial of his fortitude was now at hand, for which he was totally unprepared, and which, he considered, sailors being not a little superstitious, the most difficult of any he had to combat. Soon after he left the buoy, he heard above his head a kind of whizzing sound, which his imagination conjured into the prelude of the "rushing of a mighty wind;" and close to his ear there followed a smart splash in the water, and a sudden shriek that went through him. The fact was, a large grey gull, mistaking him for a corpse, had made a dash at him, and its loud, discordant scream in a moment brought a countless number of these formidable birds together, all prepared to contest for and share the spoil. These large and powerful foes he had to scare from their intended prey, and by shouting and splashing with his hands and feet he soon convinced them that he was far from being a corpse, and in a few minutes they vanished from sight and hearing.

Brock now caught sight of a vessel at anchor, but a great way off; and to get within hail of her, he must swim over the Corton Sands, the breakers at this time showing their angry white crests. As he approached, the wind suddenly changed: the consequence was, that the swell of the sea met him. And now again for his own description. "I got a great deal of water down my throat, which greatly weakened me, and I felt certain that should this continue it would soon be all over, and I prayed that the wind might change, or that God might take my senses before I felt what it was to drown. In less time than I am telling you, I had driven over the sands into smooth water; the *wind and the swell came again from the eastward*, and my strength returned to me as fresh as at the beginning."

He now felt assured that he could reach the shore ; but he considered it would be better to get within hail of the ship some distance to the northward of him, and the most difficult task of the two, as the ebb tide was now running ; which, although it carried him towards the land, set to the northward, and to gain the object of his choice would require much greater exertion. "If," said Brock "I gained the shore, could I get out of the surf, which at this time was heavy on the beach? and supposing I succeeded in this point, should I be able to walk, climb the cliffs, and get to a house?—if not, there was little chance of life remaining long in me: but if I could make myself heard on board the vessel, then I should secure immediate assistance. I got within two hundred yards of her, the nearest possible approach, and summoning all my strength, I sung out as well as if I had been on shore." His cry was heard and answered: from the deck a boat was lowered, and at half-past 1 A.M., having swum seven hours in an October night, he was safe on board the ship *Betsy*, of Sunderland, coal-laden, at anchor in Corton Roads, fourteen miles from the spot where the boat was capsized.

Once safe on board, this brave man fainted; but all that could be done for him by the captain, whose name was Christian, was done. A little ale was with difficulty got down his throat, which was in a high state of inflammation; while round his back, neck, and chest he was completely flayed, and his feet, hands, and hamstrings sadly excoriated. In this state, at about 9 A.M., he was put ashore at Lowestoff; and being now safely housed under the roof of a relative, in five days after the accident, with a firm step, he walked back to Yarmouth, to confirm the wonderful rumours

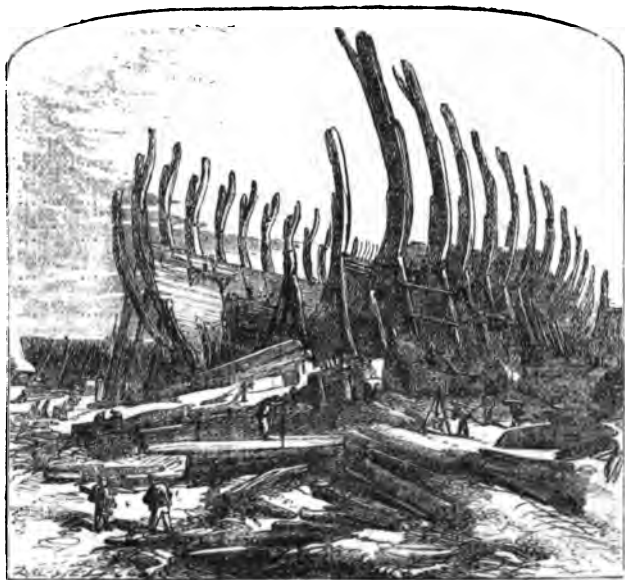
circulated respecting him. The knife which he considers as a great means of his being saved, he looks upon as a Provi-



SAFE ON BOARD.

dence. "It is a curious thing," he says, "that I had been without a knife for some time, and only purchased this two

days before it became so useful to me; and having to make some boat-thowls, it was as sharp as a razor." In reference to his struggles in the water, he said, "What I did on this night, I know I could not have done of myself. I never asked for anything but it was given me." But more—when Brock was offered the surplus of a fund raised for the widows and children of his unfortunate companions, he replied, "I am obliged to you, gentlemen; thank God, I can still work for my living, and let all there is go to the widows and children who will want it more than I shall."



PARLEY'S ANNUAL

COMMERCIAL ADDENDA

	PAGE
BENNETT, J., Cheapside ...	23
BRIDGES, —, Oxford-street ...	7
CHAPMAN AND HALL, Piccadilly ...	14
CREMER, W. H., New Bond-street ...	2
EVANS, SONS, AND CO., King William-street ...	23
GILLOTT, J., Gracechurch-street ...	15
HORNE, ROBERT, Gracechurch-street ...	4, 5
KEATING, T., St. Paul's Churchyard ...	17
MEAD AND POWELL, Cheapside ...	14
NASH, SWAN, Oxford-street ...	20
NEIGHBOUR AND SONS, High Holborn ...	19
OFFICIAL ILLUSTRATED GUIDES ...	8—11
PARKINS AND GOTTO, Oxford-street ...	24
PARTRIDGE, S. W., Paternoster-row ...	12, 13
ROWLANDS AND SON, Hatton Garden ...	17
SAMUELS BROTHERS, Ludgate-hill ...	1
SEDLEY's, Regent-street ...	3
SHARPUS, J. W., Oxford-street ...	6
WAUGH AND SON, Goodge-street ...	18
WHALE, H., Strand ...	16
WILCOX AND GIBBS, Regent-street ...	21

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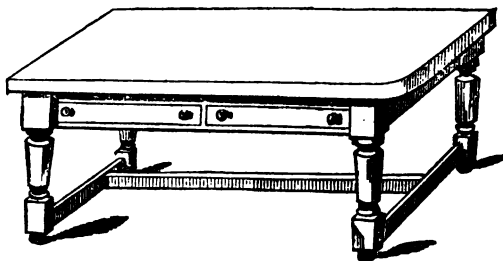
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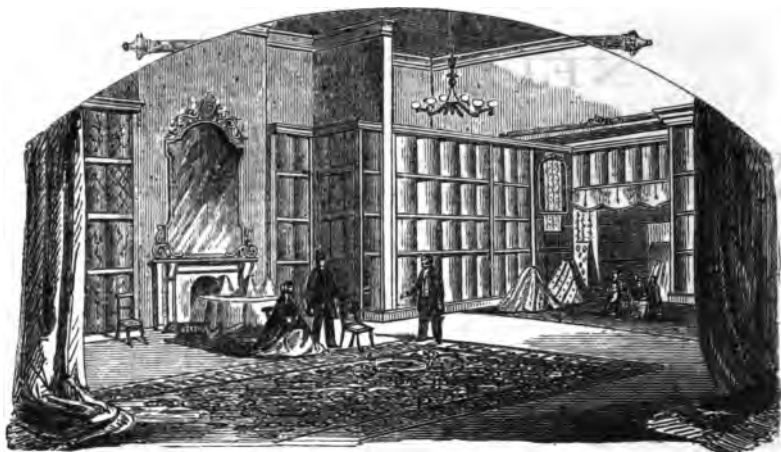
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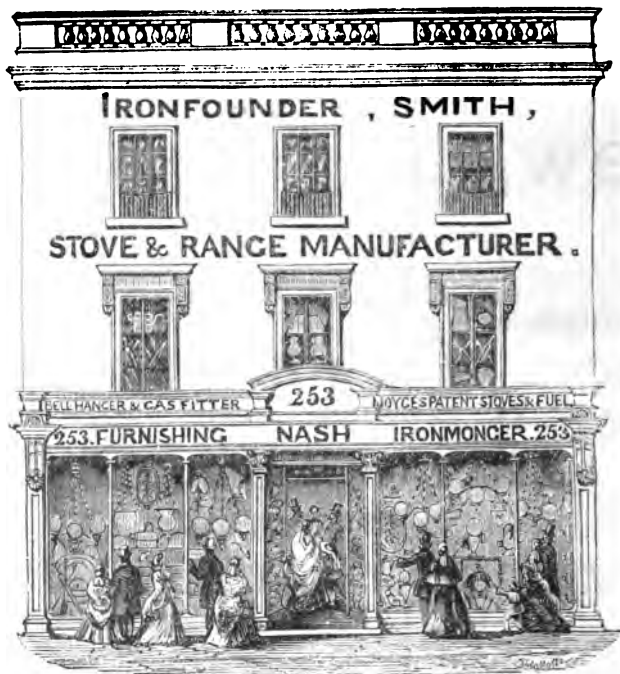
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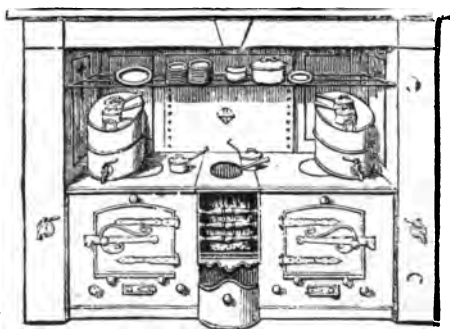
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